

The Australian

Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Incorporating the
Australian Home Budget.

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

August 3, 1955

PRICE

9



Mrs. LUCKE and KEVIN PHILIP

More Bundaberg Pictures

Pages 24-25

WINTER RHEUMATICS

A THING OF THE PAST



A deep debt of gratitude to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Read this business lady's warm tribute!

Mrs. J. M., of Sutherland, writes:—

"I feel I must write and let you know how pleased I am with Menthoids. My husband and I have a little business which really keeps us on our toes, as we both work long hours, on our feet most of the time.

"I suppose it is because we were getting into middle age that we began dreading the cold, damp, winter months. We both used to get bad backs, aching rheumatic pains in legs and arms, and felt generally run down and depressed. My husband often suffered with kidney troubles.

"Every winter we had to spend several days in bed, particularly in wet weather.

"Early last year a friend suggested we try the Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids treatment. I am pleased we did. Last winter neither my husband nor I had even a touch of rheumatism, no pains at all in legs or arms and no kidney troubles. We both feel so well now—a-days—free from pain whatever the weather—we believe we owe a deep debt of gratitude to wonderful Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. Menthoids have made our winter rheumatism a thing of the past."

If YOU or YOURS suffer backaches, rheumatism, lumbago, pains in muscles and joints, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too

—in the same way they helped this business couple. From all over Australia and overseas, from former sufferers, come similar tributes to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment. Menthoids are a reliable home therapy, a proven prescription compounded to act gently but effectively on kidneys and bloodstream to cleanse your body of pain-producing toxins that often cause Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, Kidney and Bladder troubles, Simple High Blood Pressure, Swollen and Aching Limbs and Joints, etc. There is no need to suffer a day longer. Go to your chemist or store and get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. Start the treatment. Soon you will be amazed at your freedom from pain, your new health, your renewed energy. You will feel years younger in mind and body and find a new joy in living.

For rheumatic, sciatic and muscular pain, take MENTHOIDS at once and feel right as rain!

7/6 and 4/- EVERYWHERE (with free diet chart)

DR MACKENZIES MENTHOIDS
FAMOUS TREATMENT FOR THE BLOOD

Menthoids give real relief from—
backache
rheumatism
sciatica
lumbago
joint and muscle pains

Free Diet Chart
Send a stamped addressed envelope to British Medical Laboratories Pty. Limited, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, for your FREE copy of the Menthoids Diet Chart.



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment for cleansing your body of the poisons that cripple you.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 188 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WV, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 469F, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

AUGUST 3, 1955

Vol. 23, No. 10

WHO'S BOSS IN THE HOME?

AUSTRALIAN women might well be a little proud and amused by a recent article in an American magazine stating that the Australian man has his women "definitely under control."

The author, William L. Worden, wrote: "As long as the American troops stay out of Sydney this is a man's town."

"Back there in the war years the Yanks came close to spoiling things with their flower-giving, bag-carrying, female-spoiling foolishness.

"But once again the Sydney woman knows who's boss."

The Australian woman can afford to be amused by the article, because, indirectly, it is a tribute to her intelligence.

It's a wise woman who lets her husband think he's boss.

Every intelligent woman knows that a little feminine wheedling can produce results far more quickly than militant feminism.

She knows the wisdom of appearing to give in on minor issues, so that she will get her way when the important ones crop up.

Moreover, the Australian woman might well be proud of the fact that she has not reduced her man to the level of a "Yes dear, no dear" automaton.

What woman wants a poor, weak, servile creature for a husband?

The Australian man might be regarded overseas as a tough, crude character who, as the author claims, thinks only of beer, football, and races. But his womenfolk know better.

He is tough all right. But under that toughness there's a man who expresses his sentiments practically.

He may not bring home corsages of orchids or carry string bags, but if handled wisely he will always help with the dishes and over the wash tub.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

SIX MONTHS. TWELVE MONTHS.
(postage included)

Australia and New

Guinea £1/6/0 £2/12/0

British Dominions £2/0/0 £4/0/0

Foreign countries £2/10/0 £5/0/0

Our cover:

● A delightful picture of happy, serene motherhood, Mrs. Arthur Lucke nurses her first-born quad, Kevin Philip. This picture and others on pages 24 and 25 were taken by staff photographer William Carty.

This week:

● Dorothy Drain is on annual leave. Her column will appear again on August 31.

● The article on Clarissa Eden, wife of Britain's Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, is timely. Lady Eden, in Geneva with her husband, took her gracious part in the social round opening the "summit conference," which may well prove to be the most historic meeting to date of the "Big Four."

● On page 18 we announce a quest for phrases from the Bible which have come into the language and are used in everyday conversation. Once you begin to check up you will be amazed at the number of expressions that stem from this source.

Next week:

● Our 10-page fashion issue will give you authoritative information on every phase of the style trends which have emerged overseas. In a fashion editorial, Betty Keep sorts out colors and silhouettes from peanut-shell (beige) to the A-line and beanstalk, including accessories and hats, some like bells, and others chic boaters. Mary Hordern's Paris Notes define the spring line in suits.

● Spring fever has also reached the cookery department. Leila C. Howard, our food and cookery expert, salutes the season with special dessert recipes made from canned fruits, spring-like and festive in their appeal.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

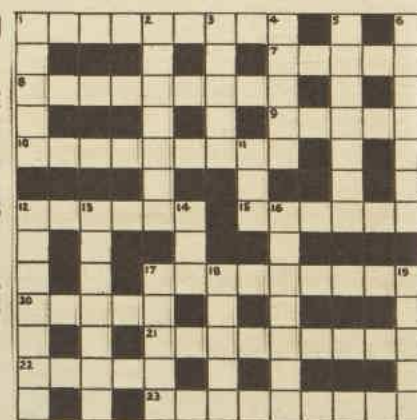
ACROSS

- Flowers, if they are affectedly proper, bloom earlier (9).
- Color slightly the gloomy dean after tea (5).
- Make laws when the limb is tardy (9).
- Perch not necessarily 5 1/2 yards (5).
- A late rent (Anagr., 9).
- A short satnt or a short manuscript in tempests (6).
- Some are soap, some are grand, and some just comic (6).
- Residences the middle of which beat Napoleon, but at that time he was 20cwt. heavier (9).
- Some dot, some dash (5).
- His name is misleading because you must pay him if he works for you (9).
- A knave or a solitary beast (5).
- Reserve with ice in the centre, and the centre, though broken, is outside (9).

Solution will be published next week.

TORONTO M N R
C U A A B U E
S C A N T L I N G L V
U C B I G L O O
F R E E D O M C I K
L T B A F F L E
A O H L I S
L O N D O N C E
L G I M O U L D E R
O V A L S P A A A
W T T E M P E R A T E
E L E V E E K E
O D O P R E S E N T

Solution to last week's crossword.



DOWN

- Dance which sometimes is followed by a dot, but then is no longer a dance (5).
- Platform or turned to a holy spirit (7).
- Famous European opera house (5).
- A cubic metre the end of which is before (5).
- Played on the billiard table but mostly is only a gesture of derision (7).
- Bird does this, but, if disturbed, could be ten less (7).
- In addition to nothing (3).
- This is an epitome (7).
- Flagrant insult in our gate (7).
- Maxim for cutting (3).
- Controversial discussion started by an East European (7).
- Postpone (5).
- Happening, mostly smooth (5).
- Burn slightly a French monkey (5).

The old house would have been so empty
without her . . . an unusual story

By **AUDRIE
MANLEY-TUCKER**

ORIANA

GREAT-AUNT EMMIE was eccentric, according to her relatives; but as she was also well-to-do, they left it at that, feeling probably that the wealthy are permitted their eccentricities.

Of all her great-nieces and great-nephews, I was the one whose company she particularly requested. My mother's elation at this was touched with doubt; but I never understood why it should matter that Great-Aunt Emmie had invented Oriana to keep her company in the big, lonely, Victorian house.

Once I heard my mother say: "Children invented playmates for themselves—yes! But Great-Aunt Emmie—it's so pathetic, somehow."

Yet she had the heart of a child, which was probably why the younger generation adored her; a fact I didn't fully appreciate until I stepped out of my own childhood.

I always spent part of my school holidays with her. She came to the station to meet me, driving a small governess-cart. Invariably, she climbed down breathlessly just as the train drew in.

Under her flapping scarves and enveloping coat, she would be wearing her best black silk; her small, plump figure always looked as though it had been poured into the mould of her dress and set, none too firmly.

Her thick little legs in their shiny stockings overflowed into patent leather shoes; her snuff-colored hair was roped round her head, and her glasses were never anchored firmly enough to her fat little nose.

She would whisk me away, clattering through the High Street of the little country town, and out to the quiet backwater where her house stood, a solid grey-stone bastion in a neat island of lawn.

Clarkson, the odd-job man, would be sweeping leaves from the path with a broom that Great-Aunt Emmie swore had once been in a witch's service.

Or else he would be tying back roses or clipping the box hedge; rarely did he come indoors. Once I had seen him fixing the kitchen tap, and he seemed completely out of his element.

The house was crammed with solid, satisfying Victorian furniture; mahogany with the sheen of satin, thick brocades and heavy hangings, small tables crowded with photographs and ornaments. It must have taken Mrs. Bazeley and Patterson all their time to keep the house clean.

Mrs. Bazeley was the housekeeper, a tall, unbending figure with a narrow face between two bands of dark hair, and prominent pale eyes.

Patterson was tall and thin, too, but her eyes were as melancholy as a spaniel's. She wore striped print in the mornings, cap and apron in the afternoons; even in that unawakened little town she was something of a curiosity.

As soon as we were alone with the tea things, Great-Aunt Emmie took a rosebud-patterned cup and saucer from the china cabinet and, without a word, put them on the tray.

When Patterson came to clear away, she always replaced the unused cup and saucer without comment; Great-Aunt Emmie's oddness made no more impression on her than it did on Mrs. Bazeley. They both treated her with adult matter-of-factness.

"Oriana might feel extremely hurt if we didn't lay a place for her," Great-Aunt Emmie often pointed out to me. In the days of my extreme youth I expected Oriana to appear and thought her very inconsiderate not to do so. I was eleven years old when I asked:

"How did Oriana begin?"

"Well—" she paused, licking jam from the corner of her mouth, "the house and I needed someone. We were very lonely. Every house should be full of the ghosts of people who've lived in it."

"And your great-grandmother brought up eight children here. Yet when they had all married and gone away, there was nothing. Not an echo, not a footstep on the stair, no hidden laughter lurking anywhere. The place seemed so empty; and I don't have very many visitors." She looked at me wistfully, adding:

"Not afraid of ghosts are you, Ann?"

"No!" I said indignantly.

"Lots of people, of course, think of white sheets fluttering, and moaning, and wringing hands. It isn't that way at all. It's little scraps of people's lives leaving their impression on bricks and mortar. Do you see?"

I nodded, only half-comprehending.

"Well, then. I thought up Oriana to keep me company."

"What does she look like?"

"Fair and foreign-looking with a name like that. Of course, I can't actually see her, you know. I just sense she's been in a room, or passed me on the stairs, or that she's hiding in the garden."

"She likes to hear me play the piano; she loves being in the summer-house when it's hot. And she reads on the rug by the fire in winter."

All the things Great-Aunt Emmie loved! I smiled a little knowingly,

To page 47

It was in the pretty, girlish bedroom that the spirit of Oriana always seemed most alive, waltzing to the tune of ghostly waltzes.



Illustrated by

NEW
DACOL
Guaranteed **SPUN RAYON**
FEATURES THE WORLD-FAMOUS
TRIPLE 333 THREE
CREASE-RESIST FINISH

WASHABLE
Dacol spun rayon washes easily, dries quickly... keeps its spic 'n span appearance always.

COLOURFAST
Dacol spun rayon has a rich, lustrous finish... is guaranteed colourfast against the strongest Australian sunlight.

CREASE RESISTING
Dacol spun rayon is guaranteed crease-resistant... stays fresh, gives more wear with less care.

A product of
DAVIES, COOP & CO. LIMITED

LOOK FOR THE 'DACOL' TAB ON EVERY GARMENT



The amateur sleuths make surprising progress—Instalment three of our serial

SKY HIGH

BY MICHAEL GILBERT

SENSATION rocks the quiet little village of Brimberley when MAJOR MAC-MORRIS' house is blown up, killing him in his bedroom. The fact that the Church offertory box has been robbed passes almost unnoticed in the greater excitement.

Leading personalities in the village include LIZ ARTSIDE, who conducts the local choir, and TIM, her son; GENERAL PALLING and SUE, his attractive granddaughter; BOB CLEEVE, County Council chairman, and RUPERT, his young son; JIM HEDGES, taxi proprietor, and his five young children, who are all choir members.

While many people accept the Major's death as an accident, CHIEF CONSTABLE PEARCE is pursuing his own theories, working in conjunction with INSPECTOR LUCK, SERGEANT GATTIE, and CONSTABLE QUEEN.

Liz, Tim, and the General also mistrust the accident theory and pursue inquiries of their own. Following the clue of a photograph Tim had seen in MacMorris' house, Liz establishes that he was not a soldier at all, but an actor. NOW READ ON:

LIZ said slowly, "So you see, MacMorris wasn't a Major. He wasn't in the Army at all."

"Yes."
"What do you mean, 'Yes'?"
"I meant," said Inspector Luck patiently, "that we had already ascertained that fact." He added, with a smile that could have meant anything, "We, too, have our avenues of information, though not perhaps at the same level as General Palling."

"If you've found that out, then I expect you know who he really was."

"Well—"
"Play the game. I'm not going to tell it all to you for the fun of hearing you say, 'As a matter of fact, we knew it all the time.' Either you have found out who MacMorris was or you haven't."

"As a matter of fact," said the Inspector crossly, "no."

"All right, then. He was an out-of-work actor called Don Trefusis. At least, that was the name he used with the agencies and on the stage. I can't believe it's the name he received at the font."

"Don Trefusis." The Inspector made an inconspicuous note.

"If you should experience any difficulty in tracing his antecedents, Bart's Theatrical Agency in the Charing Cross Road will tell you all you want to know about him. Unless," she added with an ill-bred grin, "your Union insists on you using your own avenues of information."

"Well," said the Inspector, "I'm obliged to you, I'm sure."

"Chalk it up to me next time you catch me driving without a tail-lamp," said Liz. "The real point is, where do we go from here?"

"I don't quite—"
"Lord love us. That's only the beginning. It's nothing at all by itself. Don't you see the possibilities it opens up?"

"Well—" said the Inspector. He seemed to be choosing his words with more than usual care. "Since we know now that MacMorris wasn't really a soldier, he had to have been something else. The fact that he was formerly an actor doesn't seem, by itself, to prove anything very much."

"Mills of God," said Liz. "Of course it doesn't. But ask yourself two questions. If he was going to play at soldiers, why come here? If you were going to pretend to be a policeman you wouldn't go and live at Scotland Yard. Or, come to think of it, might you? Double bluff? No, I don't think so. Too subtle, and out of character."

She looked inquiringly at the Inspector, who opened his mouth and closed it again slowly, exactly like a fish at feeding time.

"The second point is even simpler. What did he live on?"

"As to that," began Inspector Luck judicially, "I take it—"

"I suppose you're going to suggest that he came into money."

The words thus neatly whisked out of his very mouth, the Inspector was forced to fall back on looking cross and inscrutable.

"The poor old actor," said Liz, "who hasn't had a part in six months. Last pair of shoes worn out staggering through the snow, from agency to agency, now staying in bed to keep warm and preserve his only suit. Enter the Family Lawyer. 'Mr. Trefusis? Your aunt, Lady Trefusis, has died and left you a hundred-thousand pounds. Here's five hundred on account. Apply to me as soon as you want some more.' Corn. If you can believe that you can believe anything."

"I didn't say—"

"And suppose he had come into money—some steady, settled income—dividends, that sort of thing. Then tell me this. Why didn't he have a bank account?"

"How on earth," said the Inspector, "can you know that he didn't?"

"Well, I don't know it. I haven't been inquiring round the banks. Not that they'd have told me anything if I had. But I do happen to know that he paid all his local bills in cash. Even quite large ones. And don't ask me how I know that. I do know it. I've got friends."

It was then that the Inspector decided to come off whatever high horse he had been riding. He said, and without too much stuffiness in his voice: "So what do you make of it?"

"There, now," said Liz. "That's a fair



question. I've had longer to think about it than you, so I'll give you my idea first. I think he must have found a gimmick. That would account for the money, and it would explain why he came down here to keep an eye on it. You've got to nurse a gimmick, or, like the Snark, it fades away."

"American expression. It doesn't translate into one word in English. It means—it means some secret source which produces a steady income which you don't have to work for. Sometimes it's just a trick—like knowing how to make three lemons come up together on the fruit machine. But it can be even easier than that. You know something, and someone is prepared to pay you not to say it. Then it really is money for nothing. Like famous film stars who get paid large sums for not acting."

"Then the supposition would be—that someone in this area—yes, I see. It's a bit vague, isn't it?"

"These things are always vague to start with. What you have to do is get busy and trace MacMorris' friends. Who came to see him? Who did he call on, openly? Who did he visit secretly? Who knew him but pretended not to?"

Energising Appetising
HOADLEY'S
LUNCHEON BAR
... made especially to provide children with all the energy vitamins they require

8^d
in capital cities,
slightly higher
in country areas.

HOADLEY'S
LUNCHEON BARS
are a meal in a bar and children love them

For pure enjoyment choose a HOADLEY'S Candy

VIOLET CRUMBLE BARS, Australia's most popular Sweetmeat.
CRUMBLE-ETTES, carry on VIOLET CRUMBLE'S tradition of childhood joy... packed in handy cartons.
HOADLEY'S FAMOUS MILK ASSORTMENT or **ROYAL CHARM** packed in the new plastic box.

HOADLEY'S
CHOCOLATES LIMITED

HOADLEY'S CHOCOLATES LIMITED
COVENTRY STRAITS
SOUTH MELBOURNE VIC 3205

HOADLEY'S CHOCOLATES (S.A.) PTY. LTD.
29-31 MEASURES STREET
CHIPPENDALE NSW 2151

HOADLEY'S CHOCOLATES (S.A.) PTY. LTD.
47 CARRINGTON STREET
ADELDAID SA 5001

(C 31)





"Yes," said the Inspector. He did not sound very happy about it.

"Isn't that right?"

"I suppose so. Yes. He's been here six or seven years, you see."

"He wasn't a very social man," said Liz. "He was in the choir—and just what we're going to do for a tenor for our Harvest Festival Anthem I don't like to think. He played a little tennis—Lucy Malory used to partner him. He knew General Palling and the Vicar. He sometimes rode Bob Cleeve's horses, and he once tried to buy a car from Jim Hedges. He knew me—I wouldn't have described him as a friend."

"Yes," said the Inspector again. "Well, it's been very good of you. Thank you very much."

"That sounds like a brush-off," said Liz. "Give me a straight answer to a straight question. Are you going to follow up what I've told you?"

"I don't think," said the Inspector in an exceedingly reasonable tone of voice, "that I'd be at liberty to discuss actual police plans with you?"

"Fair enough. But I warn you. When I was a girl my headmistress wrote on my report: 'Has little brain, but when she gets an idea she sticks to it.' And just so that you won't think I'm doing anything behind your

back, I'm warning you. My next call this morning is on Tom Pearce."

When she had gone the Inspector went across to the shelf and got down his well-thumbed dictionary. First he tried the "Gs"; then the "Js." He didn't have any luck in either.

Pearce (whose Christian name was Cecil, but a fellow Devonian at Peel House had called him Tom, and the name had followed him round ever since) looked like a successful banker. He was, in cold fact, a successful Chief Constable; which is a role in which real success is a good deal harder to come by than in any bank.

He attended to all that Liz had to say, without interrupting, coiling it all away in the orderly recesses of his mind.

At the conclusion of it he turned his candid grey eyes full on her and said, "Tell me, Mrs. Artside, are you dissatisfied with the Inspector's handling of this matter?"

This was such a sharp jab below the belt that it took Liz a little time to get her breath back.

"No," she said. "I don't—I mean to say, I think he's made the right moves so far. I expect he would have found out about MacMorris' past soon enough. I shouldn't have got it myself without outrageous luck."

"Then—"

"All the same, it's not quite fair to ask me if I'm happy about his handling of the case. He hasn't really started to handle it yet. And I've got a feeling—no more—that he's going to back-pedal on it."

"Luck doesn't give one the impression that he's overflowing with mental alertness or bursting with vigor," agreed the Chief Constable. "All the same, in my view, he's a good policeman of a rather old-fashioned sort. And I don't think it's fair to prejudge him."

"All right," said Liz. "Just so long as he hasn't prejudged the case. MacMorris was a crackman. MacMorris had gelignite. MacMorris blew himself up. End of crackman. End of case."

The Chief Constable opened his eyes slightly.

"Did Luck tell you that? About MacMorris being a crackman?"

Liz hesitated.

"Yes," she said. "Wasn't he supposed to?"

"So long as he had every confidence in your discretion," said the Chief Constable with a smile that travelled almost all the way up to his eyes. "I don't suppose any great harm was done."

"It's like trying to swim through a treacle pudding," said Liz.

Tim tried to wrench himself free as his opponent turned, startled by the leaping flames.

"Never tried it," said Cleeve. "Sounds a bit dispiriting."

"It is dispiriting. But there's a broad distinction between being dispirited and being choked off. I refuse to be choked off."

"That's the stuff."

"And don't you dare blow your silly moustache at me and give me your 'Poor little woman' routine. Because I warn you, I'm serious."

"You're not only serious," said Cleeve, blinking at her, "you're terrifying."

"Then, instead of trying to bluff me off, just explain what it's all about?"

"Don't want to appear obstructive. But what's all what about?"

"You know as well as I do. Why is it that everyone has made up his mind to sit heavily on this case. Why is it being played down? Even the papers are calling it an accident now. Not that anyone has troubled to explain just why a retired major (alleged) should have enough gelignite in his attic to blow his house into two bits. And there's

To page 49

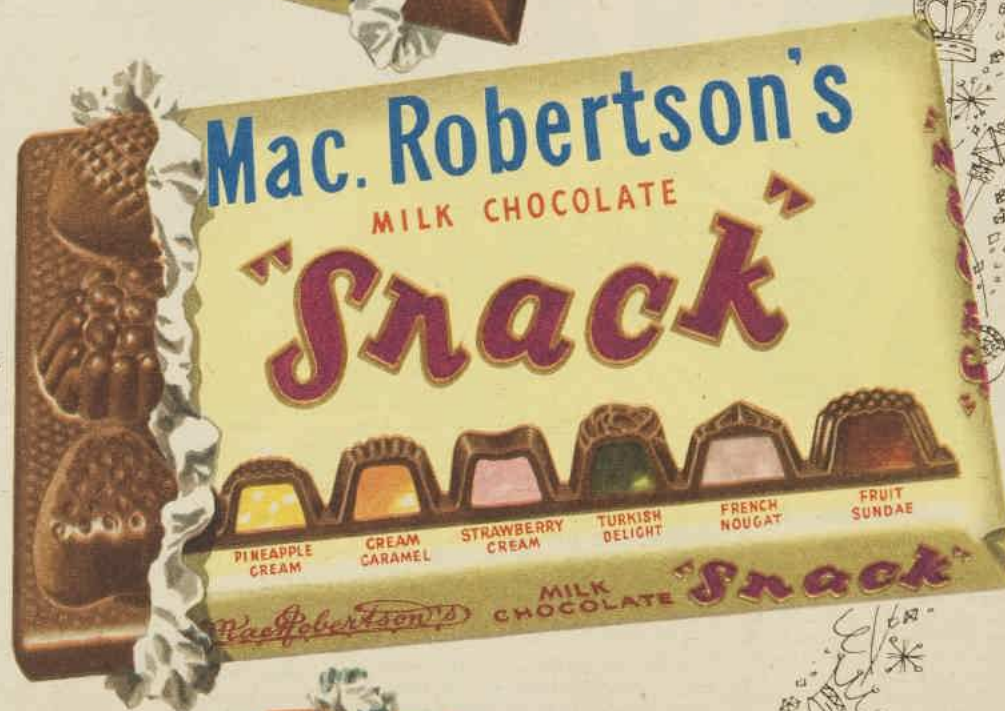
Treat Yourself Royally

Enjoy a Mac.Robertson favourite every day — you deserve it!



Proclaimed the king of milk chocolate blocks . . . Mac. Robertson's Milk Chocolate — "it tastes milkiest of all". Now 21 big, delicious squares for only 2/-, in the new-shape ¼-lb. block.

Enjoy fine quality chocolates without paying a king's ransom. Call for Mac. Robertson's "Snack". 6 luscious centres — 12 delicious chocolates — in every block. And don't forget your lady fair — "Snack" is a treat for her "sweet tooth".



"Niblets" are new . . . and nice to nibble — 12 chunky discs of Mac. Robertson's Milk Chocolate in this handy roll pack. "Niblets", worth a golden sovereign — but only 1/-



Mac.Robertson
75th
ANNIVERSARY
1880 — 1955

Made by

Mac.Robertson

The Great Name in Confectionery

THE MAN WHO INHERITED EVERYTHING



EVERETT CONKLIN-SMYTHE was dead. He had died on English soil, as he would have wished, but that was the only achievement of his squandered life.

He lay on an iron bed in a barren hospital room and I stood by his side, unable to fight down my resentment. I had begged him to make a will, but he hadn't—and now my twenty years of service as his valet had been for nothing.

The doctor sat down to fill out a death certificate.

"What's the name of the deceased?" he asked.

"Too wrought up to speak, I handed over the passport. There had been no time for formalities upon Conklin-Smythe's admission to hospital, for when we docked at Southampton he had been brought ashore in a coma and had died without regaining consciousness.

The doctor finished copying out the necessary information and I handed me back the passport. I asked the cause of death; I was concerned about the obituary.

"He appears to have led a dissolute life," the doctor said. "I put down heart failure—it was the immediate cause. You can fetch the certificate in half an hour at the cashier's desk."

It didn't occur to me to look at the death certificate until I was on the train to London, where I intended to get in touch with the family lawyers. It was then that I discovered that I had given the doctor my passport; the name on the certificate was not Conklin-Smythe's; it was mine.

My first impulse was to take the next train back and have the mistake corrected; but it was still an hour to London, and during that hour I had time to think.

Conklin-Smythe had been my employer, true, but after twenty years of shared exile our relationship was no longer that of servant and

master. He had come to depend on me completely and had accepted me as almost his equal.

In a way I had become fond of Conklin-Smythe, too. He wasn't a bad sort except for his unbelievable laziness and lack of moral fibre.

He had, as a young man in England, been involved in several scandals. Having no wish to risk further disgrace to the family name, his uncle, Colonel Aubrey Conklin-Smythe, had made Everett's absence from England the condition for his continued support.

I had gone with Everett as his servant and to keep him out of trouble, writing the old gentleman a monthly report which he always acknowledged with a curt note. He never wrote directly to his nephew. Even the cablegram announcing old Colonel Aubrey's death had been addressed to me.

Everett was the sole heir to his uncle's fortune. The expectation of great wealth at long last removed his last restraints. His dissipation increased alarmingly.

He borrowed a large sum of money and we embarked for England immediately. Sensing that he couldn't last long at the pace he was keeping, I'd begged him to make a will providing for my future. He had kept putting me off—and now it was too late.

Or was it? Why not let the mistake in our identification stand? We were of approximately the same age and of similar height and build. Twenty years in the tropics had changed us both, and there were few people left in England who had ever known either of us intimately.

Conklin-Smythe's only living relatives were distant cousins, who despised both Everett and his uncle. That the family fortune would now pass on to them was the crowning irony of Everett's life.

The matter was simple; I would be Everett Conklin-Smythe. I was familiar with the most trifling details of his past, with his mannerisms, expressions, and idiosyncrasies. He had not been in touch with anyone for years, and there were no recent photographs of him besides the passport picture, and that could be changed.

I could rebuff anyone who might try to renew Conklin-Smythe's acquaintance by copying his anti-social attitude. I'd settle the legal formalities, take possession of the inheritance, and leave the country immediately.

From the station I took a cab to the hotel where Conklin-Smythe had reserved rooms and silently handed his passport to the room clerk. This was to be the deciding test.

The clerk glanced at the picture and the name. "Oh, yes, Mr. Conklin-Smythe," he said. "We were expecting you earlier. Did the other gentleman come with you?"

"He died in Southampton this

and requesting instructions for the burial; it was, of course, signed—Everett Conklin-Smythe . . .

The next morning I awoke at my usual hour and was about to get up when I remembered that now there was no longer any need for that.

It was well past noon before I roused myself again. There was a yellow envelope under my door. It was a telegram from my sister: "Please make all necessary arrangements. Unable to attend funeral. (Signed) Mary Gibbons."

I was a little annoyed. I had saved about two thousand pounds over the years and had made her my beneficiary—to think that she wouldn't so much as bother to come to my funeral!

I called Southampton and arranged to have Conklin-Smythe's body cremated the following day. Then I set out to see the family lawyers.

But I had a bad case of nerves, stopped at the nearest pub, and by the time I was calm again the afternoon was gone.

I overslept again next morning and missed my own funeral. I was still tense, so I made another round of pubs, as Conklin-Smythe would have done. It took a week before I nerved myself to see the lawyers.

I had meanwhile engaged a young man as a servant to take care of me as I had cared for Conklin-Smythe. More and more I seemed to be slipping into the pattern of my late employer's character.

But as soon as I got out of the country again, perhaps I could get a grip of myself. And I would soon have the money to do anything I wished . . .

Sir Edward Bastorp, Q.C., received me coldly. "Sit down, Mr. Conklin-Smythe," he said. "I wrote you. You needn't have troubled yourself coming to England."

"Surely you understand, Sir Edward," I began to say, "after twenty years abroad I had to return."

"Surely you understand, Sir Edward. After twenty years—"

"Of course." He continued scrutinising me. I suppose I didn't look my best—though Everett would would not have, either.

"I'm afraid I have bad news for you," he began. I felt myself becoming tense again. "After careful consideration, your uncle decided against leaving you his fortune."

"But that's impossible!" I cried. "He must have made some provision for me."

"He has," Sir Edward said. "Your uncle set up a trust fund, leaving it to the discretion of the beneficiary whether or not to continue your allowance."

"A discretionary fund?" I said. "You mean he's left it up to my charming cousins?"

"No," he replied. "Your cousins will inherit eventually, but for the moment the entire income goes to your manservant."

"And if he dies?" I said.

"Then," Sir Edward said, "it will go to your cousins."

For a frantic moment I thought of telling him who I really was, but I realised I had gone too far; the penalties for attempted fraud, for falsification of passports—and Heaven knew how many other crimes I had committed—might keep me in gaol for the rest of my life. It was hopeless. I must have looked very sick, for he asked me if I were feeling well.

"I need a drink," I said. It was what Conklin-Smythe would have said. I've been needing a drink frequently ever since. Lately, everything I do seems to be as he would have done it.

(Copyright)

BY ERNEST A. JACOBI

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM

morning. I'll be alone."

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Conklin-Smythe."

"Thank you," I replied. I signed the register with Conklin-Smythe's name—I could copy his signature in my sleep, if necessary—and followed the page to my room.

So it worked—even before I exchanged the photographs. And that part was easy. I had become Everett Conklin-Smythe, bearer of a proud name and heir to one of Britain's great fortunes.

I rang for room service and ordered a pint of gin and quinine water. I might as well try to get used to the stuff. Then I composed a telegram to my sister in Lancashire, advising her of my death

A complete short story By HAMLEN HUNT

The Friendly Divorce

STAN BURRAGE came into the kitchen and put his arms around her. She kept her face averted. "Don't," she said. His arms fell away.

Nora waited for the silence that usually followed the rebuff, but it did not come. Stan did not walk back into the living-room and leave her where she was.

"It's like this every time," he said. "Whenever your ex-husband takes the children out you divorce me."

"That's not true," Nora said, but she still did not look at him. She began to slice a cucumber into the salad. "I'm just tired. I don't want to be touched. Or spoken to."

"So I gather," Stan said. "But I live here, too. And I'm tired of having you forget it."

"I don't," Nora said.

"I get a feeling you'd like to hide me in a cupboard until he's out of the way," Stan said. "Like in a tired old vaudeville act. I'm the husband in the triangle, but suddenly I turn into the other man when Jack Newton rings the doorbell. And the funny part is, I feel guilty. I feel horribly clandestine, in my own house, with my own wife."

Nora put the wooden bowl of salad into the icebox. Her hands were shaking.

"Do you?" she said.

She was a tall, handsome girl with dark red hair and dark blue eyes, and now she turned to face her husband. It was true there was usually an atmosphere of storm around her after one of Jack's appearances, but she had pretended Stan could not see the lightning.

She told herself it was not fair to discuss with her second husband the complex feelings Jack caused in her—remorse, depression, self-questioning that bound her to the past. In a few days she was herself again.

"You feel guilty, too," Stan said. "But don't hate me, even temporarily. It makes me feel bad."

"I'm sorry," Nora said.

She loved Stan, she had never been as happy before. She had her children, Jonathan and Deborah—by their names you could date them, she thought. They were children of the war years when the fashion was for plain names with history attached.

And now she was expecting a planned and wished-for child. Yet her impulse had been, when she suddenly saw Jack at the door this afternoon, to conceal the fact. But she realised that that was being stupid.

Her voice shook as she said, "Well, look who's here!"

"The well-known letter edged in black," Jack said, with what in her old, angry days she had called his little twisted smile. "May I come in?"

"Of course," she said, and stood aside to let him enter.

"You've moved," he said. "Bigger place?"

"Yes," she said, "we need more room. We're expecting a baby. And the children gather so much stuff they need more space."

"I went to the old place," Jack said, and again she felt that sudden and absolutely predictable stab of guilt. In her heart she supposed she did hope that he would no longer keep on coming to see the children, that one day his absence would be permanent. She did not wish him dead any more. She didn't need to

be so forceful about it now. She only wished him elsewhere.

Jack was a non-domestic animal, and usually he was elsewhere, in peace as well as in war. He was a newspaperman, and a good one. His job was his life.

He liked women, but he didn't really want to be bothered with them. He loved the children, and didn't really have to be bothered by them, since it was up to their mother to raise them.

But as they grew older he was more interested in them.

"Did you?" Nora answered absurdly.

"Thank you for leaving word where you'd moved," Jack said. "I hadn't expected to be gone for so long. I just flew over to the Paris office for a week or two, but then a couple of things broke, and I seemed to be all over Europe. I was out of the country for nearly four months."

"Yes," Nora said. "The children missed you."

She saw his worn, rather romantic face—the two sides were more mismatched than ever, the conflict in the man's personality made manifest—light up. She was glad she had said that. It was true, in a way.

The children missed Jack as children miss a wonderful uncle or a bachelor friend of the family who turns up unexpectedly, time after time, throwing excitement into the air, altering the usual schedule, bringing presents.

"They're wonderful kids," Jack said. "Where are they?"

Nora glanced at the clock, a wedding present when she and Jack were married thirteen years ago. Jack glanced at it, too, and she wondered if he recognised it.

"They'll be home from school in a few minutes," she said. "Luckily, they had no particular plans, if you want to take them out."

At the time of the separation she had taken all the household things. Jack didn't care, and a hotel room was all the home he wanted. Since she had to go back to work, she could not have afforded to furnish an apartment with new things. She started all over again with the physical remains of a marriage in many temporary homes.

Jack continued to support the children in his usual on-and-off fashion, generously when he was in the chips, sketchily when he was not. But he had never forgotten that the children were his, and that he owed them some responsibility—that much Nora had always freely given Jack credit for.

"I don't want alimony," she told her lawyer. "I can support myself, but it will be hard to earn enough for three, so anything Jack wants to contribute will be welcome."

"That's a very generous attitude, if I may say," her lawyer, Mr. Aiken, said. "Not all my women clients, after a divorce for just cause, are so easy on the man. And there are laws on their side."

Nora said: "You know how Jack is. You can't change him. But he does love the children. He'll do what he can, and, of course, he can see them whenever he wants to. For myself, I'm just glad it's over."

"I hope it is," the lawyer said, but not audibly. In his experience, a divorced woman was a worried and forlorn creature, and he concurred

with a cynical partner who said, "Never advise a woman client to have a divorce unless there's another man waiting outside the door."

At first, there was nobody but the wolf outside Nora's door. She earned a living in a somewhat unusual and specialised way by doing music research for motion pictures and plays. She set up a home with a feeling of permanence around the children, who had moved so often, and she had done her work well. The children seemed brisk and full of questions, and Nora spoke of the divorce openly, in simple terms.

"Daddy and I found out we just didn't like being married to each other," she said. "We made each other unhappy. So we've decided to be divorced. But we both love you very dearly, and Daddy'll come to see you whenever he can."

"Sure," said Jonathan, who was eight then, and Deborah, a year younger, said, "It doesn't sound any different."

For Nora, it was very different. After a while it was better. She was surprised at her own feelings of sudden hope, sudden growth, sudden release. A marriage does not always decline by violent quarrels. Failure can take on the air of fatigue, or depression, and a feeling of distaste for the whole world.

She had worried about her own state of mind, but once they were apart she no longer loathed Jack. He was what he was, admirable in many ways, but absolutely undependable, fairly selfish, and sensitive only about his own feelings.

Stan was part of the new world. She met him and fell in love with him, and he was her reward. It seemed to her, making those readjustments to truth that are sometimes necessary, that she had never known a whole happy day with Jack. He had attracted her, charmed her, worn her out with worry, and she was over all of it. But she loved Stan with a warm purposefulness that surprised her.

"It seems too easy," she said. "You love me and I love you and we want to be together. There must be something in the way."

"Why?" Stan said. He was a dark-eyed man and every time she looked at him she got a little shock of surprise and pleasure. "We're not kids. We're grown up and we've been here and there, emotionally and in other ways. We ought to know what we want by now. All I can say is, thank God we found each other."

"How wonderful we did," Nora said. "All the others, and then—there's us."

There were some problems about getting married again, but at least they could talk about them. There were problems about money and Nora's job and moving in together and, more important than all these, there were the children.

"I think I'm lucky," Stan said soberly. "All the pleasure of these lovely kids. I hope we'll have some

of our own, but it's nice to start in with a family. How's their father going to feel about it?"

Nora jumped. "I don't know. But there's nothing he can do about it, is there? And, of course, he can see the children whenever he wants to."

"Any special arrangement about that?" Stan asked.

"No," Nora said. "He just phones or drops by—after all, we do know each other fairly well and it seems silly to be formal."

Stan asked, "Suppose we want to take a trip with the kids? Do we consult him?"

"No, we make all the arrangements to suit ourselves," Nora said. "Jack's really more like Santa Claus or a rich uncle as far as the children are concerned. They've never had an everyday, working father like you."

"I hope they'll like me," Stan said, and Nora, glancing at him, saw with a surprise which shamed her that Stanley was really anxious about this simple relationship.

"They already love you," she said. "And Deborah said she likes a man around the house."

In a good marriage, problems were faced and disposed of. Stanley was a research chemist and he earned a comfortable but not remarkable salary. He earned it at regular intervals. Nora kept her job on a part-time basis for a while, then did only special free-lance jobs.

She liked having her own money, earned by herself. It was an old liking and she could not put it aside comfortably. Stan understood—more than she realised, again. He saw in her insistence on having her own money, as she called it, a well-established distrust of depending on a husband, who might fail her.

The children attended the same school, even after they moved. Jack was delighted with Nora's remarriage, which took from him the last traces of lingering responsibility he might have had. Everything was easier for him this way.

"How do you feel when you see Jack?" a friend asked Nora, who replied, "I don't feel anything," which was not only a lie but a big lie. She felt no lingering traces of romantic love for Jack, but she felt many other emotions. His visits

caused more of an impact than she realised, and she reacted so violently that Stan was, as he said, temporarily discarded.

"Why take it out on me?" he said. He had come home today to find Nora in her own private stormy weather, and the children out with their father. The news made the circus tickets he had in his pocket seem wilted.

Nora said reluctantly, "I think of all the things I did wrong, with Jack, and I get a sort of stab of remorse. It hurts. And when I hurt I suppose I snarl."

"Indeed you do," Stan assured her.

She laughed a little. "I'm sorry."

It had never before occurred to her, in a circle of friends that included many couples who were on





a second, or even a third, marriage, that there was anything wrong with her firmly held notion that a friendly divorce was the only kind.

She boasted that she and Jack had separated in amity, and forgot the years of misery and distorted purpose that had preceded the final division.

Not long ago Stan had said, "The next time he comes visiting I'm going out. I can't stand being the genial host to a man whose woman is living with me—it seems downright embarrassing. I feel if the kids show too much attention to me he'll feel I've stolen their affection. I feel if they ignore me he'll think I beat them. Must we be social with your ex?"

Nora said gently, "Of course we must. We're all, as they say, civil-

ised people. We have no real quarrel. Things just didn't work out, and Jack's pleased that I'm happy now."

"It's none of his business whether you are or not," Stan said.

"People who've been married once do have certain ties," Nora said slowly. "That can't be helped. The longer you live, the more tangled relationships get, I suppose."

Stan said, "It seems to me things would be better if we observed some old-fashioned formalities. An icy hatred would be a relief, instead of this smiling welcome I feel forced on me."

"It's not that smiling," Nora assured him.

"They're his kids, and he loves them," Stan said. "I agree to that."

But I don't agree about the rest of it."

So things were not as simple as they seemed. Whenever Jack was well away, out of the country for some time, or on the West Coast, everything was wonderful. Until today, even Nora had not understood how plainly she was marked by his sudden reappearance.

What had horrified her was to find herself sometimes, after Jack had gone, looking at an old photograph of him that was in the children's room, wondering what she could have done, or how they should have lived, to prevent a divorce.

The more accustomed and happy she was in her new marriage, now confirmed by pregnancy, the more she felt obliged to remember and feel guilty about the old one. She sometimes wept, thinking of Jack,

Nora knew quite well it wasn't fair of her to expect Stan to be happy every time her ex-husband visited them and made the usual fuss over the children.

alone, with a new shirt on because he had forgotten to send, or call for, the laundry. She thought of the look on Jack's face when he first saw the children after being away.

"It's true," Stan said. "We've faced other things. Let's face this business of you throwing me away now and then."

"Not now," Nora said. "I'm tired. And I'm sorry—I think Jack expects to stay to supper. I invited him. He'll be back with the children at any minute."

"I know," Stan said. "I'm mixing up a cocktail right now. These are the civilised gestures. These

keep the children secure—everybody agrees with everybody. But what about us? You and me? We had something so nearly perfect I can't agree to letting it go sour. I just can't."

The doorbell rang, and Nora jumped. She put her hand on the front of her smock that covered a new child in process, and she saw Stan watching her with a look of irony that brought the latent blush to full heat. Her face felt in flames.

"It's quite legal, you know," Stan said. "We're married, according to

To page 67

*whatever
type
of hair
you have..*



HARD-TO-WAVE . . .



NORMAL . . .



EASY-TO-WAVE . . .

Richard Hudnut HOME PERMANENT

will give your hair lovely

Naturally Pretty Curls

CHOOSE THE KIT
FOR YOUR TYPE HAIR



FOR NORMAL AND EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR

This is the same Richard Hudnut Home Permanent you know so well in the GREY box. No matter what method of perming you follow, this Richard Hudnut product will give you curls that are really natural-looking, soft and springy, shiny and silky—yet the hair remains strong and smooth. No frizz . . . never that "new permanent" look. No split ends . . . your hair is conditioned to silky smoothness. May be used for bleached or tinted hair.

FOR NORMAL AND HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR

This is the special, new, extra quick Richard Hudnut Home Perm recently introduced. Look for it in the GREEN box. This special-formula home perm now gives to hard-to-wave hair those springy, pretty, long-lasting curls which have previously been denied it . . . no "fail-to-take." Women with normal hair, who would like firmer curls, may also use this new product. It's Richard Hudnut's latest contribution to Australian hair beauty.



At chemists and stores everywhere

12/-

HP81.143

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for
the best letter of the
week as well as 10/6
for every letter pub-
lished on this page.

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WE often hear and read comments about the way teenagers use cosmetics.

I will admit that it is a treat to see clear, clean, fresh complexions unspoiled by cosmetics, but we must move with the times.

To save unskilful use of cosmetics that results in ghastly gasbes of lip-stick and blobs of rouge, why not have the use of cosmetics, along with general beauty care, taught in secondary schools and business colleges?

If this was done, girls would not be hindered when they go out into the world, but helped by the knowledge that they are making the best use of their make-up.

We older women all know just what skilful make-up does for our morale.

£1/1/- to I.M.S. (name supplied),
Brisbane.

WHEN we came to Australia 2½ years ago, we had to go through a hard time as so many migrants do. Especially the Australian language was a big trouble for us. The children had their worries, too. I remember my little girl, she was five years old then, and all the people in the town spoke a strange language which she could not understand. Sometimes she asked us when we were going back to Holland. But one day when she was playing in the backyard she suddenly rushed into the kitchen saying, "Mammy, Mammy, come and listen. There is a pussy-cat that miaows in Dutch." She was quite excited with her discovery, and it seemed to me that after this incident she felt more at home.

10/6 to (Mrs.) L. Strikwerda, Medina, S.A.

WE send our children to school far too young. Not only is this imposing a severe strain on the sadly understaffed Education Department but it is robbing the children of a mother's love and training during the most important period of a child's life. No matter how efficient and highly trained a teacher might be, she cannot take the place of a mother.

10/6 to "Education" (name supplied),
Woollahra, N.S.W.

WHEN the school holidays arrive the conscientious mother usually scans the entertainment pages in vain for a suitable film to take the children to see as a treat. With the exception of the good old evergreens such as "Snow White" and "The Wizard of Oz," the so-called children's programmes are often trashy. Why not revive some of the old Shirley Temple films? These are unknown to the post-war generation and I am sure children today would enjoy them as much as we did. I would also suggest a revival of the beautiful film of Maurice Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird."

10/6 to (Mrs.) M. Churton, Pascoe Vale,
Melbourne.

WHY are we in Australia so slow to acclaim our local artists? Overseas entertainers come to us at the height of their popularity, with excellent advance publicity, and, for the most part, are instantaneous successes. I contend that we have as good artists here as those imported, yet we force them to prove themselves overseas before we will admit their ability.

Is this the herd instinct, which seeks support for decisions, or is it a matter of familiarity breeding contempt? We watch our own artists on the way up, mildly surprised that someone we know, or know of, is making good. Then the novelty wears off. Let us give them our appreciation and support here in their own country; then we can feel doubly proud of them when they also find fame elsewhere.

10/6 to (Mrs.) J. Melano, Harrow, Vic.

THE old-fashioned hat-rack, with its plentiful supply of substantial hooks, which was part of the furnishing of hall or foyer, is a thing of the past. Instead, guests arriving at a house place their sometimes damp or dusty coats on the hostess' bed, while dripping umbrellas find resting-places in all corners. Yet hygiene is stressed as a main essential in modern house-planning!

10/6 to G. Walker, Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

I WONDER why so many women try to pull the wool over our eyes regarding their age. If they were only to keep quiet, no one would think about it. A woman I know has been telling me for quite three years that she is 29, so one day I told her very quietly that I had heard it said that the ten best years of a woman's life are between the ages of 28 and 30. She said to me that it was only two years between 28 and 30, but I pointed out to her that it takes some women much longer than that to cover the distance.

10/6 to "Just Fancy" (name supplied),
Launceston, Tas.

IT is deplorable to see so many children buying re-heated foods, candies, and similar foods for their midday school lunch. Eminent dietitians tell us: this is the most important meal of the day; therefore mothers should make time to pack a nutritious, well-balanced meal for their growing children. Perhaps many mothers would be shocked if they could see the purchases some children make with their lunch money.

10/6 to "Vitamins" (name supplied),
Temora, N.S.W.

YOUNG mothers today say they never have time to do sewing and mending for their families. When I called on a friend recently I was shown a garment she had knitted for her child. It was still not put together and sewn up, although it had been finished for more than a month. Each day this mother sits down to listen to her favorite radio serial yet she never thinks of picking up some needlework to do at the same time.

10/6 to "Busy Fingers" (name supplied),
Ulladulla, N.S.W.

Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with a problem that must be given a workable solution. Each week we pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

MY family problem was my inability to please my teenage daughter when making her frocks and doing other sewing for her. I had sewn successfully for her for 16 years, but for the past two years there were endless disagreements on my sewing. She would object that the frock didn't fit, the waist was too low, and so on. The result was a disgruntled daughter and frayed nerves for me.

Now I have solved the problem by paying for dressmaking lessons for my daughter. She is very happy and most interested in making her own frocks and is also very proud of her handiwork. At present she is planning her summer wardrobe and we have many happy discussions together on styles and material. Best of all, there is peace between us once more.

£1/1/- to (Mrs.) E. Strutt, Rainworth, Brisbane.



THE

Girl

ANTHONY EDEN
MARRIED....

By CHARLOTTE and DENIS PLIMMER

... A close-up of Clarissa Eden, who with quiet confidence has assumed her role as the wife of a man of destiny.



WE had just said goodbye to Sir Anthony Eden, then Queen Elizabeth's Foreign Secretary, now Her Majesty's Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury. He was off to conduct a debate on Middle Eastern affairs in the House of Commons. As he left he said, "Don't get up. Stay where you are. Have another cup of coffee with my wife."

Theirs was a comfortable London drawing room, all deep greens and dark reds, soothing and gracious. It combined the crispness of the twentieth century with the elegance of the eighteenth and the solidity of the nineteenth. And the Edens reflected all those qualities. They were a family whose next home was soon to be No. 10 Downing Street.

Sir Anthony and his wife exchanged goodbyes, and Lady Eden refilled our small black china cups with the strangely bitter coffee. She looked apprehensive. "I hope you like it. It is a little unusual. It comes to us from Yemen."

Earlier, at lunch, Lady Eden had offered us cigarettes from Cyprus, a rocky island off the coast of Turkey. Both the Arabic coffee and the Cypriot cigarettes were symbols. For to the wife of the Prime Minister life is criss-crossed by the shining threads of a dozen exotic civilisations.

As the hostess of No. 10 Downing Street, she receives the great from everywhere—men in burnouses, women in saris. Her husband, at fifty-seven, is a veteran of international society. Lady Eden, 23 years his junior, has a lot of catching up to do. But if ever there was a young woman naturally cut out for the job, it's Clarissa. She was born a Churchill. She is the daughter of the late Major John Churchill, only brother of Sir Winston.

We had often seen Clarissa Churchill Eden before we actually met her in her home. We had watched her in the resort town of Blackpool, on the Irish Sea, at the Conservative Party Conference. There, on a stage floodlighted for TV, she had stood, smiling shyly, while her husband received a thundering ovation for master-minding the London Nine-Power Conference. She was chic that day in black, with a diamond pin gleaming at her neckline and a trim little turquoise hat. But when Sir Anthony, emotionally stirred and a little embarrassed, blushed at the applause, she blushed with him.



We had seen her many times in the House of Commons, perched high up in the Speaker's Gallery, hatless, looking almost like a schoolgirl as she leaned over the rail to watch her husband. We had seen her nervously put on pink horn-rimmed glasses to study his every gesture. And we had seen her tighten up when he began to speak, her body a study in tension.

From a distance she had always seemed to us a little severe, good-looking, but starkly so. And people who had met her only casually had warned us, "Clarissa Eden? As cold as they come. She's an iceberg!"

So it was with a certain trepidation that we gave our names to the Foreign Office messenger who acted as butler in the Eden household at 1 Carlton Gardens, where we interviewed Sir Anthony and Lady Eden shortly before he became Prime Minister. The cream-colored nineteenth-century house is Government property. On its lower floors are vast rooms for the Foreign Secretary's official entertaining. Upstairs is the residence apartment that goes with his job. We rode up in the tiny elevator, wondering what our reception would be like.

As the maid led us into the drawing-room we were prepared for anything. What we got was warmth! Sir Anthony and Lady Eden both jumped to their feet in that room so cheerfully lighted against the fog that swirled outside. A small black poodle came wagging her friendly little stub of a tail. "Her name's Victoria," Lady Eden said. Sir Anthony chipped in: "We call her that, after the old Queen, because she was so aggressive in her youth." Before we knew it, we were all settled down over sherry as though we'd been friends for years.

Listening to Clarissa Eden talk, we saw her pale skin glow, her high cheekbones soften gently in laughter. Her eyes are deep-set, very blue, and her hair has a warm, coppery gleam.

Hers are the strong, positive good looks of all the Churchill women. She is not photogenic, but close up we could easily see why she was named "the loveliest deb of 1938" and why Oxford students once called her "the world's most beautiful blue-stocking." She's tall and long-limbed; if her life had taken a different turn, she could certainly have qualified as a mannequin.

The satiny wood of the lunch table in the oval, panelled

Continued on page 15

Love, Courtship and....

THERE is a generalised false conception of what is a happy marriage.

Many people, both married and unmarried, steep themselves in the popular idealised versions which seldom present family life as it really exists — its exigencies, its quarrels, its burdens, its joys, its festivals, its celebrations, its griefs—the totality of what goes into the family living of the average man.

The average person trying to identify with this drivel does not realise that it is representative of neither true romance nor marriage, but that it grows rather out of the resolution of the writers' own disappointments.

The only danger in reading this literature is that those who are not happy in their own romances or marriages imagine that others do achieve these ecstasies.

In this group are many who have postponed marriage hoping for similar paradises.

The group that postpones marriages by and large have two extreme ideas about marriage.

They either have experienced miserable home lives and are totally frightened by the institution. Or they are looking for the idealised versions.

When one asks the person who is looking for the "ideal" mate whether he has ever observed an "ideal" marriage first hand, he confesses that he has not. When one requests that he try to spend some time with a reasonably successful married couple he is at a loss to find one.

If you want to make a go of marriage, you must leave off the dazzle dust and consider marriage as a way of life.

Marriage is the way human beings live in this society.

Family unit

MEN, women, and children constitute a unit called a family. If you wish to enter it, you must choose a mate who has all of the frailties of the human race and decide to make the necessary adjustments.

The longer you wait, the more certain are the possibilities that you will find as a mate one of the more stubborn of the race, who held out for a long time, just as you are doing.

As with everything else in life, of the choices given everyone, those are selected which afford the least discomfort and most joy.

If it does not turn out so good — well, who are you not

Marriage is no ecstatic story-book romance . . . Whether it is successful usually depends on two people's desire to make it a success . . . And like every other partnership, the two is the deciding factor.

to have poor judgment? Everyone else makes mistakes. Why shouldn't you?

A great deal of marriage is chance, anyway—the chance that serious illness will strike, that death comes early, whether or not you have children and how many, good luck or bad, a flood that wipes one out overnight, a hurricane that destroys the home and all the cattle.

The need is to develop good humor, a "so-what" point of view. Some people can have fun taking a walk in the park. Others are miserable in a million-dollar hotel. The difference is one's philosophy of life.

Finding a mate

THE more areas of agreement that exist between mates the more chance there is for the marriage to contain contentment. These areas of agreement are the safety valves.

However, let us recognise from the start that a purely intellectual approach to the selection of a mate does not result in complete satisfaction.

Unless there is a deep emotional compatibility, the marriage will be courteous but certainly not joyous.

There are a few obvious "don'ts" that most psychologists have agreed on in the selection of a mate:

- Mixture of color usually is unsuccessful. Even if the families agree to it, the community at large makes life too difficult.

- Inter-religious marriages are not successful unless each

has a family that is non-religious or both parties have so little tie to their families that they do not expect to be part of their families anyway.

- Marked discrepancies in educational status are usually not successful because the social life of an individual is determined by his education.

It is the unusual educated man who wants a wife who cannot share his diversions, and it is the unusual educated woman who is content to live

a life circumscribed by a man who has no cultural interests.

- Age discrepancies are not to be recommended unless the older person is decidedly of the ageless disposition that makes him at one with people of any age.

The woman who marries the man 30 years older may gain status and security, but it is the exceptional case where she gains true companionship.

Other things being equal, it is still the best bet to marry the girl or boy around the corner with whom you went to school and with whom you will be obliged to make the minimum of compromises.

The marriages that seem to have the fewest heartaches are those in which the individuals have similar background and similar interests and have learned the give and take of life. That is all you can bank on.

You can "plan" only on the person you married.

Incompatibility

THE causes of conflict between men and women, in marriage or out, are seldom obvious. Often there is a rationalised reason given, but usually the difficulties are very subtle.

I need not tell you, for instance, of the irritation that an individual of vigorous physical energy feels when he must

upon his wife why he does not enjoy her crudely spiced food.

It is difficult to explain to a mate why his slight body odor, which he does not even recognise, is offensive to a wife, or why his rasping voice grates.

These are nuances that are difficult to analyse. Only the person experiencing them comprehends. Yet these subtleties are often the root of otherwise unexplainable dissensions.

Am I then discarding the old adage that "opposites attract"? Definitely not. They do attract.

The solitary person is certainly attracted to the gregarious one. By hanging on to his coat-tails she has a gay social life, which by herself she could never attain.

But what about the gregarious person? How soon will he tire of the anchor on his tail?

The woman with no musical talent is definitely attracted to the man who has a great deal. But for how long will he enjoy taking her to the quartet evenings when he realises that her interest is synthetic?

A relationship either grows or stagnates. Marriage is no exception. That is the reason for the many dull, lifeless marriages in which people continue to pretend they have some spark of life in them.

If one considers merely that marriage is the unit into which society is divided, then no more should be expected than that.

But if marriage is to be a positive experience that brings

joy to its members, it cannot be entered without a great deal of circumspection.

A partnership that works is a rare occurrence in any aspect of life.

Again, what is the mate's philosophy of life?

Are you married to a semi-parasite whose notion of marriage is to give as little as possible and to expect as much as she can? She cannot achieve a partnership.

You will find that emotionally she is still sitting in the baby carriage and all the relatives are admiring her.

There are as many incompatibilities in marriages, engagements, and friendships between the sexes as there are people in them.

Most of them occur because one person is demanding something which the other is incapable of giving.

Perhaps it is a simple matter of your having been immature when you made the selection and that you have since grown up.

Trying to hide the sad truth only makes it worse because it adds hypocrisy to suffering.

Part of maturity is to recognise the impossible.

When divorce?

THE question arises, do psychologists advocate divorce?

There are no scientific data as to whether or not divorce is good or bad. Each psychologist has his own ideas. Therefore, most of them refuse to commit themselves.

Theoretically, when a partnership is tearing a person down rather than building him up, it is therapeutic to end the partnership.

The consideration of the marriage vows is quite another matter. That is one's relationship to his religion.

If one's religion forbids divorce that is merely one of the types of reality that the psychologist would ask you to face.

As far as I am aware, no religion forbids separation.

The important point to remember is never to divorce until you have fully understood not only your own personality but the reasons for the failure in the marriage.

If you end the marriage without a full concept of where you have failed, you will not be likely to succeed in the second marriage.

Even in cases where one is married to an emotional invalid, she or he must ask herself or himself: Why did I select such a mate? What is the matter with my concept of affection that I did not realise this individual could give no affection?

One does not undertake this

**BY LEE R. STEINER,
Consultant Psychologist**

HOW TO LIVE WITH A NEUROTIC

DETERMINING who is neurotic is not a layman's job. If you suspect that your fiancé or your spouse is neurotic, try to persuade him (or her) to see a doctor.

With the diagnosis established, how do you live with a neurotic and survive?

The only way is somehow to develop the courage to return to using your judgment as a basis for behaviour (rather than regulating

your behaviour by fear of the consequences).

The method does not mean that you stand up in your shoes and tell the neurotic off.

It means that very quietly and calmly you return to the point of where you make your decisions on the basis of your own judgment.

This will not change the neurotic. The technique is merely one by which the victim can return to normal living.

Marriage

appraisal in order to "blame" himself. He undertakes it to profit from his experience, and to give himself a new chance at happiness.

Stay in your present marriage until you understand why it failed, and until you have changed yourself sufficiently so that it cannot happen again. Then if you decide to divorce, it MAY be therapeutic.

Rate yourself

WHATEVER the nature of your religious beliefs about marriage, no one can make a joyous partnership of your friendship, engagement, or marriage unless the basic ingredients are there. One must consider, what is there to build upon?

Therefore, will you rate your own relationship?

The chart which follows is intended for rating the compatibility of marriages. It pertains to friendships between the sexes and betrothals as well.

1. Much sharing. Trust and confidence.
2. Mutual understanding with occasional quarrels.
3. Not fully confident in each other. Many disagreements.
4. Superficial relationship with some hostility.
5. Definite dislike and lack of trust.

Those in Number 5 are the people who most often ask for help. They cannot expect to derive from a psychologist's counselling the ability to love one another. There is nothing here on which to build a relationship.

For the people in Number 4, the occasional periods of understanding can be analysed in hope that they might be extended.

If the people are already married, we try to do what we can to salvage the relationship. If the partners are merely contemplating marriage, we usually make efforts to discourage any permanence.

Those in Number 3 can solve their own problems if they apply themselves to the task.

Numbers 1 and 2 are lucky people. They usually need no one's assistance except to analyse the causes of their occasional quarrels.

To be sure, everyone quarrels sometimes. The criteria would be how intense are

the quarrels and are they undermining the partnership.

Is quarrelling normal?

IN the absence of statistics, I can merely give you my own opinion. Most people will not discuss their quarrels openly. They feel that somehow it is a mark of weakness on their part.

If people would talk more freely, it would doubtless be found that no one's home or friendships are like a quiet stream.

Even a successful home or relationship consists of differences of outlook, of opinion, of irritations, of selfishness, of thoughtlessness, along with the pleasanter aspects.

Relationships are merely the attempt to blend some rather complicated protoplasmic known as human beings. It is inconceivable that there be any situation where the blend is perfect.

The criterion, therefore, is not whether you quarrel but how you quarrel and why you quarrel.

Are you trying to demonstrate superiority? Are you trying to rebel against disparagement? Is life too hard for you? Are you the woman who doesn't like housework and is being forced to engage in it?

If quarrelling is one of your problems, let me illustrate for you a type of quarrelling that goes beyond the norm, so that you may compare your type of quarrelling and make your own appraisal.

"My wife and my daughter have little spats practically every day of the week. It's almost unbearable to me. They upset me and irritate me for a while, and I try to forget them.

"Needless to say, I do not consider my wife either a good mate or mother. I could support her, but she wants to go to work. She stayed home until our child was four years old. After that, I can scarcely say the child had a mother. I tried to give the child the love she missed from her mother, and that is apparently the trouble.

"Not a day passes but that she and the girl are at swords' ends. My wife is far from being a tolerant and understanding parent or person. She is narrow-minded and trusts no one. She is addicted to making world-wise

remarks which she is not intelligent enough to comprehend. She is more materialistic and selfish than I could ever imagine anyone to be.

"I have tried to teach my daughter to be less defiant, to keep her voice down, and that she should try to ignore her mother. She is becoming terribly nervous and irritable and is flying off the handle easily.

"I don't know how to end this, just as I don't know how to make a pleasanter person of my wife."

Well, his wife is the only one who can make a pleasanter person of his wife. All he can do is either to accept the situation or leave it.

What is left out of this

letter is his contribution to the family quarrels. He says merely that he sides with the girl against her mother. That is usually a mistake, since the girl, too, must learn to accept the reality of her mother's incapacity for co-operative living.

This type of child often takes literally the romantic fabrications of the movies and the pulp magazines, and, because she has not observed normal marriage, assumes that there is the 100 per cent. or nothing concept in actuality.

What she sees in her home is totally negative. She has merely an example of what she doesn't want. What she reads in the imaginative pulps becomes then her ideal. So when the man-in-the-flesh arrives to ask for her hand, she finds many reasons why she cannot accept him.

It often takes much heartache before she can reconcile the two extremes that have served as her guide of what is marriage.

That is why psychologists say that happy marriages tend to run in families.

The person reared in a home where love exists knows love when she sees it, and welcomes it simply. The person who doesn't know love often holds out for perfection.

An individual coming from an unhappy home tends to have an unhappy marriage. That does not mean that he cannot learn the basic lessons that constitute good marriage nor that he cannot make a good marriage of one that is not hitting on all of its cylinders.

For a successful marriage there need be merely the desire of the two people to make a go of it, and some genuine areas of compatibility between them.



How to choose a mate.... save a marriage



Two Beauties

that make home
sweet
home

Make Toast how-you-like-it . . . and dress up your table with a Hotpoint De-Luxe Toaster

It's the smartest way to satisfy an appetite for toast the way you like it. This Hotpoint "toasts quickly," has brilliantly-plated finish, non-scratch feet and heat-resisting handles. Like all A.G.E. products, it will keep its good looks for years. It's a beauty!

PRICE, £4/9/-. Includes cordset and foottrack.
Also available without foottrack—£4/5/-.

Half the weight—half the effort— no scorching with this Hotpoint

Featherweight De-Luxe Automatic Iron

Just turn the control knob to the fabric you wish to iron and this featherweight wonder heats fast; it's hot in a jiffy. It's a beauty!

PRICE, £5/15/-. Includes cordset.

Hotpoint



For house-proud sleepy heads—

A Hotpoint Clock Radio lulls you to sleep and gently wakes you in the morning with your favourite radio programme and, of course, is a handsome, accurate timepiece.

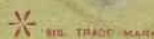
PRICE £29/10/6



Obtainable at
Hotpoint retailers
everywhere

**AUSTRALIAN
GENERAL ELECTRIC**
PROPRIETARY LIMITED

Sydney, Newcastle, Lismore,
Wollongong, Melbourne, Brisbane,
Rockhampton, Townsville, Adelaide, Broken Hill,
Hobart, Launceston.
Agent in W.A.: Arkios (W.A.) Ltd.



Prices shown are for capital cities (except Perth) and are subject to alteration without notice.

The girl Anthony Eden married...

dining-room reflected the sheen of Georgian silver and crystal. As we lunched—on "oulets Portugais," game in wine sauce, a creamy, sherry-flavored dessert, cheese and crackers—Victoria wandered appealingly from chair to chair, pleading with solemn brown eyes for titbits. We are pushovers for begging pets at any time, anywhere, and found we couldn't resist the pleading looks. When we turned apologetically to Lady Eden for permission to feed the dog, she beamed on us with some-thing like relief. "It's fine with us, if you don't mind yourselves," she said.

Loves clothes

Conversation, as would be expected at Sir Anthony's table, roamed the globe, from Europe to the Middle East, on to China and to the United States, which the Edens said they would like to revisit unofficially soon.

At first, public appearances terrified Lady Eden, but time has tempered her to them. Time and her Aunt Clementine, Lady Churchill, from whom she's picked up the tricks of the statesman's wife's trade.

Now, too, Lady Eden has taken over at No. 10 Downing Street as Great Britain's hostess to the world. Queen Elizabeth is, of course, the First Lady of the Land, but she is something of a symbol, a kind of flesh-and-blood counterpart of the Statue of Liberty. Her entertaining is on a ceremonial level. The dinners over which world leaders really get down to brass tacks are those served in Downing Street.

Headly as all this goldfish-bowl glamor is, the Edens, like most people, treasure the quieter moments as well. They get all too few for their many private interests—modern art (we saw some exciting canvases in their home), ballet, reading, and gardening. Like her husband, Lady Eden is a lover of fine food and a judge of wines, but, unlike her husband, she's a first-class cook.

The Edens can never quite shut out a clamorous world. Unfortunately, work almost always follows Sir Anthony home.

Sir Anthony's daily routine is governed by the world of politics, and Lady Eden's day is governed by Sir Anthony's. A crisis in some foreign capital may mean a cancelled dinner party and a taut night vigil.

Clarissa never misses a sitting in the House of Commons when Sir Anthony is to speak. If he's in the House for eight hours at a stretch, so is she.

Both the Edens enjoy the theatre, but they seldom find time to go. When they do, they're likely to be slightly at odds over what to see. Lady Eden prefers the classics. Sir Anthony would just as soon have his rare night out a little on the light side. Recently, Lady Eden ordered tickets for a Shakespeare performance at the Old Vic, but not, she said, until she talked her husband into it.

She wears clothes elegantly, and, like all good-looking young women, she enjoys buy-

ing them. But she's forced to forgo the luxury of casual browsing. She manages to get to showings only twice a year—almost invariably Worth's—to order her own wardrobe. And that's the beginning and the end of that!

Occasionally, while Sir Anthony was still Foreign Secretary, the Edens sneaked away for the weekend, to the modest country cottage in Wiltshire that Lady Eden inherited. Though they couldn't escape the inevitable dispatch boxes, they could dress casually in slacks and sweaters and dig among the forsythia, syringa, lilacs, and roses in their small garden.

This Wiltshire cottage is the only home the Edens own. (Now, of course, they have access to another home, Chequers, the Prime Minister's official country residence.) As Foreign Secretary, Sir An-

Office, as a decoding clerk. Her job was on one of the lowliest rungs of the ladder at the top of which stood the man who was to be her husband. She had a friend who worked in an office near Anthony Eden's. Occasionally Clarissa would stop in to chat, but always with one eye on the door, she laughingly told a friend many years later, "in case Anthony should walk in."

After the war she became feature editor of the British edition of "Vogue," and after that she wrote publicity for the movies. At one point she worked on a Press campaign for Vivien Leigh.

"I loved the work," she told us, and added modestly, "but I wasn't really very good at it." Employers report that she did a "fair to middling job."

She was a thorough-going career girl.

"She loved to give parties,"

things that made Anthony Eden's an uneasy wooing. There was the "September Song" aspect. There was his divorce; in the event of his remarriage, he would be sharply criticised by the Church and his career might be seriously hampered.

The first worry proved groundless; for a time the second did provide an occasional pinprick. Religious leaders spoke pointedly of "those in the highest places . . . breaking the Church's law without embarrassment." But when Sir Anthony took over the highest place from Sir Winston Churchill, the only murmur—apart from the good-natured grumblings of his political opponents—was one of approval.

That very question of "succession," even then a foregone conclusion, presented one more marriage obstacle. Eden confided to an intimate that he hesitated to ask Clarissa to be his wife; he was afraid people might think he was doing it because she was a Churchill.

Actually, Sir Winston Churchill was one of the very last to find out about the romance that flourished literally under his nose. And nobody was more pleased than he. He rushed right off to the Archbishop of Canterbury to seek a special dispensation—on the strength of Eden's guiltless role in his divorce—so that the pair might be wed in a church.

But the archbishop said no. And so they were married by a clerk in London's Caxton Hall, a dingy Victorian building, whose name, spelled out in garish red neon letters, has shone down on hundreds of bridal couples, including Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding. Afterwards, they went to a champagne breakfast at No. 10 Downing Street, where Churchill officially welcomed as his nephew the man he had looked on as a son.

Anthony Eden had, over the years, suffered recurrently from internal illnesses. Within a year of the new marriage, he was rushed to Boston, where a specialist performed a life-or-death operation.

For the bride, it was a devastating ordeal. She threw all her energies into curing her husband. His recovery was remarkably rapid, and friends told us that the credit was in considerable part Clarissa's. "What a change in the man!" a member of his constituency exclaimed. "He used to be nervous, irritable. He looked years older than his age. And we were worried that he wasn't strong enough for his own job, let alone the Prime Minister's. But what that girl's done for him! He's never been handsomer. He's never been more relaxed."

There are probably few words that Clarissa Eden would rather hear. For the man she married is now her full-time career. It's obvious that her ambition is to emulate her Aunt Clementine—not only in No. 10 Downing Street but in the heart of her husband. For the tribute Sir Winston once paid Lady Churchill is one that any woman would cherish: "I married—and lived happily ever after."

one acquaintance remembers, "and you might run into almost anybody at Clarissa's—writers, actors, artists, musicians, Cecil Beaton, the famous society photographer and stage designer, or even Greta Garbo."

The paths of Clarissa Churchill and Anthony Eden must have crossed many times during those years, but the two were not formally introduced until a dinner party just about two years before their marriage. The Eden that Clarissa saw that night was a greying man who, despite brilliant success, had known some bitter times. One of his two sons was killed in the last months of World War II, and

Sir Anthony learned the news while

bedridden with a severe duodenal ulcer. In the same year, 1945, his wife deserted him with the comment, "Talk of politics bores me," and he finally divorced her in 1950.

At first Anthony Eden and Clarissa kept their romance a secret. There is a story that they used to meet at the home of the beautiful, widowed Duchess of Kent. If so, that dodge was almost too successful; the tongues soon wagged that Eden was courting the older woman.

There were several other



Sir Anthony and Lady Eden outside No. 10 Downing Street.

thony's salary was small and his expenses heavy. And since Lady Eden has only a tiny private income—about £300 a year—they know what it is to budget.

When Clarissa Churchill was barely in her teens, Anthony Eden was in his middle thirties and already renowned as "the handsomest man in the diplomatic corps." It's easy to picture her, a thin and probably slightly gawky girl, peering over the banisters at her uncle's country home for a glimpse of the elegant young man who was even then marked out as Churchill's protege.

But the debonair fellow with keen blue eyes and the deep-brown hair had nothing to do with her.

Secret romance

He was a man of the world and a married man at that. And she was involved in her own generation.

She went to art school in London, took courses in philosophy at Oxford, studied French and English literature at London University.

At the beginning of the war Clarissa joined the Russian Division of the Ministry of Information, where she wrote articles for an English-language paper produced in Russia. Then she moved to a second war job, this time, by coincidence, at the Foreign

As true today as it was in Grandmother's day...

Every bride-to-be can afford the superb quality of

Pure Irish Linen



Your friends will envy your trousseau, for Irish Linen has been famed for generations. The crisp coolness, the wonderful sheen that's so smooth to touch, so lovely to see and, above all, the everlasting quality that washes and irons so easily. These you will find only in pure Irish Linen.

Sheets and Pillowcases

of Irish Linen are so luxurious . . . yet so practical and economical, too—the longest wearing money can buy!



Table Cloths & Table Napkins

to grace your table with the beauty and incomparable air of quality that is to be found only in Irish Linen.



Hand Towels & Tea Towels

of super-absorbent, lint-free Irish Linen are sheer delight in both the bathroom and kitchen. Nothing else will give your glasses, china and silverware such wonderful sparkle.



Irish Linen
IT'S LOVELY IT LASTS

Know your Irish Linen!
Send for FREE Booklet.

Irish Linen Association of Australia, Box 3988, G.P.O., Sydney
Please send free copy of booklet "Irish Linen in the Home."

NAME
ADDRESS

ILL 19-28

From Paris Comes this elegant new Renault Freigate



THE 70 H.P. CAR THAT HAS EVERYTHING — AT A NEW LOW PRICE

Its stylish beauty and graceful contours reflect the French flair for superb designing. So different—so smart—people invariably turn around for a second look.

Eye-catching interiors in blended pastel shades. Yet so practical—the upholstery is washable and so retains its newness for years.

Ample proportioned and deep-cushioned seats provide lounge-chair comfort. For winter there is internal heating. For summer—air cooling.

Ease of steering—responsive brakes—smooth controls—these features are especially appreciated by women. Parking is so simple.

28 or more m.p.g. and low maintenance costs make Freigate easy on the household budget.

OTHER FEATURES:

Centre arm rests, front and rear
Exclusive 4-wheel suspension
Windscreen washers
Steering lock

Exceptionally large boot
provides ample space for the
luggage of a large family.



Controlled inflow of air provides warmth and windscreen de-misting in winter and perfect ventilation in summer.



All controls and instruments are grouped below the steering wheel for the driver's convenience. New larger steering wheel.



IRA L. & A. C. BERK PTY. LTD.

HEAD OFFICE:
72 WILLIAM ST., SYDNEY

Queensland Branch—116 Wickham Street, Brisbane

South Australia:
National Motors Ltd., Adelaide

Western Australia:
Diesel Motors Pty. Ltd., Perth

Victoria and Tasmania: Pound Motors Pty. Ltd.

A GIFT BOOK TO TREASURE for 5/-



● Our Beautiful Australia Book, which costs only 5/-, postage included, will appeal to readers as the gift book of the year. It is being published in response to hundreds of letters asking for a book of pictures based on the "Beautiful Australia" series in the paper.

THERE are more than 40 color pictures in the book all suitable for framing, the wide margins giving the effect of a mount. Some have been published in our weekly series, but most are new.

We are giving our readers the first opportunity to obtain this beautiful 64-page book, post free. We will also despatch copies abroad without extra charge.

Fill in the order form below, enclosing cheque or postal note. If more than one copy is required, attach a list giving full particulars of the addresses.

The book will be published in October, in plenty of time to mail overseas for Christmas, but send your order now so that we may gauge the number required and so avoid disappointing anyone.

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER "Beautiful Australia," Box 7052, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

HOW TO ORDER YOUR COPIES

ORDER FORM

The Australian Women's Weekly,
Box 7052, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

Please forward
copies of "Beautiful Australia,"
price 5/- a copy.

I enclose £ / / , cheque,
postal note for

If more than one copy is ordered
attach list giving full name, address,
State, and, if overseas, country.

ADDRESS LABEL

PRINTED MATTER
ONLY

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

If undelivered, please return to Box 7052,
G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

"BALLERINA," a ballet by Joanne Priest, seen on stage at the Studio Theatre.



TWO WOMEN PLANNED STUDIO THEATRE



DIRECTORS. Mrs. F. W. Cornell, left, and Miss Joanne Priest in the tiled foyer of the main building.

It was a happy day for Adelaide's little theatre groups when a century-old church in North Adelaide was converted for use as the Studio Theatre.

FROM Mrs. F. W. Cornell, patron of the arts, and Joanne Priest, well-known producer, ballet mistress, and choreographer, came the inspiration to buy, renovate, convert, and equip the old church on Wellington Square.

And between them they "found" the £1500 necessary to put the scheme into operation.

As governing and managing directors of Studio Theatre Ltd., they expect to spend another £10,000 before their project is complete.

The theatre is now available to little theatre groups or musicians for as low a rental as possible.

In 1851, the church, known as "Little Glory," Gothic in architecture,

began its career as a Primitive Methodist Church. Thirty years later an imposing addition in Roman style was built, which is now referred to as "Big Glory."

When a brick wall between Little Glory and Big Glory was removed a magnificent masonry arch surmounting the 24-foot-wide proscenium was revealed.

The bigger building, now the auditorium, which measures 54 feet by 76 feet, required a new ceiling. Two curved stairways lead from the foyer to a four-row gallery at the back of the auditorium.

The house built for the minister was bought with the property, but as it is old, musty, and damp, it is used as offices, green room, wardrobe, and dressing-rooms. Frequent cups of tea are brewed in the kitchen.

Both Mrs. Cornell and Miss Priest have interests other than running the theatre.

It is some years since Mrs. Cornell promised the little theatre groups in South Australia that she would help them. When the buildings became available, she was honorary organiser of the South Australian Orchestral Association, and busy with the organisation of the South Australia Symphony Orchestra.

But that did not prevent Mrs. Cornell keeping her promise.

Although very busy with the alteration of the building last year, Miss Priest went to Melbourne and Perth to produce Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors."

She also went to Melbourne to produce the ballet "The Listeners" for the National Theatre and Benjamin Britten's "Let's Make An Opera" in Sydney for the Arts Council, for which Edward Renton came from England to conduct.

Miss Priest conducts her 23-year-old ballet school at the theatre.

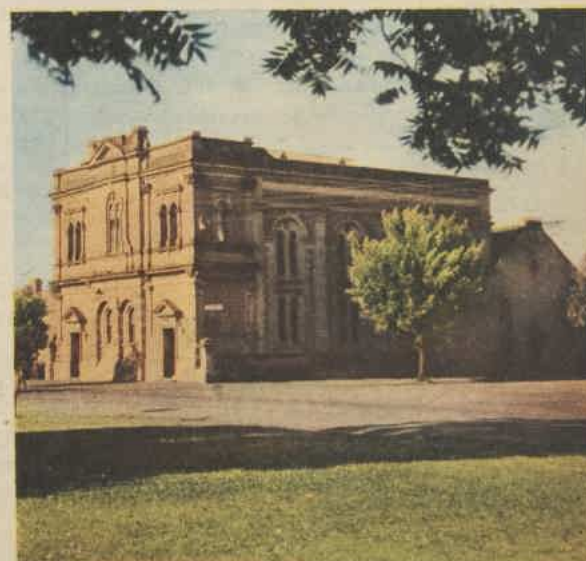
The theatre has been fully booked out by groups this year, and the second half of the programme is now in full swing.



THIRTY MIRRORS and lights along the benches in the temporary dressing-rooms give everyone plenty of room. Ballet butterflies in a ballet are applying their make-up in this picture.



TEA TIME. Players make tea in the kitchen of the old parsonage, which now provides dressing-rooms, offices, and wardrobe accommodation for members of the little theatre groups who rent the building next door.



LAWNS AND TREES make a pleasant setting for the Studio Theatre in Wellington Square. The original church is seen on the right. Ample parking space in the square is a big advantage.

New-Quicker, Safe

RELIEF from PAIN



with **CALPON TABLETS**

The formula of 5 active ingredients prescribed by the British Medical Profession

HEADACHES
COLDS, INFLUENZA
PERIODIC PAINS
RHEUMATIC PAINS
DENTAL PAINS
NEURALGIA

Much more than aspirin! Better than a.p.c.! Five active ingredients bring you more complete relief from pain faster than anything you've ever tried! While it acts, Calpon gently soothes your nerves, too—helps you to relax.
Quicker, Safer—No After-Effects. Calpon can be taken regularly without causing after-depression, constipation or stomach upset! Get this longer-lasting, safer relief from pain and headaches from your chemist now.



**CALPON
TABLETS**

Aluminium tubes of 12 for pocket or handbag, 2/-; jars of 50 for the home, 7/3. All chemists.

Only the CALPON formula can give you such quick, safe, lasting relief from pain.

MANUFACTURED IN ENGLAND BY CALMIC LTD.,
AUSTRALIAN BRANCH—WATTLE STREET, ULTIMO, SYDNEY

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"You'll thank me some day for these lessons—when you're the most popular girl at every party!"

MOTHER



"It's a nice book, but it has a sad ending. She marries and has six children."

It was said in the Bible

● The Bible still remains the most-read book in the world. There are millions who read it for solace and guidance. There are many, too, who read it for the beauty and nobility of the words themselves.

NO great writer or public speaker is free of its debt. Much of the most magnificent oratory of Sir Winston Churchill has clear Biblical inspiration.

So completely have the ideas and phrases of the Bible become absorbed into the general fabric of the language that even those who seldom read the Bible are continually borrowing from it.

Some examples

ANYONE wanting to imply that a person has been offered something too good for him, or something he is unlikely to appreciate, will mention "casting pearls before swine."

Saint Matthew, chapter 7, verse 6 of his gospel, says:

"Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."

This is the chapter where Christ is ending His Sermon on the Mount, and tells his followers "Not to be hearers, but doers of the word."

When asked if you understand something that is only partly clear, you will most likely reply, "As through a glass darkly," consciously or unconsciously quoting the passage:

● The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in Biblical quotations whose frequent use has made them part of everyday language.

Quotations should be accompanied by the chapter, verse, the book from which they came, and an example of current usage.

Address your letters to Bible Quotations, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Each week we will publish a favorite quotation, for which the sender will be paid £2/2/-.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." Paul the Apostle says this in his first epistle to the Corinthians, chapter 13, verse 12.

This is the chapter that

begins with the ringing words, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels..."

Someone confronted with a specially intricate and complicated job will quite likely be told: "You'll need the patience of Job," a paraphrase of: "Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy."

James wrote this, in chapter 5, verse 11 of his general epistle, in which he urges patience in afflictions, citing the example of the prophets. Authors and playwrights have borrowed heavily from the Bible in searching for titles and themes. Such plays as "The Voice of the Turtle," "The Little Foxes," and "Alien Corn," and the books "Grapes of Wrath," "Simon Called Peter," and "My Son, My Son," all have Biblical titles.

Film titles

FILM-MAKERS, too, have drawn on the Bible for titles. "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" is one example.

The truth of the matter is that the Bible, with its magnificent language and deep wisdom, still says even after 2000 years most things better than any subsequent orator or writer.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Bevilles new shipment NOVELTY WEATHER HOUSE CLOCK

It TELLS THE WEATHER
TELLS THE TEMPERATURE
TELLS THE TIME



SIZE 10" x 5"
NEW LOW PRICE
AMAZING VALUE
LAY-BY DEPOSIT 10/-
HANDPAINTED BAVARIAN CLOCK CASE
THE MAN & WOMAN INDICATE THE WEATHER CHANGES - THE WOMAN APPEARS IN FINE WEATHER AND THE MAN INDICATES WHEN RAIN IS DUE
RELIABLE MOVEMENT
35/-
AMOUNT REQUIRED IF POSTED
VIC 36/10
N.S.W./S.A./TAS 38/-
Q.L.D./W.A. 38/0
PLEASE ADD 6d EXCHANGE IF FORWARDING CHECK
POST ORDER TO BOX 1810, P.O., MELBOURNE
ORDER SENT SAME DAY AS RECEIVED
C.O.D. ANYWHERE IN AUSTRALIA

BEVILLES

927-9 BOURKE ST. MELBOURNE POST OFFICE BOX 1810

SEALING ROUND THE HOUSE WITH "Sello tape"



TIP FOR PICTURE-HANGING

Cross two strips of "Sello tape" on spot where nail is to go. Hammer the nail through the "Sello tape"—this holds plaster together, stops splintering.

● "Sello tape" is 25% wider, sticks to any surface with 25% more gripping power.
Dispenser with tape—1/6.
Refills 10/2d.
and 1/10/2.

DON'T JUST TAPE IT...
"Sello tape" IT!

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS HOME TREATMENT

Permanently banish unsightly hair with "Vanix." A few applications and hair becomes less noticeable, then gradually withers and roots are killed. "Vanix" is painless and has no injurious effect on the skin.

"VANIX" is only 7/6 a bottle from all branches of: Washington St. Sewl Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 59, Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boons Ltd., Perth. Mail Orders 18/6, including postage; from above or direct from The Vanix Co., Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Glamorous **AVA GARDNER**

starring in M-G-M's Cinemascope Attraction "BHOWANI JUNCTION" —

says...

"Cottons that are disciplined and made to behave are essential in a busy star's wardrobe"



Time is too precious to be cluttered with continual pressing and pampering of *ordinary* cottons.

Busy Hollywood stars have discovered that ★ DISCIPLINED cottons steer clear of pressing problems—look lovely always.

And these same fashion-right fabrics—in glorious designs and shades that have swept America—are now available right here in Australia at your favourite store. Make sure of seeing the 1955 range of ★ DISCIPLINED FABRIC by Tennyson.



***DISCIPLINED FABRIC**
by
Tennyson

* Trade Mark of Bates Fabrics, Inc., New York, U.S.A. Sold in Australasia under exclusive license.

There's nothing in the World like it!

releases creases: just hang it up! • stays clean much longer • easier washing
• faster drying • no starch • no in-between pressings • irons smooth with a light stroke • colorfast • shrinkage-controlled • stays fresh and lustrous permanently.

AVAILABLE BY THE YARD AT ALL LEADING STORES • AND IN FASHION GARMENTS BY FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN MAKERS

THE **INVISIBLE** LINE



OF DISTINCTION

For a fashion finish you can always depend on a 'LIGHTNING' ZIPPER... reliable, smooth-running, self-locking and guaranteed.



Manufactured by

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LTD.



Housewife takes a job



IT'S WORTH WATCHING THE WAY SHE HANDLES A WINDOW DEMONSTRATION

Mrs. J. Kennedy, of 9 The Strand, Penshurst, who is a housewife and a demonstrator for a big Sydney store, decided to fit in a job, as well as running a home, to help buy a new car. Interviewed at work, pretty Mrs. Kennedy says, "In my job my hands are always in the limelight and they must be well groomed. I do all my own laundry and, of course, there is the eternal washing up, but I use Persil. I think this is the most gentle washing powder of all for a woman's hands. Persil is a marvellous washer, too—I wouldn't use anything else."

P.125.WW42g

RURAL RUMBLINGS

Research workers go "cow-watching" to find out feeding habits

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

Out in a Lismore paddock when the moon was full, 24 cows spent the night G (grazing), L (loafing), and R (ruminating), while observed by two research workers who, hour after hour, were W (walking and writing).

I DID a fair amount of W (walking and writing) myself, when I tramped over the dew-wet kikuyu grass and clover of the observation paddock at Wollongbar Experimental Farm, near Lismore, on the north coast of N.S.W.

Staff photographer Adelle Hurley got busy with her C

(camera), the moon shone, the mists rose from the valley, and, unlike the cows under observation, none of the human beings that night had a second to spare for L (loafing), G (grazing), or R (ruminating).

Veterinary scientist John Holder (26) and agronomist Ron Clarke (20), working on the experiment, took turns to "cow-watch" over the 24-hour period which started when the

cows left the bails after milking on the afternoon of July 5.

For research purposes, the cows had been divided into two groups—the first fed on pasture plus concentrates, the second on pasture only. During the experiment they shared the same 1½-acre paddock.

From observation recorded in code capitals, it is hoped to obtain information on the way the two different diets affect the feeding basis of the cows' behaviour.

The cows were mainly Guernseys—lemon-colored or orange-and-white. There was a Jersey, an Australian Illawarra Shorthorn, and a pair of brindle twins (their coats black-and-brown with black "smearings").

Each cow wore a felt-lined canvas rug carrying a white-washed number. The rugs were strapped under the cows' necks.

The whitewashed numbers were to aid the watchers in their task during the night.

All cows' names began with the prefix "Wollongbar." Belonging to the first group were: (4) Stars Kirsty, (2) Undine Chrystal, (12) Stars Melodious, (5) Royal's Dance, (6) Joshua's Symphony, (8) Charming, (9) Joshua's Dot, (7) Chrysalis 6th, (3) Laddie's Vamp, (1) Oli (one of twins), (10) Ustars Dainty, and (11) Stars Christine.

In the second group were: (20) Rosbud, (18) Chrystal's Valencia, (15) Royal's Dainty, (22) Flares, (16) Flash

Kirsty, (13) Rosevale 3rd, (19) Bella Cora, (24) Undine Noreen, (14) Ustars Amber, (17) 012 (twin), (23) Joshua's Solace, and (21) Starlight.

John Holder, who started watching after milking, had by nightfall walked for two hours, and had four more to go. He circled the paddock, stopping every minute or so to focus his torch on a cow. He would then write R, G, or L, opposite her number on his chart.

As each five minutes passed, the activity (or not) of each of the 24 cows was recorded.

Just before nine p.m. I started walking with John Holder, writing in my notebook by the light of the moon, and talking softly so that I would not upset the cows' routine or make them nervous.

"Nervous types"

EARLIER I had learnt from Mr. G. Giles, manager of Wollongbar, that cows are "actually nervous types," and that the nervousness is often inherited.

To my city eyes the paddockful of beasts looked serene enough. Some were standing under trees, others were lying down, some were wrenching at kikuyu grass, and others moving their bottom jaw from side to side ruminatively.

It was 8.50 p.m. I halted when John Holder did. He pointed his torch beam at a group of cows, then scribbled on his chart.

"They're all very quiet," he explained. "They've got their heads against their flanks. Now the ones over



BY TORCHLIGHT, veterinary scientist John Holder and agronomist Ron Clarke do research work on cows at Wollongbar Experimental Farm, near Lismore, N.S.W.



STARS MELODIOUS, wearing a canvas rug and the number 12, munches kikuyu grass while watched by John Holder. Stars Melodious belonged to the group which had been fed upon pasture plus a ration of concentrates. The research will compare the increase in milk yield between that group and another set of cows which grazed on pasture only.

Cows, too, suffer from indigestion



MIDNIGHT VIEW of grazing, loafing, and ruminating cows in the paddocks at Wollongbar. Brightness of cows' eyes was caused by the reflection of photographer's flashlight, which caused them to raise their heads for a second, before reverting to G, L, or R. The pattern of bovine behaviour will be of economic importance.

there standing up are on the qui-vive."

The cows, I gathered, were never disturbed by the distant noise of traffic or by the sound of R.A.A.F. bombing at Evan's Head. They didn't mind the torchlight, and it was only when I raised my voice when walking near a sleeping cow that it lifted its head with a jerk.

"I'm convinced that cows sleep," said John Holder, as we kept up the march. "Never for much more than a quarter of an hour at a time though."

By this time my knowledge of cows was being extended.

They have, I discovered, four stomachs, progressively named the rumen, the reticulum, the omasum, and the abomasum.

The feeding process runs like this.

The cow walks up to some clover, sticks out her long

tongue, winds it around the feed, and transfers feed and tongue back to her mouth.

She has molars on both jaws, but biting teeth only on the bottom jaw, and a hard pad on the upper. She chews for a bit, then swallows. Down goes that food into the rumen, where the grass gets fermented. Then the cow brings it up again in fibrous form, and has another chew. This is what ruminating means.

Cows appear to enjoy it, but suffer badly with indigestion—this being one of the reasons why they cannot sleep more than 15 minutes at a stretch.

"They belch and groan, and moan to themselves all night," said John Holder, as he jotted down more details.

Speaking of cows' ailments (and not referring to those in the paddock), I heard that the worst indigestion sufferers are

troubled with bloat. Treatment for this varies from the use of a trocar and canula to giving the poor cow half a pound of bicarbonate of soda.

As the researcher's torch flashed, round the paddock, pairs of yellow glowing eyes were reflected in the beam.

"That's due to the yellow body at the back of the eyes," said John Holder. "They have good night sights like cats."

My own night sight, however, wasn't so good. Keeping up the pace with Mr. Holder, I blundered over bumps, through the grass, and through the cow-pats.

A group of loafing cows stood under a tree, gazing blankly down into the valley. The twins kept close together. Number 12 (Stars Melodious) dozed, burping occasionally.

All the cows had been dehorned. All were tattooed in the ears—though I didn't look into their ears to check on it. They had crowns in their right ears. W in their left ears—the W being for Wollongbar.

Catching up on more cow-statistics, I heard that the average cow drinks 10 to 12 gallons of water per day (helping the milk production along), and that some years ago Wollongbar Parson's Red Rose 20th held the world record for the Guernsey breed in the production of butter-fat.

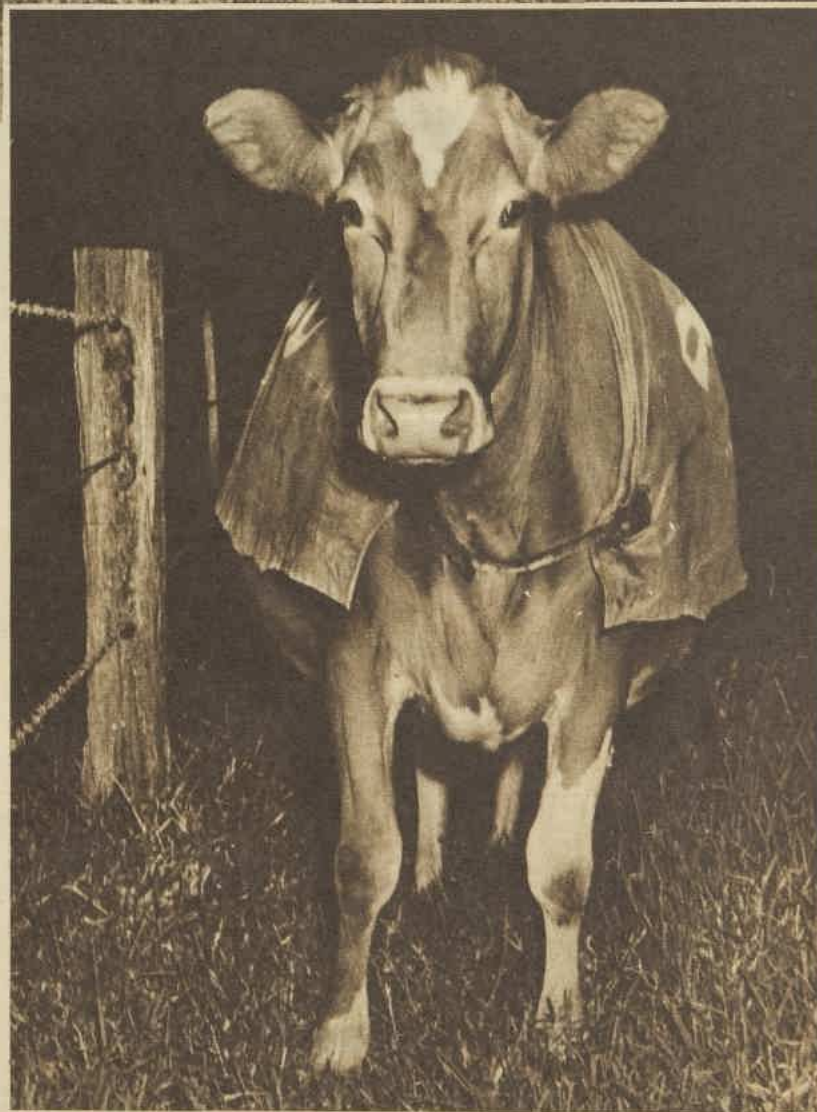
She produced 1141lb. of butter-fat in a year.

Cows usually have a leader—the boss cow—who is apt to pick a fight if others get in front of her on the way to the milking. As with human beings, age brings decrepitude. A cow will drop dead in her tracks, and will not move off on her own to die as a sheep will.

Cows can calve from 14 months (rare) until in their 20's (equally rare). When twins are born they are usually bulls, or freemartins—one of each sex. There has never been a pair of twin heifers born at Wollongbar.

Weather affects cows. They don't enjoy it when the temperature rises over 75 degrees, but can stand the cold very well. Those sent down to Victoria have thrived.

They perspire slightly in the heat.



OBSERVANT COW watches the watchers in her paddock. Ron Slarke and John Holder took notes on activities of cows for 24 hours, made over 6000 recordings on the chart, jotting down activities of each of the 24 cows every five minutes. Two milkings broke into the watching time. Cows are weighed once a week.

As John Holder quit his shift to snatch some sleep he said that twins were most important in the experiments. Identical twins will give a result in a test for which 100 cows would normally be needed.

Ron Slarke, next on duty, took a look at the night, and judged it better than it was the last time he cow-watched.

"It was drizzling then," he said, "and you had to jam your hat on your head, wind a scarf round your neck, and keep moving. We were working in another paddock on a hillside, and it was very tiring

dragging your feet through the kikuyu.

"The weather got so bad last time that I had to go right up to a cow to see her number, or to find out whether she was there at all."

On his previous night watch, Ron Slarke took along tea and sandwiches so that he could have a snack during the night. He left these in a corner of the paddock.

After taking the top off his vacuum flask, he decided to make one quick circuit before having his meal. When he returned the curious cows had knocked over the drink and slobbered over the sandwiches.

Ron had to tip the lot out.

I left Ron soon after he took over his vigil. Adelle and I went back to our hotel and to bed. Ron Slarke and John Holder, we knew, would be walking on through the night and through most of the next day.

The results are not yet known of their scientific experiments.

The question remains. Will the cows on the composite diet (pasture plus concentrates) do better in the long run than the cows on the regular diet?

A lot of ruminating will have to be done over this problem, which offers food for thought.



RUGGED-UP photographer (Adelle Harley, left) and reporter (Helen Frisell) watch cows. Mr. Giles, the farm's manager, snapped this. Fence was near experimental paddock.

Could you wash all this in 10 SECONDS ?



Here's how you can



Drop in the clothes and turn on the cold water



Add Rinso



Set the dials



Press the button



And go! (When you come back, wash will be done)

MALLEYS

Automatic Twelve

The only fully automatic washing machine that does not need a hot water system

1. DOES MORE WASHING

12 lb. capacity (biggest in Australia) means you do in two loads what would mean three in any other washer—means less work (and less cost!) every week.

2. TAKES LESS OF YOUR TIME

Ten seconds after you pop in the clothes you can be on your way to town. When you come home, the washing's done, damp-dried, ready to take out!

3. COSTS LESS TO RUN

Malley's Automatic Twelve, the only automatic washer that heats its own water, costs pounds less to run than other machines that run off your hot water system. No hot water rationing on washday!

FULL PRICE: 171 gns. There is also a SEMI-Automatic model (single dial control) for only 142 gns. (Both prices slightly higher in country areas.) Ask your dealer about his easy terms and free installation to approved sites. He'll show you that Malley's Washers have the latest 2-motor power units that eliminate gears, clutches and other wearing parts.

FREE FOLDER: Post this coupon to Malley's Limited for a free folder giving the complete story on Malley's Automatic Twelve. **Sydney:** 50 Mountain St., Broadway. **Nth. Melbourne:** 91 Leveson St. **Brisbane:** 487 Adelaide St. **Adelaide:** Box 1965P, G.P.O. **Perth:** G. Randell & Co., 114 Murray St. **Launceston:** Litter & Collins, 54 Brisbane St. **Hobart:** Litter & Collins, 13 Gladstone St.

A GREAT NAME IN INDUSTRY



Safer, more thorough washing action than any other machine!



PRESS
BUTTON
WASHING!

EASY TOP
LOADING!

BOILS
your clothes
if you wish

Please send me copy of free folder on the Malley's Automatic Twelve.

Name

Address

MAS-WWISA



RADIATING vitality, Dawn White and Yvonne Marriner make their entrance. Dawn carries a long staff, while Yvonne shows a neat calf. Pep and personality, plus curves and talent, are the ingredients of the act.



THE GLAMAZONS believe that when you're 15 stone another bun or two won't make any difference. Dawn White pours tea for (from left) Yvonne Marriner, Jeanie Andre, and Carol Kay.

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD



HEAVYWEIGHT song-and-dance girl's life is not all honey. Backstage after the show, Peggy Romaine rubs a back that feels the odd twinge, while Carol Kay massages a tired foot.

English music-hall lovers have taken to their hearts Dawn White and her Glamazon, whose "new-old" act has had a phenomenal success in Britain.

The outsize lovelies, who are billed as "the new style Gaiety Girls," have revived the spicy old music-hall traditions.

The combined weight of the Glamazon is 119 stone. No member weighs less than 15 stone. Fan letters, proposals of marriage, and presents arrive by every post, which seems to prove that the masculine preference is still for curves — plus!



HIGH KICK. "There, dear, you're doing splendidly," says Joan Hurley, helping Jeanie Andre in a high kick. However, Jeanie seems to be feeling the strain of it.



DAWN WHITE (above), leader of the Glamazon, sinks to the floor doing the splits as the Can-Can whirls to a triumphant climax. Dawn, whose 15 stone is packed with talent, can turn as neat a cartwheel as any lightweight six-stoner.

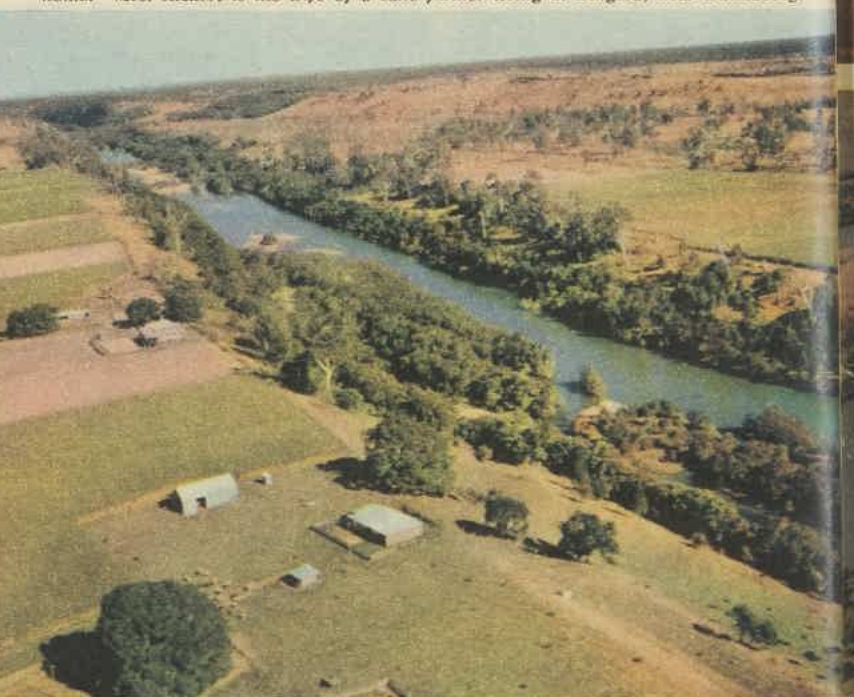
YVONNE MARRINER (right) adjusts her plumed hat in an old-fashioned mirror while Jeanie Andre, once Britain's "perfect girl," fastens her costume. Three members of the troupe have played the same part in "No, No, Nanette."



Quads bring fame to Bundaberg



YOUNG VISITOR. Ten-days-old Peter Rickert is shown by his proud mother, Mrs. E. W. Rickert, to Mrs. Arthur Lucke in the Lady Chelmsford Hospital, Bundaberg, Queensland, where Mrs. Lucke's quads were born on July 12. Mrs. Rickert brought Peter, a fine 8lb. 11oz. baby at birth, to say good-bye to Mrs. Lucke before she took him home. Mrs. Rickert is the wife of a cane farmer living at Bingera, near Bundaberg.



LEFT: Some of the nursing staff at the entrance to the Lady Chelmsford Hospital, which is the maternity section of the Bundaberg General Hospital. Birth of the Lucke quads was the most exciting event ever to occur in the hospital's history.

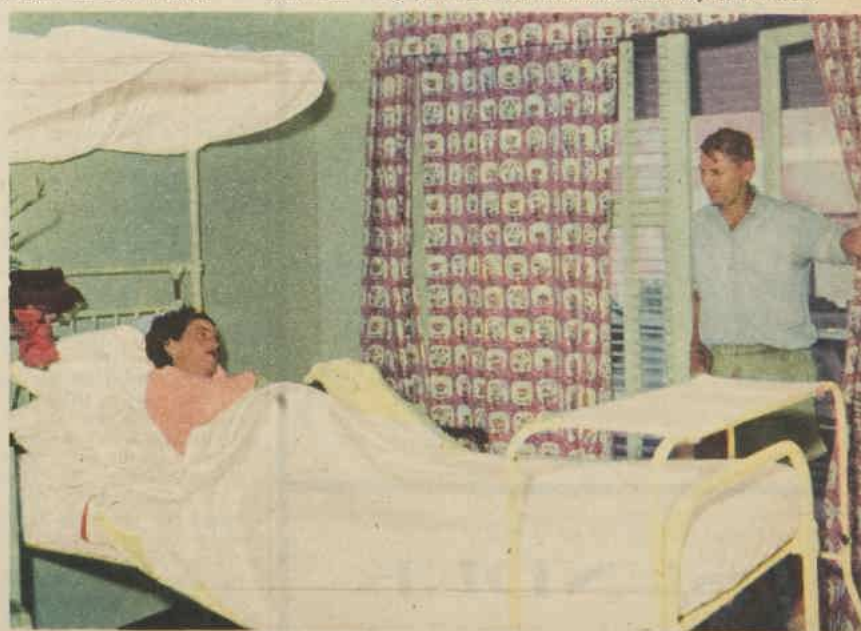
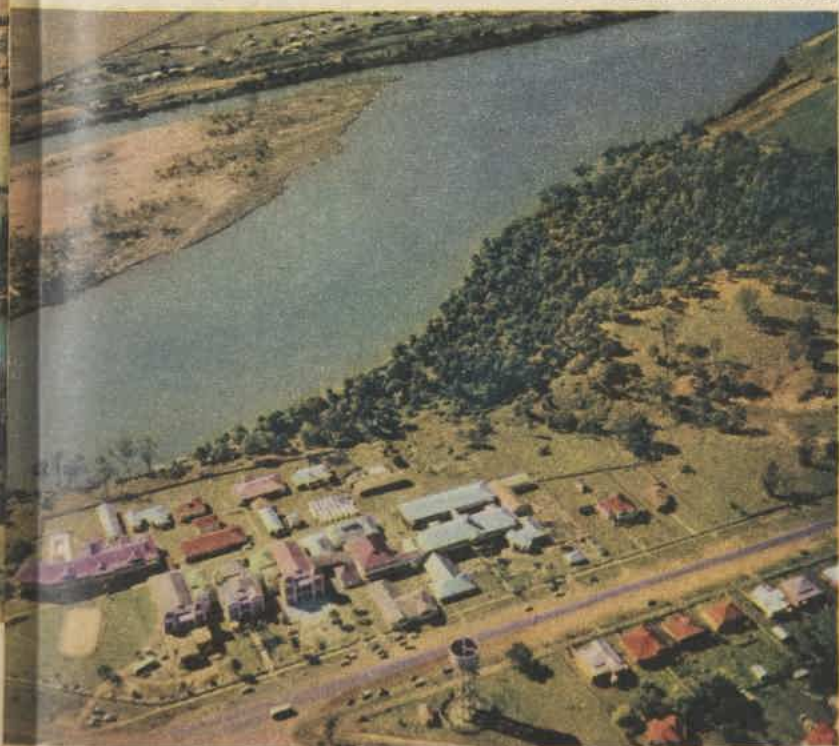
ABOVE: Aerial view of the Luckes' farm at Bucca, twenty-three miles from Bundaberg. Arthur Lucke, father of the quads, is a share farmer and works the farm with his father, Henry Lucke. The Kolan River runs beside the Luckes' dairy paddocks.

• "Bundaberg's babies" is the name townspeople of Bundaberg, Queensland, have given to the Lucke quads—Kevin, Eric, Veronica, and Jennifer—who have brought fame to the city of their birth.



LEFT: Dr. Eric Schmidt, who attended Mrs. Lucke in her confinement, photographed leaving his surgery in Bundaberg, where he is in partnership with his father, Dr. Egmont Schmidt, and Dr. John Trewin. Dr. Trewin assisted at the quads' birth. One of the quads was named Eric John after the two doctors.

AGNES AND ARTHUR LUCKE, proud parents of the famous quads, are already making plans for their babies' future. They have been overwhelmed with messages of congratulation and good wishes and gifts for the quads from all parts of Australia. The quads are Mr. and Mrs. Lucke's first children.



LEFT: Bundaberg General Hospital seen from the air. The buildings include the Lady Chelmsford Hospital, the maternity section where the quads were born. The city is situated on the Burnett River, seen in the background of the buildings.

ABOVE: Thanks and a smile through the open door of her hospital room are given by Mrs. Lucke to Mr. L. E. Brookes, who is one of the workmen rebuilding the Bundaberg Hospital. He regularly sent Mrs. Lucke bunches of roses from his garden.

Dry Skin

LINES MAKE YOU LOOK
TIRED AND FADED

It can happen at 19 or 20—the tired, faded look that comes from “paper-dry” skin. Tiny laugh lines etch into dry crow’s feet. The skin on your cheeks gets chapped, soon looks coarsened, dull, older.

Don’t let dry skin lines add years to your face. Start tonight to smooth them away with Pond’s Dry Skin Cream. It’s extra rich in lanolin that’s homogenized to soften deeper.



To erase dry crinkles around eyes—gently tap Pond’s Dry Skin Cream around eyes and on eyelids. This lanolin-rich cream has a satiny “full” body that smooths away dry crow’s feet and tired circles.



To tone up a “droopy” throat—stroke Pond’s Dry Skin Cream from throat up to chin 10 times each night. Its homogenized lanolin richness works in to crepe, dry skin.



How homogenizing increases the lanolin benefits of Pond’s Dry Skin Cream.

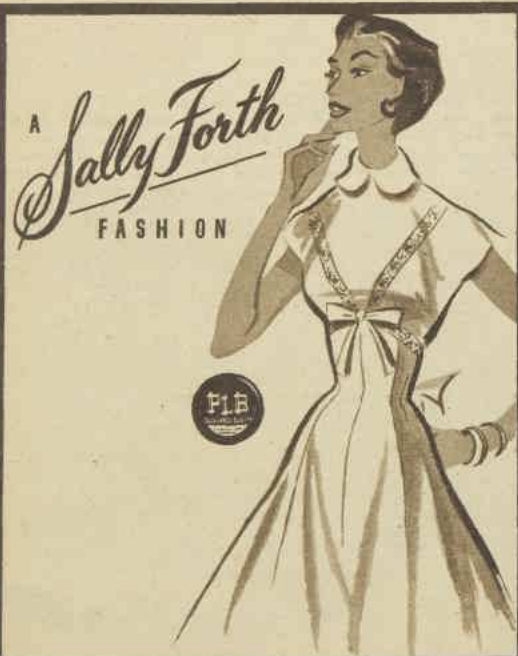


Un-homogenized cream has coarse globules which surface skin has difficulty absorbing. Homogenized Pond’s Dry Skin Cream is fine textured. Your skin absorbs its homogenized lanolin faster.



RICH IN HOMOGENIZED LANOLIN
Lanolin-richness you can FEEL in its fuller texture! Lanolin-richness that makes dry skin softer, younger-looking!

PD54



FROM CRISP, SPARKLING

SUNDEK

Enchantingly new! Dramatic Princess line—accentuated by matching inset lace and cleverly placed bows front and back. About £8/2/6 at Australia-wide fashion stores.

PPS 8

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

Blushing is a real affliction. You hear of people of all ages turning red with rage, pink with pleasure, and crimson with guilt or shame. But the blushing that plagues teenagers is the blushing of embarrassment.

THIS tendency to register embarrassment by a rush of blood to the face and neck sometimes persists until well into the twenties. But it's a habit that everyone grows out of sooner or later.

Perhaps this information will be of some comfort to the girl who wrote:

"I am 15 and still at school, where I have a male sports teacher. Although I would say he is in his late 30's, he is very flirtatious with me, and also with other girls. I think this very silly, and I blush every time he speaks to me. I would like to get out of this, as the girls tease me about him. I also blush at many other trivial things. Could you tell me how I might check this, as I find it even more embarrassing."

"Blushing," Melbourne.

You will help yourself feel better about the sports teacher if you come right out in the open with yourself and admit you have a crush on him.

There's no need to tell anyone else about it, so long as you admit it to yourself.

It's only a mild crush, and nothing to worry about. In a month or two you'll probably be amazed that you ever admired him.

You'll help yourself feel better about blushing generally if you try to turn philosopher and say to yourself:

"I'm young and inexperienced. I get confused easily and don't know how to handle situations. But every day I'm getting older and more experienced. Presently I'll know better, and situations won't throw me so easily."

As for the girls and their teasing. Say to them one day: "Isn't it awful to blush at every little thing the way I do? Still, at least it proves I'm capable of registering and showing emotion. At least I'm not an unfeeling clod."

"WOULD you please tell me the name of a good book which will show me how

TOP marks to Doris Day for her new LP (330S-1038) called "Lullaby of Broadway," and named after one of her films. Only two of the songs come from the movie, the title tune and "I Love the Way You Say Goodnight." I could have done without "Shanty in Old Shanty Town," a dreary thing at best, but none can fault Doris' treatment of "Just One of Those Things" and "Somebody Loves Me." Musical honors are shared between the Buddy Cole Quartet and an orchestra under Frank Comstock. They help Doris turn in a racy "Fine and Dandy," warmly intimate versions of "You're Getting To Be a



DEBBIE'S RECIPE

DEBBIE, our teenage chef, likes to serve baked apples topped with meringue and coconut. She uses red-skinned apples to give the dish a colorful appearance.

MERINGUE APPLES

Six small apples, 2 tablespoons raspberry, blackberry, or apricot jam, egg-white, 2 tablespoons sugar, vanilla, shredded or desiccated coconut.

1. Wash and dry apples; do not peel.
2. Cut a thick slice from top of each apple and carefully remove the core.
3. Fill core cavity with jam.
4. Place apples in flat oven-proof dish with sufficient water to cover the bottom.
5. Bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes, until apples are soft but not broken.
6. Beat egg-white until stiff.
7. Gradually add sugar and vanilla, and beat to meringue consistency.
8. Top apples with meringue, sprinkle with coconut.
9. Return to moderate oven until meringue is set and coconut lightly browned. Serve hot or cold.

to increase my chest expansion and my chest muscles, also how much it costs? I only want a cheap book of about 4/-, and if it is not possible to buy one for that price, will you tell me in your own words how to go about doing it?"

"A Boy" (no address).

Better than books is a course of regular sessions at a gymnasium. There are many chest-building exercises, and if you could have a gym workout and keep at the exercises at home you'd achieve the desired result.

These exercises will definitely work, so long as you have a normal build.

Unfortunately you didn't give an address, and I have lost the envelope of your letter. Therefore I don't know (by the postmark) whether you live in a city or a town.

Your best bet would be the Y.M.C.A. or a boys' club, if either of these is available to you.

Jean E. Bass, 43 Bath Street, South Shields, County Durham, England, aged 14 years and 8 months, would like Australian penfriends of her own age. She is keen on sports and music and has general interests.

Rosemary Mansfield, 89 Watt Street, Box Hill E.11, Victoria, would like a girl in England to write to her. Rosemary is 11, and her hobbies include tennis, floral art, and stamp-collecting.

Dianne McLauchlan, 25 Bryndwr Road, Tondalton, Christchurch, New Zealand, aged 16, would like an Australian penfriend, boy if possible, of her own age. Her hobbies are swimming, riding, tennis, and dancing.

Audrey Blow, aged 16, interested in dancing, swimming, table-tennis, films, and most sports, would like a boy or girl penfriend between 16 and 20. Audrey's address is 63 Victoria Road, Cowes, Isle of Wight.

DISC DIGEST

Habit With Me," and "I Love the Way You Say Goodnight." For her final item Doris chooses a slow tempo, "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone."

ON the 7-in. 45 r.p.m. extended play disc 7ERO. 5026 you will find music which formerly occupied two 12-in. standard records, but apart from the economy angle I think you'll like the two works. One is Chabrier's "Espana Rhapsody," a brilliant showpiece in the fiery Spanish idiom for the Halle Orchestra under Barbirolli. You probably

know it well, as it's a favorite with concert audiences. On the reverse side, Sir John presents an extreme contrast—the dreamy "Enchanted Lake," by Liadov, which conjures up a misty, moonlit scene in the Debussy tradition.

THOSE who like their music in swing style will latch on to another EP (SEGO. 7517), which showcases the Harry James Orchestra in four good items: "Melancholy Rhapsody," "Get Happy," and two favorites, "Moonglow" and "Jealousy." And how that James trumpet really stands out on microgroove!

—BERNARD FLETCHER

TIBS—NOW EVEN BETTER FOR YOUR CAT (IN HANDY TABLETS)



WATCH YOUR CAT relish his food when you sprinkle one of the new TIBS tablets into it. See how he benefits! One TIBS a day gives him a balanced supply of vitamins A and B plus all the vitamins of concentrated liver for glowing eyes and silky coat.

TIBS KEEP CATS KITTENISH
TIBS TABLETS FOR CATS
A BOB MARTIN PRODUCT
Australian Agents: BALMOR & SPRAGUE
(Aust.) PTY. LTD. 1 York St. North, SYDNEY

Here's the PAIN



Where's the SLOAN'S

You feel distinct comfort immediately you put on a little Sloan's Liniment. Then, in only a few minutes, the warming EXTRA blood flow induced gives you soothing relief from pain. For quick relief of backache, stiffness, neuritis, lumbago, strains and sprains.

**SLOAN'S
LINIMENT 2/9**
AT ALL CHEMISTS BOTTLE



Since girlhood
grandma has
always insisted
on genuine

PHILIPS



What is
your health worry?

**Is he
not quite
making
the grade?**

*If your boy (or girl) is not
doing quite as well as he
should—in school or at play
—then almost certainly
that youngster needs MILO.*



Your child needs MILO to give the extra nourishment that a quickly growing body demands... needs Milo to give extra energy and stamina... to build up resistance to the common ailments that can be so severe on children. And Milo is something that youngsters really enjoy... to them, it's a delicious chocolate-flavoured drink... but to a mother, the important thing is that Milo is a health food made from pure country milk and malted cereals, rich in Vitamins A, B and D and essential body-building minerals.

8-oz. tin, 3/3; 14-oz. tin, 5/3 (slightly more in some country areas)

MILO IS BACKED BY THE FAMOUS NESTLE'S NAME



When adults feel they "just can't take it"

Drink MILO regularly every day—and see how much better you'll feel... better in every way... nerves calmer... more energy... more zest... and life takes on its old sparkle. And don't neglect that bedtime cup of Milo... for Milo is the friend of sleep—and sleep is the friend of health.

Enjoy MILO
and enjoy better living



In the great Coty perfumes breathes the soul of Paris

A fine perfume

actually gives you more beauty than any cosmetic

Such a fine perfume is "L'Aimant," by Coty . . . with its own inimitable personality and the elan which only one country seems able to achieve. "L'Aimant" . . . the magnet . . . a fragrance with a high note, penetrating, lasting, all-pervading, adventurous, gay, exhilarating. For every woman who loves being in love, who loves being loved. Wear it moderately during the day—a touch at the temples, the wrists, the V of the neckline. Intensify it at night.

*Discriminating women use the same fragrance in delicately perfumed toilet accessories as their chosen perfume.

- Talc, 5/6
- Dusting Powder, 19/9
- Toilet Water, 11/- and 21/-
- Bath Oil, 15/-
- Toilet Soap, hand size, 13/6; bath size, 6/9
- Solid Cologne, 11/-
- Liquid Brillantine, 7/9
- and "AirSpun" Face Powder, 7/6



COTY

LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK • SYDNEY

Have you entered . . .

OUR EXCITING NEW COOKERY CONTEST

The Australian Women's Weekly's new Cookery Contest, announced last week, has already aroused tremendous interest among our readers. The chance to win a car or any other of the magnificent prizes, of a total value of £2000, is too good to be missed. All you have to do to enter is send in a recipe.

It is an easy contest, and will raise money for a deserving cause—the Barnardo Homes. Anyone can enter, and competitors can send in as many recipes as they wish in any or all of the five sections.

The sections are:

1. Cakes and biscuits
2. Desserts
3. Main dish of meat or fish
4. Buffet dishes
5. Best entry submitted by a man in any section

Your entry does not have to be a special concoction you have invented yourself. Perhaps you have a recipe that has been a favorite for many years, or you may have recently tried a new one that has delighted your family. It may be an old traditional recipe that you have varied.

They are all eligible for our Cookery Contest.

Section 5, for men competitors only, has been enthusiastically received by our readers—both husbands and wives.

Most men believe they could cook as well as women if they really tried, and many of them now have become interested in cooking, and like to give a hand in the kitchen.

One of our men readers who rather fancies himself as a cook said he would try his luck in the contest.

"About nine years ago when I was working on the opal field at Andamooka, South Australia, I cooked for three men," he said. "I used a camp oven on an open fire set in a hole in the ground.

There is nothing better than a camp oven for turning out delicious food.

"Baked meat pies and dampers were my star turn. Sometimes I mixed vegetables with the meat pies—a type of Andamooka Cornish pasty you might call it.

"I learnt many wrinkles about cooking when I was on the opal fields. One of them was to mix powdered milk dry with the flour when I was making the pastry. A little powdered milk was enough for the meat pies, but for the dampers I used more."

Entrants in our Cookery Contest are asked to remember when submitting their recipes to be sure to write each recipe on a separate sheet of paper. Each recipe must be accompanied by a 1/- stamp.

Do not send 1/- worth of stamps of a smaller denomination. The single 1/- stamps will mean a greater profit for the Barnardo Homes when they are turned into cash.

When submitting your recipes, please be sure to specify exact measurements and type of ingredient (whether self-raising flour, the cut of meat, mild or tasty cheese, etc.), and give clear directions for making, including time and temperature for cooking, and the number of serves it yields.

Further details about the contest and the work of the Barnardo Homes will be given in N.S.W. in the Del Cartwright Show on Station 2CH at 12 noon each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

Local commercial radio stations in all other States will also give news of our Cookery Contest and of the Barnardo Homes to inquirers by telephone.



CROSLY SHELVAIOR REFRIGERATOR, the grand champion second prize in our new Cookery Contest.

THE PRIZES

GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE
for best entry in any section

A STANDARD TEN CADET car with registration and third party insurance paid for 12 months, valued at approximately £909.

GRAND CHAMPION SECOND PRIZE
for best entry in any section

A 10 cubic ft. CROSLY AUTOMATIC SHELVAIOR refrigerator, valued at approximately £220.

FIRST PRIZES in each section:

Section 1 (Cakes and Biscuits).

An English Electric Ritemp Automatic range with a ringing timer, valued at £120.

Section 2 (Desserts).

National of California venetian blinds, valued at £100.

Section 3 (Main Dish of Meat or Fish).

A Wilkins Servis Superheat washing machine complete with a heater and pump, valued at £116.

Section 4 (Buffet Dishes).

An H.M.V. "Intermezzo" three-speed radiogram, valued at 109 guineas.

Section 5 (Best Entry submitted by a Man in Any Section).

Wardrobe of Anthony Squires men's clothes, comprising one "Cool-Stream" wool summer suit, valued at £25/10/-, plus choice of other clothing to a total value of £100.

SECOND PRIZES:

Sections 1 to 4.

A Hoover cylindrical vacuum cleaner, valued at £36.

Section 5.

A Sunbeam Shavemaster, valued at £14.

THIRD PRIZES:

Sections 1 to 4.

A Sunbeam Mixmaster, valued at approximately £27/6/-.

FOURTH PRIZES:

Sections 1 to 4.

A Sunbeam Cooker and Deep Fryer unit, valued at approximately £17/10/-.

FIFTH PRIZES:

Sections 1 to 4.

A Namco "Magician" pressure cooker, valued at £6/18/6.

(No third, fourth, or fifth prizes will be awarded in Section 5.)

CONSOLATION PRIZES:

Sections 1 to 4.

£5 worth of Revlon beauty products.

PROGRESS PRIZES:

A £10 progress prize will be awarded each week.

HOW TO ENTER

1. Write, type, or print each recipe on a separate sheet of paper.
2. Write or print your name clearly at the top of each sheet of paper containing a recipe submitted in the contest.
3. Write clearly at the top of each sheet the section in which the recipe is entered.
4. Attach one 1/- stamp to each recipe submitted.
5. You can send in as many entries as you wish in any or all of the five sections, but remember that each recipe you enter must be accompanied by a 1/- stamp.
6. Mark envelope containing your entry "The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Contest."
7. Send your entries, with stamps attached, to—
BOX 7052, G.P.O., SYDNEY

CONDITIONS

Employees of Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges and no correspondence will be entered into about the judges' decision.

Closing date of this contest will be September 30, 1955.



GARRY RICKWOOD, the youngest member of the group of children living at "Green Wood," the Barnardo Home at Normanhurst, a suburb of Sydney, waits with Chippy, the dog, for his turn to ride on the pony after school lessons are finished.

They have huge bill for housekeeping

By JANET BAILEY,
staff reporter

Bringing up children and providing them with food and clothing is an expensive matter. Any parent would regard as reasonable the expenditure of £120 yearly on each of the 200 children in the Barnardo Homes in Australia.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY will assist the Barnardo Homes in meeting this big housekeeping bill by giving all proceeds of our new Cookery Contest to the Homes.

There are children of all ages at the three Barnardo Homes in Australia. All have been brought out from the "parent" homes in England, and all are ideal migrants.

Each is a British-born, healthy, intelligent child, specially selected in England to come out here, go to school, and grow up knowing Australian ways and with an Australian outlook.

The Barnardo Homes, whose motto is "No destitute child ever refused admission," began in 1870 when Dr. Thomas John Barnardo founded his first home for boys on £1000 donated by Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P.

Since then 144,500 children have been cared for by the Barnardo Homes. Of these, 32,000 have migrated to Canada and Australia.

The three homes in Australia are all in New South Wales. "Barnardo House" at Burwood, a Sydney suburb, is the

home for girls, where the young ones live and go to school, and older girls who have taken jobs in the country can stay while on holiday in the city. Girls can also stay there between jobs if they wish.

There is another Barnardo home at Picton, 52 miles south of Sydney. This is "Mowbray Park," the farm school, where boys are trained in farming methods. Many "old boys" of "Mowbray Park" now manage their own farms and stations.

The third home, "Green

then go to play in the 22 acres of ground surrounding the home.

They can practise for the soccer team, play with the many dogs who visit the home, ride Maxie, the white pony, or run about the grounds until it is time to wash and change for tea.

They are happy children, and there is no sign of the restraint traditionally associated with children's homes and institutions.

Every effort is made to give

when invited, and to return the hospitality by asking school friends back to "Green Wood" for tea.

Occasionally the boys and girls are invited away for a weekend or for a holiday with the family of a schoolmate. They are nearly always allowed to accept these invitations, because the administrators of the Barnardo Homes know, no matter how hard they try, they still can't quite recapture the atmosphere of affection found in a normal family home.

The schoolchildren from "Green Wood" go to 11 different schools in the district. This also is aimed at helping them to mix with other children outside the homes.

The girls learn to cook by helping in the kitchens, and the boys occasionally give a hand with the outside chores.

Individual birthdays are always remembered. In the superintendent's office there is a list of dates, and as each birthday comes round a small gift—perhaps some pretty handkerchiefs for the girls and a pen for the boys—and a cake are waiting beside the child's plate.

There is a system of honorary "uncles and aunts," whereby families who have taken an interest in the Barnardo children sometimes send them a birthday card or a Christmas remembrance. This never fails to thrill the children, and to make them feel they belong to someone.

"Aunts" and "Uncles"

Wood," at Normanhurst, a Sydney suburb, comprises three large, comfortable old houses, and houses both boys and girls.

Barnardo Homes administrators like to keep brothers and sisters together if possible. At "Green Wood" there are several of these groups, but other children there have no relatives.

I visited "Green Wood" to see just how the Barnardo Homes work and to meet the children who live there.

Through a shady gateway with the notice "Visitors Welcome," the children troop every day at 3.30 p.m. on their return from school. They change their clothes and

the children a real home, not just shelter.

The staff members who look after the children are all known as Auntie or Uncle, and the children don't stand on too much ceremony with them.

When a visitor comes into the main house and there is no official about to greet him, one of the boys is quite likely to look up the polished stairway and yell, "Hey, Auntie Margaret, there's someone to see you!" It's just like home.

The children are encouraged to mix with other children from homes in the neighborhood, to go home to tea with the families of school friends



Regular skin care is the basis of beauty

... give yourself a complete salon treatment in your own home simply, inexpensively, regularly with the COTY

Twenty Minute Facial

Cleanse...

For NORMAL & OILY SKINS:

The choice of
CLEANSING CREAM FOR
NORMAL SKINS, 8/6
or AVOCADO BEAUTY SOAP,
21/6 (Box of 3)
or AVOCADO BEAUTY MILK,
10/6, 7/6

For DRY SKINS:

The choice of
CLEANSING CREAM FOR DRY
SKINS, 8/6
or AVOCADO BEAUTY MILK,
10/6, 7/6

Stimulate...

For DRY & NORMAL SKINS:

SKIN FRESHENER, 12/-, 8/6

For OILY SKINS:

SPECIAL ASTRINGENT, 8/6

Nourish...

For ALL SKINS:

The choice of
CONDITIONING CREAM, 9/-
or VITAMIN A-D COMPLEX CREAM,
22/6

For CROW'S FEET:
WRINKLE CREAM, 9/-

For HANDS:

HAND LOTION (for day time),
10/6, 7/-
HAND TREATMENT CREAM
(for night time), 8/6

COTY
LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK • SYDNEY
Twenty Minute Facial

SC 142

Page 29

For newly-weds . . . and you too

the best buy is always **ACTIL** quality!

Lovelier, longer-wearing Actil Sheets and Pillow Cases are the finest you can buy—their soft satin-smooth comfort is within the reach of all, whether newly-wed or not! So insist on Actil and enjoy them for so many years to come!



GUARANTEE:

Should these Actil Products prove unsatisfactory in wear they will be replaced by the Sole Manufacturers.

- An Australian Product • No Filling
- Guaranteed Hemmed sizes
- Woven for extra strength
- Hygienically boxed



BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED

SHEETS (Linen Finish & Super Twill) • PILLOW CASES • TERRY NURSERY SQUARES • Makers of "FASCO" The All Purpose Fabric in Guaranteed Fast Colours
Page 30

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 3, 1955



ROYAL GARDEN-PARTY GUESTS in London, Colonel and Mrs. Eric Campbell, of Yass, and their daughter, Helen, outside the Palace. Helen was presented to the Queen.



SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THEATRE PERSONALITIES John McCalum and his wife—who is Googie Withers—play *Snakes and Ladders* with their daughter, Joanna. John and Googie are the stars of "Simon and Laura," at the Theatre Royal.

THE skirl of bagpipes coming from the Wellington Showground Pavilion last Saturday night must have had a victorious ring. For they were played by Bob Mackay, who was a member of the winning Wirragulla team at the Wellington Polo Carnival.

The pavilion was the setting for a buffet tea and dance which ended the festivities of the two-day carnival.

Beforehand, guests at the party had watched Wirragulla—whose other team members were Charlie Hooke, Ken Mackay, and Alex Macleod—defeat Goulburn in the closely contested final match.

UNUSUAL souvenirs were in the luggage brought back to Sydney from a flying three-month world tour by Mrs. John Mulholland, of Elizabeth Bay. She returned with half-a-dozen alabaster and marble busts of famous musicians, which she bought in Paris, and some puppets—which she says are all the rage in London—for her grandchildren... Robin, Diane, and John Mulholland, of Pymble, and Kim and Lindy-lou Mulholland, who live in Melbourne.

RECENTLY engaged country couple Sue Teakle and Tony Pope spent a few days in Sydney last week, and were guests of honor at a cocktail party given by Mrs. Pattie Lloyd-Jones at her home in Darling Point. Sue, who is wearing a sapphire ring, is the daughter of Mrs. Christa Teakle, of "Holmby," Lake Bathurst, and the late Mr. Charles Teakle, and Tony is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Pope, of "Gundary Plains," Goulburn.

AUGUST 5 will be a big day for Tamworth—the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and Lady Slim will travel there to attend the Regimental Ball of the 12/16 Hunter River Lancers. There's a full programme for the Governor-General that day, with a civic welcome, then a visit to the R.S.L. Club and the hospital.



LEAVING for the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace are Elizabeth Preest, of Bellevue Hill, and Bruce Coyne, of Centennial Park.

ON their return from a honeymoon in romantic Paris and Vienna, Lieutenant and Mrs. Gerald Bright will live at Farnborough, in England. Mrs. Bright was formerly Lorna Orchard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Orchard, of Mosman. The couple met in Hongkong two years ago, and were married at the Aldershot Chapel early last month. As her parents weren't in England for the wedding, Lorna has promised to send them a complete album of photographs taken at the ceremony.

BRIEFLY... attractive lapel-pin worn by Lady Harrison has four small fobs and seals hanging from a gold bar... Bathurst will be a general meeting ground for polocrosse enthusiasts this weekend, when the Australian Championships are to take place at the city's showground... Judith Harrison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harrison, of Lindfield, has announced her engagement to John Palmer, of Ashfield.

LETTERS with overseas postmarks should be arriving at Riverview in a steady stream for Tony Fynmore, who is a boarder there. Tony's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Fynmore, of Vacluse, and his sister Cecily are travelling in distant lands, and they'll be away for about six months. Mrs. Fynmore says Switzerland and France are two of the most important items on their itinerary.

SEPTEMBER is a much-looked-forward-to month for Mr. and Mrs. J. Arnold-Smith, of Vacluse. On the 28th their son Roger and his bride—formerly Welsh lass Margaret Phillips—will arrive here on board the Strathnaver. Roger and Margaret were married in Swansea, Wales, last weekend. They will live in Sydney.



COMMITTEE MEMBERS Beth Campbell (left), Mrs. John Atwell, and Mrs. Jock Simpson, who are helping arrange the "Lane and Disorder" fancy-dress dance, which will be held at Pruniers After Nine, Double Bay, on August 11. Proceeds of the dance will aid the Royal Blind Society.



ENGLISH VISITORS. Mr. Nevin Tait and his daughter, Miss Mary Tait, at the party given for them at the Theatre Royal. Mr. Tait is Director-General of the International Grand Opera season.



ON THE STAIRS. From left, Anne Fisher, Alf Morris, Ruth Small, and Barry Molloy were among guests at the dance given at the Rainbow Room of the Australia Hotel by the Ravenwood Old Girls' Union. Anne wore a scarlet-spotted white cotton ballerina and Ruth chose a full-skirted flamingo-pink organza dress.



MYRTLE ACACIA (*A. myrtifolia*) is a dwarf shrub.



QUEENSLAND silver wattle (*A. podalyriaefolia*).



ACACIA JUNIPERINA is a common prickly wattle.

WATTLE: The nation's loveliest flower

● On August 1 Australia celebrates Wattle Day, when Australians wear a sprig of wattle—their national flower.

WHEN wattle was first officially recognised as the national flower 45 years ago, the Australian Wattle League organised a Wattle Day to remind Australians that wattle is as much a symbol of their country as the emu and the kangaroo.

Wattle appears in the Australian coat-of-arms, has been used on postage stamps, and is to the rest of the world

as Australian as the rose is English, the thistle Scottish, the shamrock Irish, or the leek Welsh.

To the Australian abroad the sight of wattle—or mimosa, as it is called in Europe—is like a bit of home.

After World War I seeds of wattle were planted on the hills of Gallipoli to mark the place where Australian soldiers fought and died.

When the idea of adopting a national flower was first introduced there was strong support for the lovely but relatively rare waratah that grows only in Australia.

But wattle was chosen instead.

Although wattle does grow in other countries, it is found in every Australian State in all but the most forbidding areas.

Wattles are members of the acacia family. The name wattle came into use in Australia when the convicts in the early days of the colony combined the pliable branches of the acacias with mud to make the walls of their wattle-and-daub huts. Ever since Australians have called it wattle.

See Beautiful Australia, page 45.

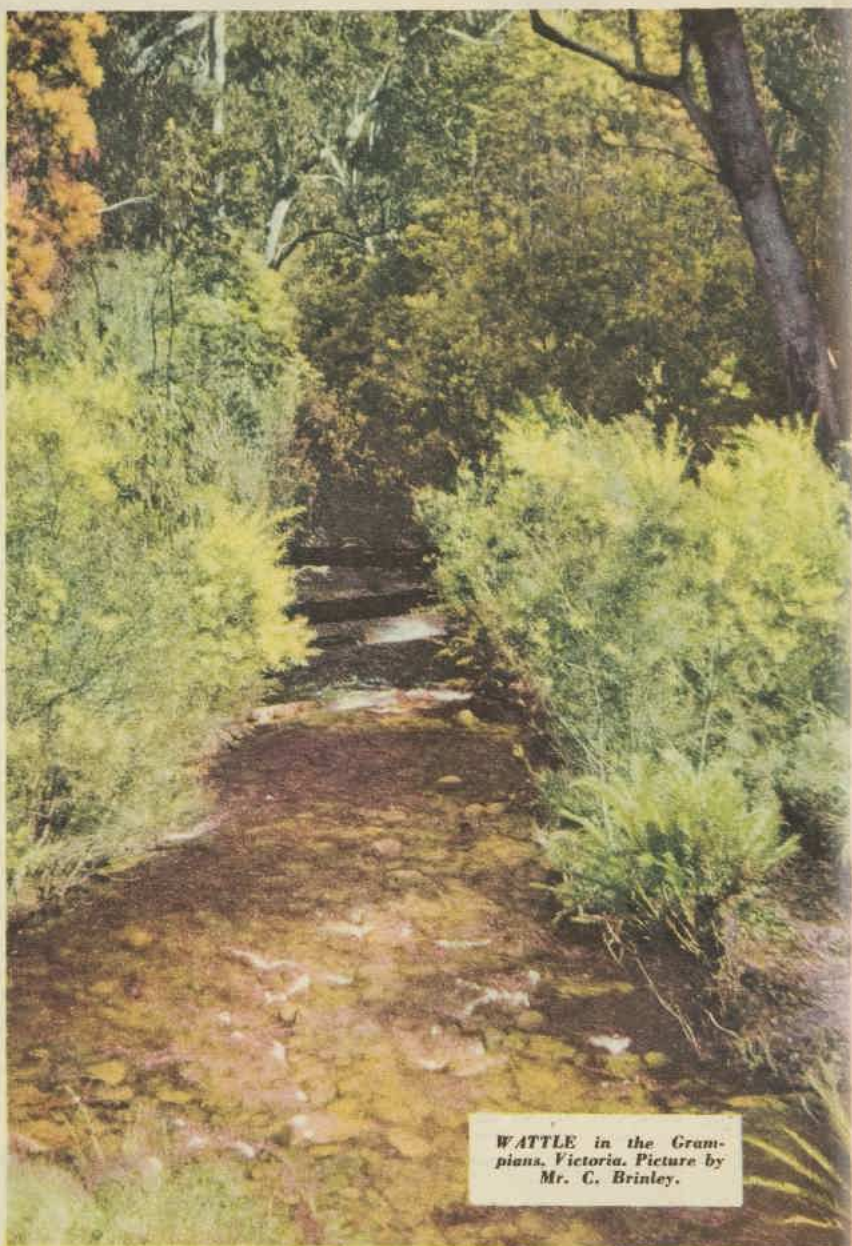


ACACIA FLORIBUNDA is also well known as the Sally wattle.



ABOVE: *Acacia discolor* grows in cool areas in Tasmania, Victoria.

LEFT: *Acacia suaveolens* in bloom.



WATTLE in the Grampians, Victoria. Picture by Mr. C. Brinley.



SYDNEY GOLDEN WATTLE (*A. longifolia*) grows in coastal areas, bears long and fluffy flowers.



ACACIA PYCNANTHA, also known as Tanner's wattle, has a very rich bark used for tanning.



ACACIA OXYCEDRUS is common in Sydney, the famous Blue Mountains, N.S.W., and in Victoria.

Now you can be a

Champion Sponge Maker

There's always a better way to do it, and here it is!

A prize-winning, champion way! "Big Sister," famous for their wonderful fruit and presentation cakes, bring you their own proved sponge mixture . . . and it's failure-proof! Don't be worried by the fact you may never have made a good sponge before. Given "Big Sister" Sponge Mix, you'll find it easy as a charm to make the fluffiest fly-away sponges every time you bake.

with →



ONLY
1/6
SLIGHTLY MORE IN
COUNTRY AREAS



Always a triumph!

Isn't it a beauty? Why not make one yourself? Get a failure-proof packet of "Big Sister" Sponge Mix from your grocer to-day. Always use "Big Sister's" champion Mix and you'll never make anything but champion sponges.

Big Sister

Every kind of cake (even one made with Sponge Mix!) is ever so much nicer when topped—or filled—with Frost-o-Fast. It's new. A heavenly-smooth, fluffy, egg-white cake frosting—just like those you see in American magazines. So simple to make, too! Just add water! Nothing else! And each packet contains sufficient frosting for two large layer cakes or 36 cup cakes. Ideal for meringues also—just use a little less water. Try it! Frost-o-Fast!



FAILURE-PROOF SPONGE MIX

and

Big Sister

FROST-O-FAST

the
perfect
combination

BUY THE TWO FOR
(slightly more in country areas)

3/-

FROST-O-FAST IS THE SAME
PRICE AS SPONGE MIX—1/6 a pkt.

LILLIS & CO. LTD., MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS "BIG SISTER" FRUIT CAKE.

SUNLIGHT MADE THE PICTURE!



Watch out for those extra dirty spots ... a ridge of grime around collars and cuffs ... spots and stains on table linens. A gentle rub with Sunlight before your clothes go into washer or copper makes sure of a clean wash all over. Sunlight is good golden soap, known for years for its dirt-removing activity.



For EXTRA DIRTY SPOTS
you must have Sunlight with its
EXTRA WASHING POWER

HOOVER Steam IRONS for "Clean Stories"



CHILD'S PLAY

EVERY MOTHER KNOWS HOW DIRTY CHILDREN'S PLAYTHINGS GET. I TRIED WASHING MY CHILD'S SOFT PLASTIC TOYS IN WARM WATER AND SUNLIGHT. I WIPED THEM DRY WITH A SOFT CLOTH AND -HEY PRESTO! THEY CLEANED UP AS GOOD AS NEW.

Mrs. M. Lihou, 39 Dover Rd., Margate, Q'land.



SHINING EXAMPLE

RECENTLY I BORROWED A PRAM FROM A FRIEND. BEFORE RETURNING IT I HAD TO REMOVE SOME GRUBBY MARKS. I GOT TO WORK WITH SUNLIGHT SOAP AND IN A MATTER OF MINUTES THE PRAM LOOKED FRESHLY PAINTED.

Mrs. M. Beros, 43 Gardeners Road, Daceyville, N.S.W.



For details, listen to "Portia Faces Life", Mon. to Thurs., 2UW-4BK and country stations.

SUNLIGHT IS ALL PURE —
 YOUR HANDS AS WELL AS YOUR
 CLOTHES WILL TELL YOU SO

Ballet scholarship

• The announcement that The Australian Women's Weekly will award a ballet scholarship of £500 to the City of Sydney Eisteddfod this year has aroused tremendous interest in ballet circles.

THE scholarship will enable a young Australian or New Zealand dancer to study overseas.

The winner will also be accepted as a student at the famous Sadler's Wells School of Ballet in London.

The award of £500 will be payable in two parts — £200 in Australia and the remaining £300 in England.

Robert Helpmann, famous Australian ballet dancer and actor, was one of many celebrities who wrote to The Australian Women's Weekly praising the scholarship.

He described it as "a rare encouragement to young students of ballet, made the more valuable by the assured admission of the winner to the Sadler's Wells School of Ballet."

"The career of young dancers is difficult," he wrote, "and I hold strongly that anyone going from Australia to England to embark on such a career should be possessed of sufficient funds to provide security for the first year."

"Your paper's scholarship of £500 in ballet is admirable, and should enable any serious student to devote his or her energies to continuous study."

Mr. Roy Godfrey, chairman of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, said the scholarship would greatly help the winner to complete a long and expensive course of training.

"The arrangement already made that the winner will be accepted as a student by the Sadler's Wells School of Ballet will give a mental confidence to the months of training for the scholarship contest," wrote Mr. Godfrey.

Mrs. Vera Lacey, Director of the British Ballet Australasian Organisation, and a member of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod Council, said the scholarship would give great encouragement to students and teachers alike.

Another very warm letter came from Miss Lorraine Norton, who numbers among former pupils such famous names as Peggy Sager, Kathleen Gorham, Ruth Galene, and Brenda Bolton.

"It is indeed a generous offer, and will give great encouragement to our young Australian dancers," wrote Miss Norton.

"These young things work terribly hard, and with such enthusiasm, and, up to date, there has not been much outlet for them."

Mrs. W. M. Bolton, mother of Brenda Bolton, now in London with Sadler's Wells, said: "No one knows more than I what a marvellous chance this will be for some lucky girl."

BRENDA BOLTON, Australian dancer with the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company in London, darns a worn shoe.



YOUNG Sydney ballet dancer Brenda Bolton strikes a graceful pose at rehearsal.

"My own daughter, Brenda, at 15 had exhausted the teaching here. We could see nothing here for her. We were lucky enough to be able to fly her off to London to join the Sadler's Wells School of Ballet."

"Before the end of the third term she received a 12 months' contract with Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet Company while still only 16. She has now signed her second contract and

has been promoted to solo roles."

Contest entries officially closed on July 6, but entries will still be accepted until the end of July if accompanied by a late fee of sixpence.

The contest rules are as follows:

1. The contest will be open to competitors, amateur or professional, born in Australia or New Zealand, or resident in these countries for at least four years, who have received tuition in either country.

2. The minimum age of entrants will be 15 years, and the maximum 20 years, age to be stated as on the opening day of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, September 12, 1955.

3. There will be two tests of which precis must be submitted with the entry.

(a) Classical Ballet solo. Time limit, 3 minutes.

(b) Demi-character solo. Time limit, 3 minutes.

Adjudicators may also require demonstration of individual steps.

4. There will be a preliminary contest to be held in the Conservatorium, Sydney, from which four (or six) finalists will be selected to be judged in a finalists' session.

5. The winner of the highest aggregate of marks shall be the winner of the contest. No protest will be allowed.

6. The winner of any year will not be eligible to enter any later year's contest.

7. Entry must be made on a special form obtainable from the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, 148 Phillip Street, Sydney. Entrance fee is 12/6.

8. Adjudicators of standing and authority will be appointed to judge preliminary and final contests. Their names will be published before the contest takes place.



FOR YOUR LEISURE



FOR YOUR INTERLUDE



FOR YOUR TRAVELS



Enjoy

THE DELICIOUS

FLAVOUR OF YOUR FAVOURITE

MASTERCRAFT

CHOCOLATE

BY THE BLOCK

IN *NEW* FLAVOUR SEALED WRAPS

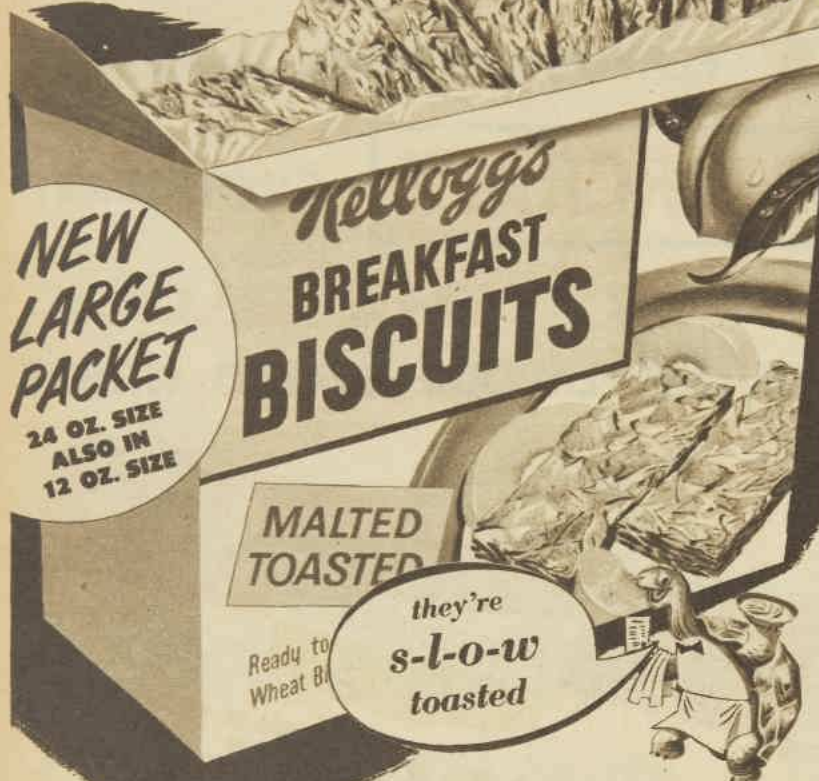


★ One of each of these delightful MASTERCRAFT chocolate treats makes a delicious gift-pack for your Hostess or as a prize at your party.

Ask for **MASTERCRAFT**★ by name — it's worth it!

Wonderful NEW BISCUIT from Kellogg's

They're new and they're Kellogg's — which is just another way of saying they're as wonderful a whole-wheat biscuit as ever came out of an oven. It took countless experiments, months of research, to produce what you — and families everywhere — have been waiting for: a lighter, toastier biscuit with that famous can't-be-copied Kellogg's flavour.



RICH IN PROTEIN!

Every flake a complete grain of wheat, enriched with body-building malt! Every biscuit a delicious natural source of whole-grain vitamins and minerals, rich in protein for strength, growth and energy.

We're letting you into the secret! Special slow-toasting at low temperatures is the secret of that richer color, deeper, sweeter flavour. And Kellogg's Breakfast Biscuits are always oven-fresh because they're the only biscuit packed in Kellogg's exclusive waxite innerseal wrapper.

SO LIGHT... SO CRISP!

Bigger, crisper flakes, so light they're almost air-borne! Kellogg's Breakfast Biscuits are a new experience in good eating. Enjoy them with hot or cold milk, with honey, jam or savoury spreads. Get a packet from your store today. You'll be very glad you did, tomorrow morning!

Ask for Kellogg's New
Breakfast Biscuits

CUT-OUT CARDS IN COLOR on the back of every packet — 2 on the small packets, 4 on the large size!

Racial troubles and terrorism have made Africa, from north to south, one of the modern world's storm-centres. Here is a late report from Kenya.

Women join the war against terrorists

THE Colonial Government in Kenya is afraid of intimidated women, a paradox resolved when you realise that the Mau Mau terrorists depend to a very large extent on the food, clothing and shelter they can get in scattered native villages. The Government claims that most of the Kikuyu are loyal, but that fear compels many of

them, particularly the women, to help tribesmen who have joined the terrorist organisation.

As an antidote to fear, the Government has fostered village units of a Kenya-wide force, the Women's Home Guard. East African women are not short on strength or courage. Armed, and given authority to fight the Mau

Mau, they are more inclined to hunt the terrorists than help them. This is likely to be a deciding factor in the bitter fighting in Kenya.

The pictures on these pages show how the plan operates in Icamara village, central Kenya, where 22 unmarried tribeswomen carry out daily patrols around the outskirts of their settlement and into the Aberdare hills.



The leader of a Women's Home Guard unit in Icamara village, central Kenya, inspects her troops before the daily patrol.

The Icamara village unit is typical of many being formed in Kenya. Its women fight the Mau Mau instead of fearing them.





Icomara's Chief Benedetto shows his girls how to use a "simi," the double-edged Kikuyu slashing knife. Benedetto also encourages them to compose anti-terrorist

songs, which they broadcast from Mount Kenya radio station. The unit's leader is 26-years-old Esther Wangui (front centre), formerly an unwilling Mau Mau member.



And here is the unit in action, after flushing some Mau Mau sympathisers in an outlying part of the scattered village. The men will be caught and questioned.

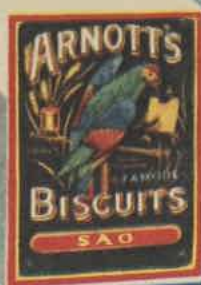
In a similar raid, the women seized two armed terrorists, extracted information that led to the capture of a Mau Mau "general," Muchemi, high on the wanted list.



This picture shows the women of Icomara on patrol with men of the Home Guard. Although on the Equator, the scenery looks sub-tropical.

When the patrol decides to search a cluster of huts, the girls turn out the occupants while a cordon of Home Guard men covers them with rifles.





Arnott's

famous
Biscuits



LAWN TENNIS SODA
93



CHEESE (SMALL)
178



S.A.O. (REGD.)
47



JATZ CRACKER
116



ADORA
CREAM WAFER
74



CHOCOLATE
STICKS
121



RASPBERRY CREAM
WAFER
74



DELTA CREAM
35



THIN CAPTAIN
71



VO VO (ICED)
35



CHERRY RIPE
33



ORANGE SLICE
30



MONTE CARLO
23



CREAMY CHOCOLATE
34



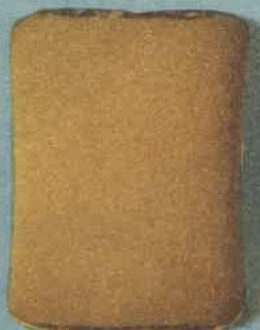
CUSTARD CREAM
34



CHOCOLATE MONTE
35



RASPBERRY FRUIT CREAM
28



SPICY FRUIT ROLL
26



ARNELLA CRUNCH
48



COCOANUT
49



CHOCOLATE WHEATOSE
39

NUMBERS AFTER NAMES OF BISCUITS INDICATE
APPROXIMATE NUMBER PER POUND

ASK YOUR GROCER TO SHOW YOU



LEMONETTE
50



COCOANUT SHORTCAKE
51



ARNO SHORTBREAD
37



BUTTER OATCAKE
41



NICE
39



DATE SANDWICH 29
OR CURRANT LUNCHEON
31



MILK COFFEE
46



GINGER NUT
33



PRINCESS
61



SCOTCH SHORTBREAD FINGER
26



MILK ARROWROOT
52



LACTO-MALTED MILK
59



CHIQUILIN
49



OSBORNE
50



AFTERNOON TEA
66



SHREDDED WHEATMEAL
42



ORANGE TEA
49



GOLDEN GRAIN
49



TEA CAKE
39

There is no Substitute for Quality

Test this
fragrant
cleanser
for yourself



- ★ Chemico's delicate fragrance is left wherever you clean.
- ★ Chemico cleans thoroughly, effortlessly, hygienically.
- ★ Chemico is a smooth, non-abrasive paste — can't scratch, can't smear.
- ★ Chemico gives your hands a beauty treatment every time you clean.
- ★ A little Chemico goes a long way.



Use CHEMICO on GAS and ELECTRIC STOVES • COOKING UTENSILS • DENTURES • BATHROOM APPOINTMENTS • PAINT WORK • CUTLERY • BRASSWARE • and for LINOLEUM SQUARES and CARPET STAINS.

CHEMICO
Kind to your skin

The fragrant household cleanser in the Pink Tin
Simms Jones (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Sydney

"Here's the one mattress
that gives you perfect
sleep positive!"



- Makes all the difference in healthful, relaxing sleep. Cutaway view shows exclusive Springwall invention. Twelve resilient steel anchors hold entire sleeping surface sag-free, firm at edges and from edge to edge; add years of comfort and wear.

AT ALL GOOD STORES

Made by C. C. Rawson Limited under exclusive Australian licence with Eclipse Sleep Products Inc., New York.

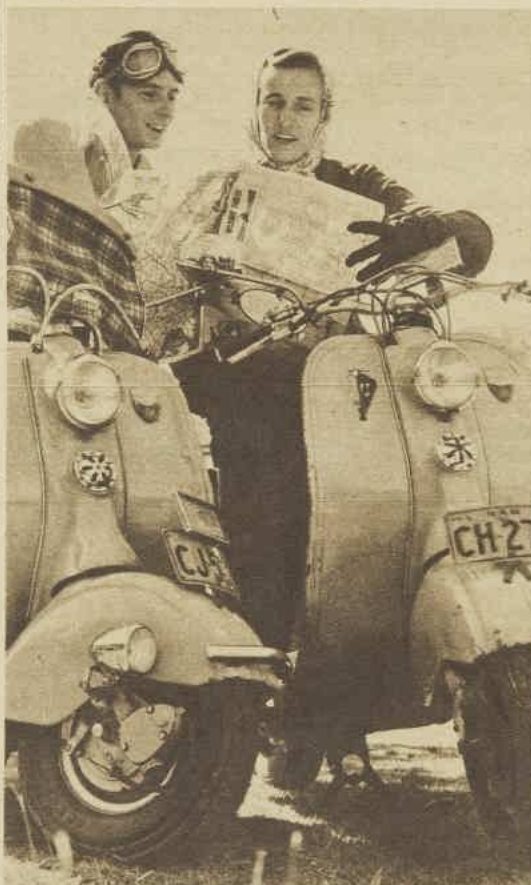
WEEKEND OUTING



ABOVE: Homeward bound after a Sunday outing of the Sydney Motor Scooter Club are Bill Heaford and his passenger, Ruby Gordon.



RIGHT: Club member Jeanette Blomfield does a quick repair job on her motor scooter before the run home.



PLANNING THE ROUTE. President of the Sydney Motor Scooter Club, Keith Cordingley, confers with the secretary, Jo Wattleworth, to decide the route home from Bobbin Head, eighteen miles from Sydney, after a club outing.

They travel far in the Motor Scooter Club

• To the whirr of engines "revving up," the tooting of horns, and shouted greetings, 25 brightly ducoed motor-scooters sped across Sydney Harbor Bridge one fine Sunday morning recently.

MEMBERS of the Sydney Motor Scooter Club were setting out on one of their regular weekend outings. Their destination was Bobbin Head, about 18 miles from the city.

Scarves and hair of girl pillion passengers streamed out in the wind as the scooters bowled along at a steady 35 miles an hour. Two of the older members of the group carried passengers more staidly in side cars. Staff photographer John Askew and I followed the scooter group in a car, and later shared a picnic luncheon with them at Bobbin Head.

President of the club, Keith Cordingley, and honorary secretary, Jo Wattleworth, two scooter enthusiasts, were keen to talk about their hobby.

"We all get a lot of fun out of our scooters," said Keith.

"But they're useful for business, too."

"I work at Bankstown as an aircraft fitter, and average about 100 miles a week just going to and from work and my home at Concord West. It's economical, because we get about 140 miles to the gallon."

Jo Wattleworth, until recently a tutor sister at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, now does private nursing and uses her scooter on the job.

"I have patients in many parts of Sydney, and it's the best way to get round to them," Jo said.

"We now have 88 members in the scooter club, including 20 women. We pay an annual subscription of £1 and meet every second Thursday."

Jo, who did postgraduate nursing in England in 1950, plans to do a scooter tour of Britain and Europe next year.

She is going with two other women members of the club, Joyce Davidson and Jeannette Blomfield.

Jo Wattleworth is already a seasoned scooter rider. On a trip to Narrabri she covered 350 miles in one day.

Joyce Davidson is another candidate for the overseas tour.

With a friend, Barbara Menon, riding pillion, she last year travelled the 620 miles to Melbourne from Sydney in two and a half days, camping out on the way.

Two other intrepid scooter "fans" are Gwenda Mason and Mrs. Vi Steinbeck, who recently did a three weeks' tour of Tasmania.



FANCY HEADGEAR is worn by many of the club members. From left are George Eastley, Geoff Cromack, Robert Bucknell, and Alan Hill. George wears a plastic crash-helmet, Geoff a tam-o'-shanter, Robert a Foreign Legion cap, and Alan a yachting cap.



NOSE TO NOSE, the Duenna (Ruth Cracknell) and Don Jerome (Owen Weingott) battle for authority after the Duenna has won a rich husband meant for Jerome's daughter.

THE DUENNA

"The Duenna," a musical adaptation of a Sheridan comedy, is one of the rare stage shows to come straight to Australia from London's West End.

GENERALLY, stage successes have an American season immediately the London one closes.

"The Duenna," however, came straight to Sydney's Phillip Street Theatre after eight months' successful run at the Westminster Theatre, London, and will go to New York after its Australian season closes.

Lionel Harris, who came to Australia to produce the Terence Rattigan plays at the Elizabethan Theatre, Newtown, with Sir Ralph Richard-

son's company, adapted "The Duenna" with composer Julian Slade.

He intended taking it to Canada when he left Australia.

"However, when I realised what a high standard of singing and acting was available in Australia, and I saw the Phillip Street Theatre, with its intimate atmosphere, I decided that it must go on here," said Mr. Harris.

"In a few weeks I shall be showing American management pictures of the Australian production as a guide to a Broadway presentation."



RICH SUITOR Isaac Mendoza (Gordon Chater) is terrified by a show of violence from an enraged lover who has caught him out in his schemes to steal a sweetheart and her attractive fortune.



A LOVE SERENADE from Don Antonio (Geoffrey Chard) to his secret passion, Donna Louisa (Moira Redmond), who has been locked up by her father, brings dancers, singers, and villagers under her window to listen to the sweet music and join in the festivities.



HAPPY REUNION for Clara (Patricia Pearson) and Don Ferdinand (Paul Miskell), who meet at last in spite of opposition and mixed identities. They decide to marry and announce it later.

Way ahead in value!

ATLAS

Evaset

WORK CLOTHES

ATLAS *Evaset

Longer wearing—
because they're the ONLY overalls and work trousers made from rugged ATLAS Work Cloth woven especially for the job!

Lower priced—
because only ONE big factory handles the whole job—from cotton bale to finished garment! There are no outside handling costs!

Guaranteed unshrinkable!
Amazing new Evaset process makes every garment permanently unshrinkable! ATLAS EVASET Work Clothes are fully guaranteed—the garment replaced if you're not completely satisfied!

Buy guaranteed ***Evaset** ATLAS WORK CLOTHES

MADE, FROM COTTON BALE TO FINISHED GARMENT BY STIRLING HENRY LTD.

ST.14.77

It's **MUMS** all right!

The "whipped cream" smoothness and genuine vanilla flavour of Mums Custard is quite unmistakable. The whole family will tell the difference—particularly the children. Give them Mums to-day!

Mums the word for custard!

And for those real fruit jellies, too.

MC11A2

YOU AND YOUR BABY

By SISTER MARY JACOB

The latest edition of Sister's well-known comprehensive guide to happy, healthy infancy.

Price 12/6 From all Booksellers



They'll think you've discovered
a wonderful new recipe!

... unless you tell them you
made it with PUFFIN



This is an unretouched photograph of a Puffin cake — your cake made with Puffin will look this good!



Betty King, Home Economist
of World Brands

Betty King promises
**"You'll make a cake this good
with PUFFIN Cake Mix
or we'll refund the full purchase price."**

TODAY you can step right up into the expert
cakemaker class. Out of *your* oven will come
a high, tender, delicious-eating cake. Make
it yourself with Puffin Cake Mix.

SPECIAL INGREDIENTS IN PUFFIN

You can shop in the most exclusive food stores and still
not be able to buy the fine American-type flour that's
in Puffin Cake Mix. Every single pound of this special
flour is reserved for Puffin. It's blended with pure, sweet
shortening, cane sugar, top quality raising ingredient and
flavourings, all in *exact* proportions.

The sugar and shortening have been creamed for you.
You add the important fresh ingredients, eggs and milk.
You can make the variations. (There are six recipes on

every packet — icing recipes, too!) It takes only four
minutes from packet to oven, and *you* take the praise when
it comes out. Cake failure days are over. You'll make a
perfect cake every time with Puffin Cake Mix, or get your
money back. Try your first packet today!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

This is a sincere promise. If you think that your Puffin
Cake does not fulfil the claims made for it in this ad-
vertisement, write your name and address on the back of
the empty pack and return it to the grocer from whom you
bought Puffin. He will refund the full purchase price.



Ask the woman who made one

Mrs. E. Bushell of 6 Allambie
Rd., North Manly, N.S.W., says:

"Frankly, I never believed you
could get anything to touch a
home-made cake from a cake mix.
It took Puffin to convince me. It
makes a lovely cake. And prac-
tically makes itself. You simply
can't go wrong."



EF 19 WWFPC

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are August 3 and 8. Wear a white hat or earrings, or a white collar, and you'll find love and popularity everywhere.	★ With stellar influences running strong in your favor, you can accomplish almost anything on which you set your heart. Like your work, get going and finish in record time.	★ Home amusements may become a lively interest on week nights. A new game, or pastime, could change the whole atmosphere. This could involve a few neighbors.	★ Whether you are six, or sixty, there is a touch of romance in all your activities. If a teenager, first love, if a young married, perhaps an addition to the family.	★ Dancing, theatre-going, diversion of all kinds make your horizon sparkle with the joy of living. Take every advantage of these fortunate aspects.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are August 3 and 8. This is the right moment for that brilliant red lipstick, red scarf or handkerchief to brighten up your outlook.	★ Quite a few of you will feel inclined to leave one job in favor of another, perhaps because of slightly better pay or conditions, or because it appears to have more future.	★ If you are house-hunting, whether it's a suburban home, or a one-room flat, you are likely to hear good news. If you are doing decorating, you'll be happy.	★ If young and in love, you and the beloved will wish to avoid the crowd and go off, where you can be alone together. In some cases, the end of a friendship.	★ This is the moment for that record-playing evening, or you may be willing to settle for a good whodunit beside the fire. Some use the time to finish a job.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are August 5 and 8. Soft, shades of lavender, particularly in combination with green, are lucky for shoppers or chance meetings.	★ If your work is concerned with communications in any form, you may be on the eve of exciting new developments, expansion which will present you with a new niche.	★ If you feel you can't stick things a minute longer, you may buzz off for the day, visit unfamiliar scenes, meet new acquaintances, and come home full of energy.	★ Maybe you like several and cannot make up your mind which is the one and only. In that case, you may not be in love at all. Keep on friendly terms with everybody.	★ Outings are your dish and the weekend may offer a wealth of opportunities, choice will not be easy. In some cases, neighborhood affairs become of interest.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are August 2 and 7. Wear that poxy of violets in your lapel, and business affairs will turn out exactly as you wish.	★ If you wish to be picked for special work which appeals to you, try to create the right impression. Watch the way you dress, and speak harmoniously.	★ If concerned with buying or selling property, either for a home or for investment purposes, you should show a good profit just about now.	★ Your affections may be attracted towards one quite out of your reach, particularly if young. This is a passing phase, and shows you have not yet met your true mate.	★ You may decline an invitation because you feel you have nothing suitable to wear. That is merely depriving yourself of a good time and giving undue stress.
LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are August 4 and 6. Patterned fabrics, tartans, rough textures of yellow or brown, odd accessories are all tops.	★ It's not enough to get a hearing because you happen to know somebody that counts; you must also be able to deliver the goods or you won't last long on the job.	★ You are inclined to make important arrangements without consulting other members of the family. This is neither kind nor wise, and brings friction in its wake.	★ Those who allow love to drift soon find it vanishing completely. You must make an effort to keep it alive, or others will enter into the picture. Plan outings, amusements.	★ Don't try to outshine all the rest. You are popular, and by giving others a chance to exhibit their talents you will gain still more friends.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are August 5 and 8. Golden ornaments, tangerine shades, striking, ornamental bells or gloves will enhance your personality.	★ Savings can be of immense help. Get that systematic savings idea working smoothly and, when you are ready for a big splash next month, you'll have the wherewithal.	★ Don't crawl into a corner because an older member of the household has criticised you. Differences between generations must be taken into account. Just forget it.	★ Naturally shy, you may find it difficult to create occasions on which you can meet. Remoteness adds to charm; chance may throw you together.	★ While you may not be feeling particularly social, opportunities to meet new people occur. An event which you dreaded could develop into a good time.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are August 3 and 8. Every shade of rose, from the palest to the deepest, will attract the favorable attention of Lady Luck.	★ Many of you will be helping in an honorary capacity in a number of good causes, and your reward lies in the enjoyable contacts you make. Employment well aspected.	★ Friends, friends of friends, your parents' friends, or children's friends may invade your home this week to the pleasure of everybody in the house.	★ Just happy with your crowd and still unattached? Don't worry. Librans always marry sooner or later. If engaged, happy hours. If older, a shared activity.	★ You and your mates are likely to strike out in a new direction and find a new pastime which is exhilarating. Whatever you do you will go along with the crowd.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are August 3 and 8. Every shade of rose, from the palest to the deepest, will attract the favorable attention of Lady Luck.	★ Should you have a great compliment paid you in connection with your job, take your distinction modestly and show appreciation by being thoughtful and friendly.	★ You may entertain the boss, or other top-brass, and worry over the details, or your lack of facilities, if a young married. Do the best you can, be natural.	★ Party-going with one you love is likely to be the main emphasis. Possibly you will take each other for granted, since you may have very little time to yourselves.	★ Mixing business with pleasure, or have you another motive besides just going social? In any event you may have a wish gratified and be among those present.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are August 4 and 6. Modest silver-grey, preferably with a touch of delicate pink, can bring you into the limelight.	★ It is not always easy to learn inside handling of an enterprise and keep your knowledge to yourself, but that policy will carry you far. Avoid all types of gossip.	★ Your sign yearns to travel. You can spend winter evenings planning your next holidays, or you can read up on some place you would like to visit.	★ A short journey could take you and the beloved into a new world, where you make many fresh plans. They can be made to come true, if you maintain your enthusiasm.	★ You are likely to join a group who are interested in books and decide to read more than usual in order to keep up your end, or you join a library.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are August 2 and 4. Dark grey, black and white or black entirely will lend dignity and sophistication to your charm.	★ A little more income is by no means impossible. You may discover a need on the part of the public and find you can fill it, especially if it is something new.	★ A small sum of money carefully spent could produce a big change in your domestic outlook, and discussions along those lines are likely to be a feature in the near future.	★ You may find yourself working on a gift for the one you love, probably in the form of a surprise present. Or perhaps you yourself are the one to receive a gift.	★ You might be paid for doing something you'd love to do in any case, or you are invited to share a responsibility in connection with the funds of an organization.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 18	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are August 2 and 4. All pastel shades, blended colors, rainbow effects, along with filmy white, favor good times.	★ Many of you may be attending a convention or a gathering in connection with your occupation where you get a fresh perspective on your work and methods.	★ The marriage partner can be depended on to back you up in any project. If you've taken a hard knock recent, sympathy from that quarter will be balm.	★ If engaged, wedding plans take definite shape. If married, you may be wrapped up in plans for the children, or in some new venture which requires heroic efforts.	★ You may meet an old flame or a pal you have not seen for a long time and spend an enjoyable hour unexpectedly. In other cases, a member of the family takes you out.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are August 4 and 7. Navy-blue will be most apt to bring the best vibrations and send you on your way rejoicing.	★ Maybe you think you're asked to pull more than your weight, but others are watching your efforts and, when you have learned the ropes, promotion will be in prospect.	★ You are eager to work, but remember to limit the amount of work you take on at one time, stick to practical matters. Daydreaming will be fatal to any undertaking.	★ Romance may come down to earth with a thud. You can't live on love, and practical affairs must be on a sound basis before you can plan seriously. Talk things over.	★ You may be active in arranging a sporting fixture or helping to keep the crowd together in the off-season by planning social events. Committee work is important.

Only £190* deposit for your new A30! Why wait?



"It's true! The smartest light car on the road is one of the easiest cars to buy! £190 deposit, easy family-budget terms, and you can run it for shillings."

Remember, too, this Austin A30 is the real aristocrat among light cars. It has a host of luxury fittings and refinements—like the deep-cushioned Dunlopillo seating, carpeted floors, safety glass all round, ventilating quarter windows, and many more. And it has that lively performance and easy handling that make the difference between driving and enjoying driving.

* Price, £659 plus tax. Terms, £190 deposit (varies slightly in some States). See your nearest Austin Distributor or Dealer for full details.

AUSTIN

— you can depend on it!



LISTEN TO THE B.M.C. SHOW, "YOU ARE THERE", Macquarie Network, 7 p.m., Fridays

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD., A UNIT OF THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

To Father
from the family

THE **Convair** M
Tailored by HANDGRADE

THE **Convair** M
Tailored by HANDGRADE

THE **Convair** M
Tailored by HANDGRADE



How to get a "NEW HUSBAND" on Father's Day!

Give Dad a *practical* gift, plus a bright new *personality*! Smart Convair Checks and Pastels certainly make a man *look* different, and *feel* different, too . . . a real he-man of action! Convair is the luxury shirt at the commonsense price . . . with a wealth of colours and patterns to choose from in the smart new season's checks . . . stylish plain pastels, too! The ideal gift for Father's Day!

give **Convair**
CHECKS or PASTELS
Formease Tailored by HANDGRADE



NEWS FOR THRIFTY WIVES—

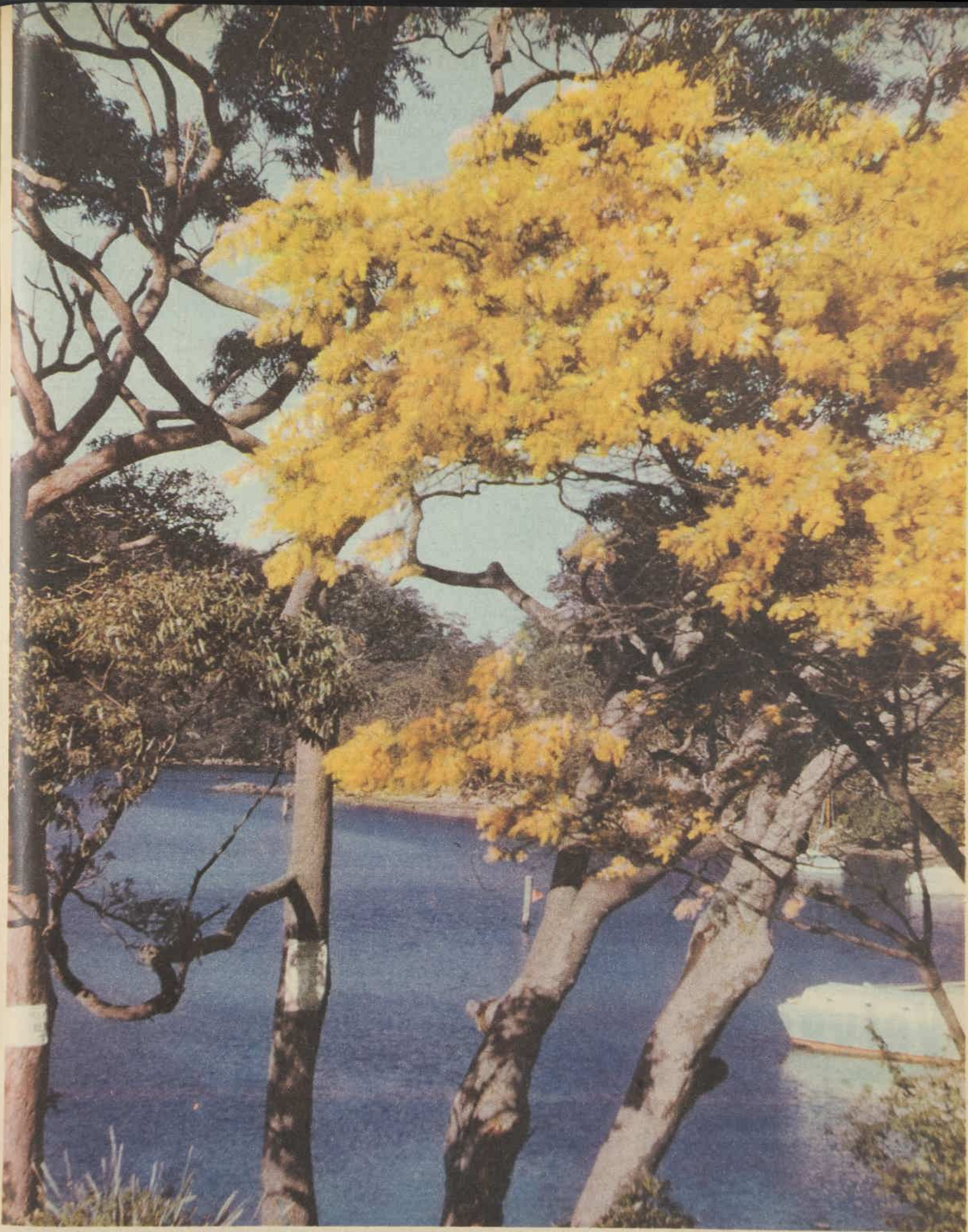
Handgrade Productions build years of wear into every Convair Shirt. You can rely on Handgrade Quality. ★ Pearl buttons ★ Special stitching prevents fabric shift ★ Two buttons on cuffs for fold back (on long sleeve Convairs) ★ Freedom Buck and Full-Cut Chest—saves button strain, fabric drag and seam splitting ★ All collars are boned and can be worn open or with a tie ★ Every Convair guaranteed ★ Finest quality mercerised cotton, or easily laundered rayons.

CHECK
HERE—

there's a Convair
sports shirt for
every taste!

THE **Convair** M
Tailored by HANDGRADE

Convair —THE SHIRT FOR MEN OF ACTION!



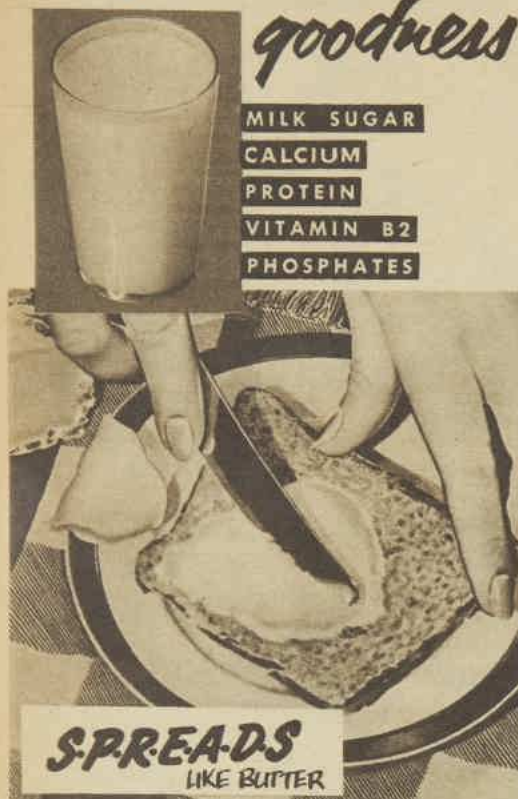
BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 3, 1955

COOTAMUNDRA WATTLE, *Acacia baileyana*, blooms with its brilliant splash of yellow at Middle Harbor, New South Wales, near Roseville Bridge, looking towards Killarney Picnic Point. *Acacia baileyana*, which is winter flowering, was named after the late Mr. F. M. Bailey, Government Botanist of Queensland. The name *acacia* comes from the Greek *akakia*, to sharpen. Picture was taken by Mr. Norman Chaffer, Roseville, N.S.W. See page 16 for details of the Beautiful Australia Gift Book.

Page 45

Only **Velveeta**
gives you
all milk's
goodness



MILK SUGAR
CALCIUM
PROTEIN
VITAMIN B2
PHOSPHATES

Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Nutrition Expert says:

"In making ordinary cheese, milk sugar, some of the milk minerals and Vitamin B₂ are run off in the whey. But Velveeta puts them back—adds all these precious food elements to the other vitamins, protein, calcium and phosphates so essential to good health."

Velveeta offers you extra value—because of its extra food values.

Velveeta spreads like butter. Saves butter, too, because you don't need butter when you spread delicious, money-saving Velveeta!



Grills to perfection

Velveeta

made by **KRAFT**

**ESQUIRE'S HANDBOOK
FOR HOSTS**

By

The Editors of Esquire

An expert, entertaining guide to good food, good drinking, good parties. Illustrated with "Esquire's" most famous cartoons.

Price 34/9

From all Booksellers

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The chic torso-line, a favorite in Paris, is interpreted below in soft wool—an ideal silhouette for pre-spring wear.

THE fashion item above answers a reader. Below is her letter and my reply.

"AS it is too cold here to wear light clothes till the end of October, will you help me with a style to wear when I discard my topcoat? I want the frock to be in a wool material. I would also like a suggestion for the color. I am a brunette and take an S.S.W. fitting. Would it be possible to obtain a paper pattern for the style?"

The dress I have chosen in answer to your request is illustrated at right. It is designed with a long torso, plus low-placed fullness, a silhouette that unmistakably says spring. For the color, I suggest beige. Not only is beige seasonably fashionable, but it is very flattering when worn by a brunette.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. See lines under the sketch for further details and how to order.

"DO you think some polka-dotted, satin-finished cotton would be suitable for an evening blouse? I like myself best in tailored designs. If you think the material suitable, be kind enough to help with the style."

Satin-finished cotton would be a practical and glamorous material for an evening blouse. My suggestion for the design is a camisole-style over-blouse. An over-blouse is far newer than a tuck-in-type blouse. Have the design bare-armed and made on figure-moulding lines, reaching just below hip length.

"WILL you help me out with the following problem? Because of a scar at the base of my neck I can't wear a low-necked style. I have some junior navy linen to make up for spring, and can't think of any smart design to disguise this defect. I am 16 years of age and very thin."

I advise a two-piece dress—a long-torso blouse worn with a full skirt. Have the blouse made high to the throat, sleeveless, and finished with a



D.S. 149: One-piece dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

round, flat capelet collar. Have the collar finished with a bright-striped ribbon bow and streamer ends.

"I WANT to make a silk coat to wear to a late afternoon reception I am attending in September. I am in my mid-fifties, and wear a lot of black. Will you suggest material you think suitable?"

In your age group, silk failles and ottomans are favorite materials for late-day coats. By the way, silk coats

tend to be more voluminous than the woollen coats worn.

"I AM making myself a slim-line, floor-length, woollen evening skirt, and would like your help with a style for a separate top. I want the top to be warm."

I suggest a wool jersey top in vivid green or hot-pink made with a low décolletage with fitted, three-quarter sleeves. It could be accompanied by a stole of the skirt fabric.



Remove UNDER-ARM HAIR in 3 minutes

Try this wonderful way to remove under-arm hair. No razors—no cuts—no mess. Just a dainty cream called Veet that smooths away unsightly hair so quickly. Here's all you do. Apply Veet. Leave for 3 minutes. Then wash off. Skin is left silken-smooth as if ugly hair had never existed. And with Veet re-growth is weakened. So get Veet at your chemist or store. Even in winter when wearing your woollies or smart jumpers you need Veet. Because under-arm hair traps moisture. So to avoid offending keep under-arms hair-free always with Veet. Large Economy (Double Size), 4/11

Medium Size, 3/-
Slightly higher in some countries districts.

VEET hair-removing cream

Chapped Skin

FROM WINTER WINDS

Tender chapped skin responds immediately to soothing NIVEA Creme. NIVEA contains Eucerite which replaces natural oils dried out by Winter winds.

Skin needs

NIVEA



★ NIVEA Creme is available in tins or tubes, or for those who prefer a liquid, as NIVEA Skin Oil. From Chemists & Stores everywhere.

The original TAMPAX is again available!

You don't have to put up with the chafing and embarrassment of old-fashioned sanitary methods. Tampax, the modern internal sanitary protection was invented by a physician and it does away with bulky belts, pins and pads. With Tampax there's no odour—and disposal is easy. Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed into one-time-use applicators. You owe it to yourself to try Tampax.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

To The Nurse, W.W.A.
Dept. World Agency, Pty.
Ltd., Box 3125, G.P.O., Sydney.
(I enclose 3½d. in stamps for postage.)
Name _____
Address _____
I would like a sample of regular/super Tampax.
(Please mark absorbency.)

Beauty in
Brief:

Contour pointers

By CAROLYN EARLE

● It is well known that suitable exercise is a big help in keeping the neck contours in pretty shape. But it is a waste of time and effort to attempt contour work if the skin of the throat is at all dry.

YOU can, and should, guard against this state of affairs occurring—as it undoubtedly will in cold weather—with a little extra creaming and massage of the throat area.

Begin by spotting cream on to your neck, then spread it with long, smooth strokes from below the collarbone up as high as the chin and earline. Do remember to include the sides and the back of the neck in the treatment as well as the part you can see.

Speaking of exercise, rolling the whole

head from left to right and from right to left as often as you can manage it and in the largest possible circles is as good a pick-up for neck muscles as you will find anywhere.

Another contour builder is to put the head back as far as it will go and then point the chin determinedly towards the ceiling.

You can vary this stretching movement by touching your chest with the chin and pointing it in all directions. This is apt to tire, so don't overdo.

to myself. But it was in the small bedroom that Oriana was most apparent. When I stayed there, it was my room; it might have been just a very pretty spare-room for any young girl.

But it wasn't, it was particularly Oriana's, that Great-Aunt Emmie dusted and cared for, doing these things with the same hopefully expectant air as she set out the rosebud china.

In this room were gathered the best and prettiest of her things. Flowered china, frilled curtains and counterpane, a shelf of books, the lamp with the shade of primrose-colored glass and the base that was a china cabbage supported by four rabbits.

The flowers there were always fresh, the room had a strangely "used" look; Great-Aunt Emmie's work-box, lined with blue silk and with its silver thimble, stood in the window beside the musical-box.

Often I heard Great-Aunt Emmie creep into the room and pull the switch that set the musical-box in motion. When its thin, tinkling notes fell in a waterfall of sound through the dim house, then did I most clearly visualise Oriana, rapt and entranced, or twirling to the music in some shadowy corner.

The very quality of the music was ghostlike, conjuring up the flicker of a skirt, glint of sunlight on a curl, the paper rustlings of silk. When I shut my eyes, she whirled before my inner vision, fair and gay and laughing, waltzing down the stairs or blowing me a kiss from the doorway; but so delicate and subtly conceived that, if I held the thought too long, she vanished.

"Why did you give her this room?" I once asked.

"She must have a corner of the house that is completely her own," Great-Aunt Emmie pointed out reasonably.

"Do you suppose she minds when I sleep there?"

"Oh, no! She'd like you to be there. She understands, you know, that I don't have many visitors."

"How old is she?"

"She stays about seventeen."

A nice age to be, Ann. You'll see . . ."

So I lay in the bed with the frilled counterpane each night, and willed myself to see her, as the musical-box poured out its half-dozen tunes over and over again. I always fell asleep to that music; and awoke in the morning to the firm belief that Oriana had just whisked out of the room.

I never discussed her with Mrs. Bazeley or Patterson; my few tentative questions had been met with vague smiles and a gentle turning of the conversation into other channels. My family behaved in exactly the same way, so I never spoke about Oriana to anyone save Great-Aunt Emmie.

When I was fifteen my visits ceased abruptly; my father's firm ordered him abroad at very short notice, and there was no time for more than a hurried, regretful note to Great-Aunt Emmie, cancelling my impending visit.

I felt a keen regret for Oriana; now, I thought, she will slip away with my childhood, and when we return to England she will be lost to me for ever.

Great-Aunt Emmie's letters kept her alive, though I never thought it strange that I should inquire about Oriana in my letters or that Great-Aunt Emmie should reply to those inquiries and add comments of her own.

I was twenty-one when we returned to England; Rex came with us. Six months previously we had met in Capetown and now he was coming to England to work.

We planned to be married as soon as he had settled in his job, and the whole family disapproved; six months' acquaintanceship was too slender a foundation for marriage, they pointed out.

But Great-Aunt Emmie was delighted; I wrote and told her, and back came her reply—seven pages of neat copperplate, ending with instructions that I was to bring Rex to see her at the first opportunity.

I told him about Oriana. He listened, his dark eyes thought-

Continuing Oriana

from page 3

ful, and then smiled in his slow, lazy way.

"What an enchanting idea," he approved. "A better antidote to loneliness than most things I know. I look forward to meeting this fascinating great-aunt of yours."

"The family think she is more than slightly mad."

"Which makes her much more interesting."

"Perhaps I'm slightly mad, too. I enjoy Oriana."

"But, of course," he said softly, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Great-Aunt Emmie had



"Close the door! Were you born in a barn?"

changed little; she was plumper, and her snuff-colored hair was thickly streaked with grey. But she climbed down from the governess cart as the train drew in, enveloped in the same enormous coat and fluttering scarves.

She carried us away to the house, where Clarkson still swept paths under a silver-grey winter sky, where Patterson looked more melancholy and Mrs. Bazeley more rigidly upright than ever. She took us in to tea by the drawing-room fire and fetched the rosebud cup and saucer from the cabinet.

"Did Ann tell you about Oriana?" she asked Rex.

"Oh yes. I'm longing to meet her."

"You wouldn't expect to see her face to face, would you?"

Because with her it isn't like that at all."

"I know. The flick of a skirt, a hand brushing the banisters, a glimpse of someone among the roses . . . those things."

She nodded; she and Rex understood one another perfectly and their friendship was assured from that moment.

Yet I had lost the old trick of capturing Oriana in the musical-box notes. Try as I would, I could not re-create the old impression of being just out of visual reach, as it were. She had, as I feared, fled with my childhood.

"I've lost the knack; I've grown up," I told Rex sadly.

"She'll come back," he said. "She belongs exclusively to your Great-Aunt Emmie at the moment. You've been away too long; and I'm too new . . ."

Flectingly, I wondered if Oriana were primarily an invention made for my benefit as a child, someone to chase away dullness from the big, quiet house and link Great-Aunt Emmie with the world of children.

But the thought was disloyal. I knew; although I could not quite see Oriana's relationship to Great-Aunt Emmie, I knew she was more than a particularly subtle form of make-believe.

Great-Aunt Emmie bade us a wistful farewell at the end of our brief stay; she seemed lonelier than ever in that empty house of hers and impulsively I promised that we would return soon.

That was the last time I ever saw her; a few days later she died with unexpected suddenness and left her house to me.

It was a grey, unhappy day when I heard the news. Stripped trees were shivering in the wind, and the thin leaves rustled through the street with a papery sound—like the rustling of a silk skirt, I thought.

"Do you suppose Oriana will still be there?" I asked Rex.

He slid a comforting arm around my shoulders. "Darling, I just don't know. Maybe. Who can say?"

"I never really understood Oriana's existence," I admitted.

"Didn't you? I think perhaps I do . . ."

But Rex didn't give me the answer until the day we went to Great-Aunt Emmie's house and opened it up again to let the pale winter sunshine warm its cold bones. Clarkson had departed, Patterson had gone to another household, and Mrs. Bazeley had retired to live with her sister.

We stood in the hall, listening—for what? The house seemed lifeless, and tears prickled behind my eyes. I walked into the drawing-room, took the cup and saucer from the cabinet and put it on the table. Then I sped upstairs to the little bedroom and flung the door wide open; except for the absence of flowers, it looked just the same.

Rex had the flowers with him.

"We've brought you these, Oriana," he said softly, and without a trace of laughter. "We hope you'll stay; Ann and I are going to be married very soon and we're coming here to live. The house will be too big and lonely for just the two of us."

I switched on the musical-box; it sighed wheezily and slid into the first tune, a dreamy waltz that echoed ghostly through the house.

But soon the whole place seemed filled with music; the house came alive again, stretched itself, yawned, and awoke. I could have sworn I caught the toss of fair curls through the house.

"Oh, Rex, she's back!" I called. "Oriana's back!" I laughed self-consciously. "Rex, just what was Oriana?"

He pulled me down beside him on the top stair.

"I'll tell you," he said slowly. "All Great-Aunt Emmie's loneliness and longing for the visitors she never had, the youth and laughter she would have liked around her, instead of crumbling away in this

lonely old house. The substance of things hoped for—remember the way she kept the room ready and had a place laid? Oriana, the visitor—or all the visitors—who never came. They were all too busy, those cousins and aunts of yours, to bother.

"Oriana, the perfect companion, a bit of the person Great-Aunt Emmie once was, ghost of what-might-have-been. Maybe she believed in miracles; that one day a real Oriana would turn in at the front gate and come—to stay forever. D'you see that, Ann?"

I sighed, in the wake of the last slow bar of music floating through the house. "Yes, I see, now. Poor darling—so very lonely, and I never knew! You know, Rex, this house will be too big for us; it would convert nicely into two flats. I think we'll let one to people with children—young children. Great-Aunt Emmie would like that . . ."

Rex and I have been married a year now, and half our house is let to a couple with two children. There's enough noise and laughter and company to satisfy Great-Aunt Emmie; and though our own baby is barely a month old, I think she'll add her share soon enough.

Oriana's room will be the baby's when she is old enough to sleep there; I think Great-Aunt Emmie likes the idea, too. And as our baby was a girl, there was only one possible name for her . . .

We called her Oriana, in spite of smiles and raised eyebrows from the family; the day she was born, the ghost-Oriana ran through the house for the last time. Which is as it should be, Rex says.

We have the reality that Great-Aunt Emmie would so gladly have exchanged for her half-world of shadows and dreams; a reality that she shares with us now.

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

To have a true white
...dazzling white wash
use Reckitt's Blue

TESTS PROVE

Washing tests have shown conclusively the wonderful effect of Reckitt's Blue in preventing whites developing a yellowish tinge.

These 3 steps are essential to make clothes whiter

WASH

to make clothes clean

RINSE

to remove loose dirt

BLUE

to stop whites turning yellow

Reckitt's Blue

OUT OF THE BLUE COMES THE WHIEST WASH



A little bird told me . . .

that Robin Starch, the easy-to-mix starch, makes ironing easier and gives a lovely gloss. Robin Starch, the perfect washday companion of Reckitt's Blue.

ROBIN Starch
GIVES W-I-N-G-S TO YOUR IRON

The difference
between this...
and this...



is often
this...



Best for Baby... Best for You
Johnson's BABY PRODUCTS
POWDER · SOAP · OIL · CREAM · SHAMPOO



Jeanette Elphick, a Sydney lass, makes a pretty picture in her casual Tyrrella 'Blouse of the Month'. Tyrrella washes wonderfully, is guaranteed crease-resistant and comes in a striking range of new fashion shades. Buy it in made-up garments or by the yard at any good store. You'll love Tyrrella.

Tyrrella

SOFT-TEXTURED
RAYON FABRIC
BY THE MAKERS OF SUNDEK

Wholesale Dist. G. F. Tyrrell Pty. Ltd. Sydney and Melbourne.

£2000 IN CASH PRIZES

Our Embroidery Competition

● Your skill at needlework can win you substantial prizes ranging from £500, £200, £100, £75, £50 to £25, £10, and £5 for embroidering articles listed here. Teenagers and children can win generous cash awards. Read through the sections now and write for an entry form. Keep this page, as the full details will not be repeated.

ADULT SECTIONS

SECTION 1

Best hand-embroidered supper, luncheon, or dinner cloth, 36in. by 36in., or larger.

1st £200
2nd £100
3rd £50

40 Consolation prizes of £5 each

SECTION 2

Best hand-embroidered tray-cloth, runner, table-centre, duchesse set, or set of four d'oyleys.

1st £100
2nd £50
3rd £25

35 Consolation prizes of £5 each

SECTION 3

Best hand-embroidered novelty article, such as a guest-towel, tea-towel, laundry bag, apron, card-table cover, or cushion.

1st £70
2nd £30
3rd £10

25 Consolation prizes of £5 each

SECTION 4

To be worked exclusively by men

Best hand-embroidered article from Sections 1, 2, and 3.

1st £75
2nd £35
3rd £15

8 Consolation prizes of £5 each

JUVENILE SECTIONS

SECTION 5

Best hand-embroidered entry from Sections 1, 2, and 3, to be worked exclusively by teenagers from 14 and under 19 years on December 31, 1955.

1st £50
2nd £25
3rd £10

5 Consolation prizes of £5 each
15 Consolation prizes of £2 each

SECTION 6

Best hand-embroidered table-centre or three-piece set to be worked exclusively by children 10 years and under 14 years on December 31, 1955.

1st £20
2nd £10
3rd £5

25 Consolation prizes of £1 each

**Champion prize
£500**

Best entry in sections 1, 2, 3, or 4

Read these conditions carefully

DESIGNS may be original, or the embroidery may be done on linen bought ready-traced or marked with embroidery transfer designs by the competitor.

● Each entry must have an official entry form attached.

Entry forms may be obtained at traced-needlework counters in stores or by writing to Embroidery Competition, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney; Box 1400, Christchurch, New Zealand, or Box 1577, P.O., Cape Town, South Africa, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope.

Entries must be forwarded by registered post to Embroidery

Competition, 117 York Street, Sydney, from November 1 to November 30. All entries must have been embroidered by the competitor during 1955. Articles embroidered before 1955 will not be accepted.

No points will be awarded by the judges for the type of edge used to complete the article entered, but a machined edge, lace edge, or hand-finished edge is necessary.

The decision of the judges will be final and no correspondence will be entered into with respect to such decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. or its associated companies are not eligible to enter this competition; nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

nothing about the anonymous letter, I observe."

"The anonymous letter," said Cleve. "Yes, it's a real puzzler, that. I honestly think if the truth were known, MacMorris wrote it himself."

"Why?"

"That's one of the things that's giving Tom Pearce and his boys a headache."

"All right. I accept that the police may want to keep quiet about the letter, particularly if they think it was a fake. But why are they conditioning themselves into thinking that the whole thing was an accident? And don't tell me they aren't. I had an hour of Luck this morning and I could hear the needle going round in the grooves. MacMorris was a burglar. MacMorris blew himself up. Good riddance."

"Hmph."

"Do you think it was an accident?"

The Chairman turned the light of his countenance fully upon Liz. His washed blue eyes were the color of the clear evening sky after rain; and just about as communicative.

"I don't know," he said at last. "I honestly don't know. Twenty-four hours ago I should have said, 'Yes.' Now I'm not sure."

"Because of what I unearthed in London?"

"Partly because of that."

"Was it you who told Luck he could tell me about MacMorris' past?"

"Yes," said Cleve, without even blinking.

"Because you guessed I'd scuttle round and find something out for you quickly."

"Yes."

"I did, too," said Liz.

"And now I'm going to say something to you, in return," said Cleve. "Something you'll have to keep quite quiet about. If we can succeed in persuading everyone that the MacMorris case is closed. If people can be induced to stop thinking about it, and think, instead, about the Harvest Festival Anthem, and Guy Fawkes and their Christmas shopping, then, and only then, we may be able to do something useful."

"I don't quite see—"

"My dear Liz," said Cleve gently. "You know this part of the world. They're quite level-headed folk. But just what sort of crisis do you think we should provoke if they realised that there was someone living among them who was capable of blowing up anyone of them, in their beds tonight? Particularly as the police can't offer much protection until they discover just who is gunning whom and why."

When Tim got home that night he cracked his shins on the dining-table, which had been moved out into the hall, and when he had edged past it and into the dining-room he found the chairs arranged in two rows and the portable harmonium blocking the sideboard, and it came to his mind that Monday was Treble Practice night.

This reminded him of something else, and he went to look for his mother, who was in the kitchen, with Anna, icing cakes.

"Have we found another tenor yet?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact," said Liz. "I think we may have. Thanks to Luck."

"Luck?"

"Not luck, Luck. When I saw him this morning he happened to mention that Sergeant Gattie was the absolute mainstay of their police choral society. Gattie was very modest about it when I saw him, but I really think he might do it for us."

"Well, thank goodness for that," said Tim. "Singing that tenor solo was not one of the things I was looking forward to most. Come to think of it, this will be the second time Gattie has saved my bacon."

When Liz looked inquiring, he added, "In Jerusalem, in 1947, he shot a gentleman in a bowler hat who was on the point of tossing a hand grenade into the back of a car I was driving. What are we doing about supper?"

"I'll think about that when I've got rid of the tables. Why don't you go down to the church and give a hand with the flowers?"

"Because I don't know the first thing about flowers."

"I don't imagine Sue is all that expert, either. Couldn't you hump round the heavy lectern vases whilst she does the actual arranging?"

"Why, yes, I could do that," said Tim. "Yes, I could certainly do that."

"I thought you might be able to," said his mother.

There were lights in the church and voices. As Tim opened the door it was plain that he interrupted an argument.

Lucy Mallory stood by the lectern, clasping an armful of early autumn foliage. Sue was in the pulpit. She had a bunch of white asters in one hand, some straggly gypsophila in the other, and a flush on her cheek.

"Why, hullo, Mr. Artside," said Lucy.

"Hullo, Tim," said Sue. "If you dare do it, I shall probably never speak to you again."

Tim looked slightly taken aback, but discovered that this broadside was aimed at Lucy.

"What nonsense," said Lucy.

"Anyway, I'm sure Mr. Artside hasn't come here to listen to us girls quarrelling."

"I'm not quarrelling," said Sue, giving the asters an angry shake. "And as he's involved he's got a perfect right to know about it."

"How's he involved?"

"He's in the choir, isn't he? Until we find out who did it we're all involved." She shook the asters again, and Tim, who had been conscious that it reminded him of something, realised that it was exactly the way old Canon Bessemer used to shake his finger when he spoke of Sin.

"Tell me all," he said.

"Hand me those two vases, then," said Sue. "I suppose you came here to help, not just to gossip. It's about Maurice."

"Maurice Hedges?"

"Who else?"

"What's he been up to now?"

Maurice was the eldest of the Hedges children, a boy with a long, serious, Hano-verian face and the gravity that went with the headship of a large family.

"That's just what we don't know," said Sue, "but Lucy caught him in Mrs. Simpson's shop trying to change a ten-shilling note."

"It doesn't sound a desperate crime," said Tim.

"That's not all of it," said Sue. "You'd better tell him, Lucy. If you're determined to split to the Vicar it'll have to come out, anyway."

"When Maurice saw me come into the shop," said Lucy, "he bolted. It looked so fishy I asked Mrs. Simpson what it was all about. She was a bit surprised, too. Apparently he came in, put down this ten-shilling note, and asked for some sweets. None of those kids ever have any money of their own. If his mother had sent him down with a big order of groceries she might have given him a ten-shilling note, you see. But if it was just sweet money it would have been a bob or half-a-crown at the most."

"Still doesn't seem enough to hang him on," said Tim. "Did Maurice actually succeed in changing the note? I didn't quite get that bit."

"No. As soon as he saw me he picked the note up and bolted. But I saw, and I asked Mrs. Simpson and she'd noticed, too—it wasn't a new

Continuing . . . Sky High

from page 5

ten-shilling note. It was one of those purple ones—they stopped making them before the war, when they brought in the brown sort. You remember them?"

"I remember them all right," said Tim. "You don't see many of them about now, but as far as I know they're still legal tender."

"Ah," said Sue. "That's just it."

"One of the notes the Vicar put in the offertory box from his American girl-friend was a purple."

"How do you know that?"

"He told Gattie, Gattie told Queen, and Queenie told me."

"It all seems a bit second-hand," said Tim.

"Well," said Sue. "I'm not sure. If it was just a question of the type of note I'd be inclined to agree. As you say, there are still plenty of them about. But why should Maurice have a note at all?"

"They're not paupers," said Tim. "His father runs a taxi—to say nothing of a garage."



"Then why did he bolt?" said Sue.

Lucy said, "Now you're arguing against Maurice. When I first told you about it you said you thought he hadn't taken it."

"I didn't say he hadn't taken it. I said you wouldn't be able to prove it. If you go and tell the Vicar he's bound to do the wrong thing. He's such a silly man. Then you'll have started something you can't finish."

"That's up to him," said Lucy. "I think he ought to know about it. Don't you?"

"I'm not sure," said Tim. "I think Sue's right, in a way. If Hallibone possibly can put his foot in it he will. And if he rubs Tim Hedges up the wrong way he shall lose five-sixths of our troubles."

"Yes, but," said Lucy unhappily. "Don't you see. People are being suspected. If it really was Maurice—"

"It was a beastly thing to do," agreed Tim. "And if he did it he ought to be belted. But we ought to hear both sides of it. Why don't you have a word with my mother. She's got all the trebles for practice tonight and she could have a chat with Maurice. If he's got an explanation we might as well know about it."

"All right. I'll do that," said Lucy.

"If you nip along now," suggested Tim, "you could catch her before the practice starts."

When Lucy had taken herself off they worked for some time in silence.

"It doesn't sound good, all the same," said Sue, at last. "I've just remembered something else. That practice night, Maurice was late. He came in

a few minutes after we'd all started."

"Did he, though?"

"Yes. I noticed it at the time, because the Hedges children usually come in a gang."

Tim was balanced on the pew-back, trying to edge a heavy vase on to the sill of the lancet window beside the porch. He waited until he was back on the pew-seat before he replied.

"As to whether Maurice did it," he said, "I wouldn't know. As to whether the Vicar will make a mess of the situation if you tell him there can be no two opinions. He will. He has got as much tact and sense as a child of seven. Indeed, I know plenty of children of seven who have more savvy than he has."

"Who cares about the Vicar's feelings? We demand justice."

"All right," said Tim. He was standing on the seat and in the dimness he looked, thought Sue, perfectly enor-

stands on the corner where the Brimberley side road runs out into the London-Bramshott by-pass. The big world, speeding past in its big cars, has liked the look of it and has gradually turned it, as the big world often does, into something larger, louder, and nastier than nature had originally intended. However, it offers lights, drinks, and reasonable food at stiffish prices.

It was all of two miles from Brimberley, so they stepped out. They were both inclined to silence. When they got there they had a glass of sherry in the Tudor Bar, followed by a meal in the Jacobean Dining Room.

Sue behaved well. She did not cast an anxious eye down the price list, nor did she ask if Tim could afford certain of the dishes. She assumed that as he had asked her out he had enough money to pay for it all. She disposed of a chop and a mug of cider and they had their coffee in the Queen Anne Lounge.

"Lucky, lucky some people," said Sue. She had made a pile of the glossy weeklies and was looking at a spread of pictures depicting the glories of Belton Park, in Suffolk.

"It's a dump, really," said Tim. He looked over her shoulder at the double page of photographs. "The chap who took those did a smart job. You wouldn't guess from them that the gardens are overgrown, the roof lets in the rain, and only the East Wing is really habitable at all."

"Don't be such a realist," said Sue. She lay back in the chair, relaxed. Like a kitten she was expanded with warmth and food and drink.

Soon after that they started back. It was a perfect night. The day which had started in mist and ended in drizzle had cleared with the coming of darkness, and now every star looked like a hole fresh-punched in the sky.

They walked side by side, and every now and then the back of Tim's hand brushed against the back of hers. If it meant anything to Sue she gave no sign.

He had never felt more conscious of her. Not her face. That was a forgotten blur. It was her body that was real to him. The girl's body that was now a woman's body.

At the top of the hill the lights of Brimberley came into view.

Then Sue started singing, very softly, "She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes." After a minute Tim joined in, and they walked down into Brimberley together, tenor and alto in approximate harmony.

As he reached his own front door Tim realised that he had not told his mother that he would be missing supper. Unlike most women, this was not one of the things that worried Liz. If people were late, meals could be put into ovens. If they missed them altogether, there were always the hens that would benefit. She did not, as most women, feel the thing as a personal insult.

Nevertheless, Tim would have telephoned if he had remembered, and he felt a twinge of conscience as he opened the front door and realised that his mother was in a flaming temper.

She was speaking into the telephone.

"No, I do not," she was saying. "I don't agree. I can't make it any plainer. I do—not—agree."

The telephone squeaked back faint defiance.

"It's no good," said Liz. "We can stand here talking from now till eternity. I'm afraid it won't change my mind. Goodnight."

She slammed down the receiver and said, "Oh, it's you, is it, Tim?"

"I'm sorry I didn't let you—"

"That was the Vicar."

"I guessed it might be."

"He's got no more sense than a baby."

"Did you say that to him?"

"Did I? I forget. No, I don't think I actually said it. What I did tell him was that he had to choose between his miserable ten-shilling note and his Harvest Festival Anthem."

"What did he say to that?"

"Something about his principles. I didn't hear it all. I was too angry."

"Who told him—about Maurice?"

"I did."

Tim looked baffled.

"Lucy told me and I tackled Maurice about it after practice. He's an absolutely truthful child. He looked me straight in the eye and said, 'I didn't take any money from the box in church.' I believed him."

"Sounds straight enough," said Tim.

"That's what I thought. So I rang up the Vicar and told him—in case he heard it by some round-about way. He said he thought we ought to report the matter to the police. I told him that if he did he would have to resign himself to non-choral services for the rest of his stay here."

"That ought to hold him," said Tim. He spoke so absently that his mother looked up and said, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," said Tim. "I've had an idea. That's all. Nothing to do with anything you've been saying. Just an idea."

The idea remained, lodged somewhere at the base of Tim's skull, throughout that week; through Tuesday night's very successful choir practice—Sergeant Gattie was voted to be an acquisition; through two unsuccessful attempts to get Sue to himself again; through a lot of ordinary hard work by day and some gritty sleep by night. On Friday evening he called on a Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith had an office in Holborn. The firm for which he worked was called (if the discreet board was to be believed) Metal Parts and Sundries, and the office in which he sat had a nameplate outside it which suggested that Mr. Smith was an Assistant Consultant.

Mr. Smith greeted Tim cheerfully. He was a sandy-haired little man, with thick glasses and a Herbie Morrison quiff. He said, "That was a very nice job you did for me, Artside. I'm very happy about that."

"Thank you very much," said Tim. "We strive to satisfy. Can you give me ten minutes of your time?"

"Technical?"

"Highly so. Look here. I want to blow you up."

Mr. Smith did not seem upset by the idea. He drew a scribbling pad towards him and started a slow doodle.

"I've got a lot of gelignite packed away in an upstairs room in your house. In the loft, say. You're the householder. I can't say exactly what you're going to do, but sooner or later you'll go to bed, I don't know when. You don't always go at the same time. Maybe you'll have a bath, maybe you'll just wash your hands and teeth. Then you'll go to your bedroom—"

"Beside lamp or overhead?"

"Both. And both in use. You may even listen to the wireless. There's a portable set beside your bed."

"Do I put my suit away on its hanger in the cupboard? Or do I throw it over the back of a chair?"

"I'm afraid I don't know."

Mr. Smith reflected. "I take it you'll want the actual detonating device destroyed."

"Certainly. It's absolutely essential that no sign shall be left. The official theory has

To page 51



Are you closing your eyes to all
a **KAYSER** Bra can do for you?

Only KAYSER Bras
with wonderful
Invisible Control,
bring you true
uplift to beauty.
Such figure-flattering
fit is the result of
unique KAYSER design
and cut, using the
latest American
forms and the world's
best fabrics and
trimmings. Wait no
longer! Open your
eyes to the loveliness
of the ideal foundation.
Choose from 8 KAYSER
styles in AA, A, B
and C cup fittings,
sizes 32 to 40, in white,
peach and black . . .
and remember—
KAYSER fittings
never, ever vary.

Insist on the name of world-acclaim

KAYSER

Style 220. A deep-boned
satin strapless bra that gives
perfect support and does not
become uncomfortable when
wearer is seated . . . 37/6

Style 210. A delightful cot-
ton poplin bra of medium
depth . . . 19/11

Style 223. A sophisticated
but practical bra made in
nylon organdie under licence
from Rosy of Paris . . . 25/11

GUARANTEE. All Brassieres bearing the name Kayser are guaranteed. Should there be any
cause for dissatisfaction in the material or manufacture Kayser will replace the brassiere.

Kayser, The largest producers of hosiery, lingerie,
brassieres and gloves in the British Commonwealth.

got to be that the stuff in the loft went off by accident."

"Time or remote control, or something like that."

"That's the sort of thing. When I was in Palestine I knew something about it, but I'm rusty now. I want to find out what the up-to-date ideas are."

"Is there enough explosive to kill your man if he happens to be still on the ground floor when it goes up?"

"It might. But it'd be chancy. Quite a solid little house. If he'd been two floors down he might have got away with it. He'd have had a colossal headache, but it mightn't have killed him."

"If you've really got no idea when he goes to bed—he might sit up till three in the morning if he got interested in a book—it almost rules out time, doesn't it?"

"I was never very happy about time. The thing went off too pat. When he was in his bedroom, but not actually in bed."

"Brimberley," said Mr. Smith indifferently.

Tim nodded.

Mr. Smith returned to his doodling.

"It sounds," he said eventually, "as if it might be a push-and-pull job."

"Come again?"

"It's a new gadget. Or, strictly, an old gadget with modifications. It's rather neat. Say you set it on a door. You open the door. That winds up the device. As soon as you shut the door again it goes off. Either immediately, or after an interval. That's the two-way. Then you can have a variation on that; the three-way type. When you open the door that winds it up. When

you shut it that arms it. When you open it again you set it off. Very useful, that one, if the man you're after is suspicious of you."

Mr. Smith almost blinked in his enthusiasm. "You take him into the room with you, you see. You open the door yourself, and show him in. Then you say, just wait a minute, and go out and shut the door behind you—and take yourself off. If he's suspicious, he'll keep pretty quiet. He won't go round turning on switches and touching things. But the one thing he won't mind doing is opening the door. He's seen you do it twice. He knows it's harmless. Only this time is the third time and it's no longer harmless."

"I see," said Tim. "Applying it to my man—?"

"Easy. Ordinary landing light with a two-way switch, one switch by the stairs, one at the other end of the passage by your bedroom. You turn the landing light on at the stairs when you come up to bed. That's movement number one. Last thing at night, when you've finished washing, and so on, you turn the light off at the bedroom end. A five second delay fuse. Enough to let him get into the bedroom and shut the door, but not long enough for him to get into bed."

"Yes," said Tim. "Yes. That fits well enough with what was observed. How long would it take to rig up?"

Mr. Smith looked doubtful. "I could do it in ten minutes," he said.

"And leave no signs?"

"They wouldn't be very easy to spot. There'd be nothing at all in the bedroom. One extra wire from each switch on the landing. The actual timing and setting devices would be screwed into the explosive. They'd disintegrate."

"Thank you," said Tim.

Continuing . . . Sky High

(from page 49)

"Yes. Thank you very much. I need hardly say—"

"Oh, discretion itself," said Mr. Smith with a blink.

Tim stepped out into High Holborn, into a slant of cold rain.

Darkness had fallen and the lamps were lit. The tide, which sets eastward here as Londoners scurry home to their firesides, was already slackening.

Tim looked at his watch. The time was now at hand to try out that idea.

He got on to a west-going bus, bought his ticket from the conductor, and climbed the stairs. The bus was almost empty.

In less than a minute Tim was back in the MacMorris house. He was going into the room—what had he called it?—the snuggery. He was sitting down in that tip-up chair. He and MacMorris were saying things to each other. He was getting up to leave. MacMorris was pressing him to have a drink. Whisky. Good whisky. If ever you want whisky, MacMorris had said, go to Brasseys and ask for the Captain. He had said it twice. Don't forget. Ask for the Captain.

Now, if there was one thing that was more obvious than another about that interview it was that MacMorris had planned every step in it. Not in advance. He couldn't have been sure that Tim was coming. But on the spot, quickly, deftly. As a cool operator will plan when he is seeking to increase his own chances of staying alive.

The few facts which he had been told. The photograph he had been allowed to see. The letter he had been shown. The old actor setting the scene, thought Tim. The props laid

ready to hand. That letter. Particularly the letter. Had MacMorris, in fact, constructed that letter himself?

As soon as he had formulated the idea Tim felt that it had the ring of truth. MacMorris knew that he stood in danger. Unfortunately, however, it was not the sort of danger he could talk to other people about. He could not directly seek the help he needed so badly. So he did as other men had done before in such straits. He manufactured an artificial danger. He wrote himself a vaguely threatening letter. A letter which he could use, as a pretext, to rally his protectors round him. First Tim, then the police.

Only he had left it too late. Death was already in the house, moving quietly, soft hands, soft feet. So quietly that the straining ears of a frightened man had only just caught the whisper of his passing.

Tim became suddenly aware that someone was saying something to him.

"—wanted Sloane Square."

He turned his head.

"I thought you said you wanted Sloane Square," repeated the upper half of the bus conductor reproachfully.

"Oh, yes. Quite right," said Tim. "I was dreaming."

He climbed down the stairs and jumped off.

The rain was coming down harder now.

Brasseys lies behind Sloane Square. It is a name which Londoners have associated for sixty years with good food. Three generations of diners-out have passed through the swing-door, between the twin

bow windows, one with its ten different sizes of champagne bottle, the other with the giant scarlet lobster in plaster of paris.

You go straight into a cramped ante-room and bar, with stairs leading off it on both sides. At the back is a long partition of screens. Behind the screens the dining-room. You can still see, if you look carefully, that it was once a gymnasium. There is the big double skylight in the roof, with the long, brass rods and the cog wheels by which it was opened, and there are hooks in the high roof from which ropes once hung.

The inner room is now a comfortable mixture of Regency sporting prints, red plush, brass rails, and balloon glass. If it is not quite as full as it used to be in its hey-day, it is still popular.

The scene was just warming up when Tim arrived. The family parties, who had been eating early to get to a theatre, were finishing, yielding place to more leisured and serious diners.

In one corner three naval sub-lieutenants were examining the wine list with suspicion. A clergyman and his wife were saying that on the whole they thought they would just start with clear soup. A very fat man was superintending the addition of hot garlic sauce to a plate of scampi.

An untidy young man with the air of an undergraduate came in ahead of Tim, and they both paused together in the entrance. There were two small tables vacant. The undergraduate veered towards one, Tim towards the other.

Tim sat down, picked up the long, handwritten menu and asked himself why he had come. He had no taste for solitary gourmandising. He could ill afford the money. There must be easier and less expensive



"That's not thunder. Daddy's just taking a nap on the living-room couch."

ways of getting a good bottle of whisky. He was not all that fond of whisky.

On the other hand, if there had been anything of hidden significance in MacMorris' idle words, if it had been a message or a code or an open sesame, just how was he going to work it? These things were easy in theory. It was when you tried to put them into practice that the snags appeared.

A frail old waiter who looked like a wind-blown leaf, if it is possible to imagine a wind-blown leaf in a tailcoat, drifted up behind his elbow and awaited his pleasure.

"Is there anything you can particularly recommend?" said Tim.

"The whitebait's nice," said the waiter.

"Whitebait, then. And steak."

To page 52

assure maximum mattress comfort
—to ensure sounder sleep . . .

Support your mattress with a Permarest

STEEL SPIRAL SPRING MATTRESS BASE

No matter what type of mattress you prefer, you'll sleep sounder when you use a "Permarest" Mattress Base. The scientifically designed Tension and Spiral Spring suspension area will softly "cradle" your mattress—making the perfect comfort combination.

With a "Permarest" Mattress Base in your bedroom, you'll know immediately the joy of maximum luxury and healthy, sounder sleep.

"PERMAREST" WILL NEVER SAG OR STRETCH!

"Permarest" Mattress Bases feature sturdy angle iron frames in four alternative sizes. The suspension area (full width and breadth of frame) is comprised of "U" section underbars, Tension and Cone springs with mesh-wire overlay. "Permarest" frame and underbars are rust resistant and mesh wire, springs, etc., are galvanised for life-long protection. By fitting contemporary-style legs only, the "Permarest" can be used as a "comfort-plus" divan . . . with conventional head and foot rails, you have the famous "Permarest" bedstead.

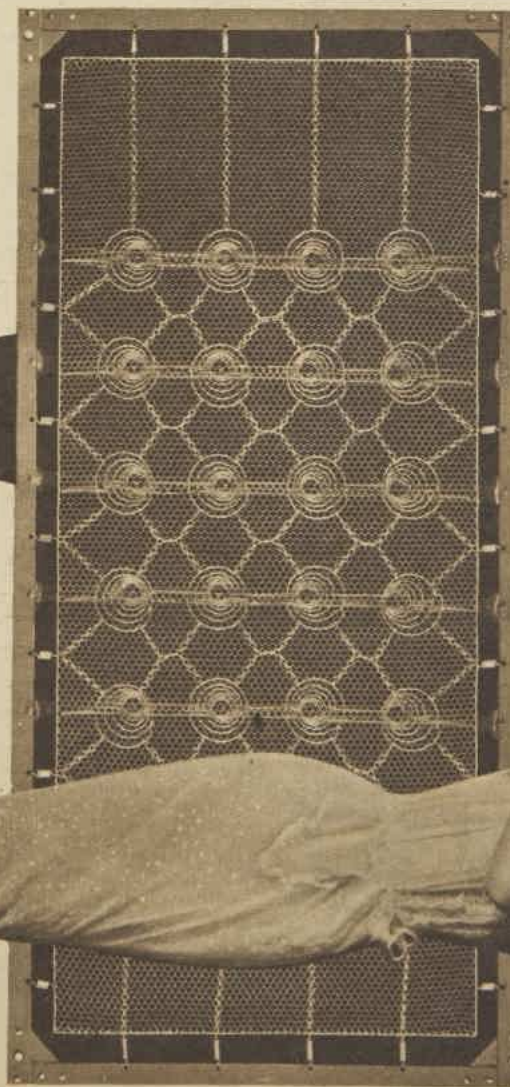
Ask to be shown a "Permarest" Mattress Base at your nearest furniture store—inspect it—test it—you'll find sleep is cheap, deep and sweet on a "Permarest."

Manufactured by:

PERMAREST PTY. LTD.

15 BROADWAY, SYDNEY, also at Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 3, 1955



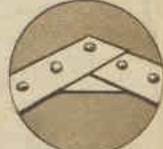
OUTSTANDING "PERMAREST" FEATURES



Diecast chills are available to suit both standard timber and tubular chrome bedsteads.



Strong, welded steel bed legs are available. Easy to attach.



Corners braced with riveted angle brackets making the frame completely rigid.

Ask to see the "Permarest" Mattress Base at your favourite furniture store.

Page 51



Everyone would like to have white, sparkling teeth like lovely Sydney model **Janette Paris**. Her teeth care is simple to follow. She uses new American formula Nyal Toothpaste. Janette says:-

"To my mind there is no better Toothpaste than Nyal!"

You, too, can have whiter, brighter teeth in only 10 days by using Nyal Toothpaste. New American-formula Nyal Toothpaste will clean your teeth better than ever before! **Cleans Teeth Better.** In texture and cleansing power, Nyal Toothpaste sets a new standard; foams instantly, helps remove food particles from between the teeth. **Makes Teeth Brighter.** The highly-activated dental detergent contained in Nyal Toothpaste quickly and safely removes all traces of dulling film and stains. **Makes the Mouth Fresher.** The clean, refreshing peppermint flavour of Nyal Toothpaste lingers long after brushing your teeth. Children like it, too!

Have whiter teeth in 10 days with...



THE VETERANS
By Eric Lambert
Sydney in the wartime throes of Americans, blackouts, and black markets, seen through the eyes of Australian soldiers on leave—and the immortal story of their great New Guinea campaign.
Price 15/6 from all Booksellers

"The steak's not so good to-night."

He looked like an honest man.

"Duck?"

"Very good, indeed, sir. Orange salad, spinach, straw potatoes."

Tim said he thought that would do. The waiter produced a black shagreen-covered wine list, which was a little smaller than a family Bible.

"A pint of beer," said Tim.

"A pint of beer," said the waiter and drifted off.

It took the usual unconscionable time to serve, but it wasn't a bad dinner. When he had eaten it all up, and had kindled a spark of hope in the waiter's breast by ordering a small kummel, Tim felt fortified for the next move.

The dining-room was quite full now, full of the aroma of garlic, of methylated spirits, of newly ground coffee, faintly hazed with the incense of cigar smoke and good humor. It was a moment for the laying down of lines and the drawing up of blueprints for the future. It was the moment when your ankle would touch someone else's under the table and out of that light contact unimaginable things would be born.

Tim shook his head angrily, and beckoned to a superior waiter who was propping up a pillar beside the service door. The superior waiter ignored him as long as he could, and then advanced at a speed which implied that he was not used to being beckoned to by men who drank pints of beer.

Tim waited patiently until the man had come to anchor behind his left elbow.

"I wonder if I could have a word with the Captain," he said.

"The Captain, sir."

It was difficult to detect whether or not there was a question mark at the end of it.

"I'm told he can get me a special line in whisky. Is that right?"

"Oh, whisky," said the superior waiter, as if that made sense of it all.

He sailed off. Tim thought that he was moving a little faster. The wind was behind him this time.

A short interval ensued in which he heard a stout party say to the innocent girl who shared his table, "Always save your chemist's bills, my dear. You're an actress. You can put them in for expenses against your surtax. Save two hundred pounds a year by that. Two hundred pounds. That's not to be sneezed at, you know."

The girl confirmed that she would not sneeze if anyone offered her two hundred pounds, and the superior waiter reappeared.

"Would you come with me, sir," he said.

Tim followed the man out into the ante-room. The jostling crowd was no longer there. It was either eating its dinner or had gone on.

The room was quiet and deserted. They turned left, up the shallow stairs, through a door and along a short passage.

The waiter knocked, bent his head to listen, opened the door and stood aside for Tim to go in. The gesture was as clear as words. His part of the job was done. Tim was now on his own.

The man who was sitting behind the big, cluttered desk was vaguely familiar. It was a picture in the fashionable weeklies. Sporting event? The turf? Greyhound racing, perhaps. He had sandy hair, dropping into old-fashioned sideboards in front of his ears; a yellowish leathery face, the lower folds of which rested on a high Edwardian collar.

He did not get up but looked vaguely towards an empty chair. Tim sat down.

"I understand you wanted to see me."

"You're the Captain?"

"My friends call me that."

Continuing . . . Sky High

[from page 51]

Hardly a snub. Just a remark.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance," said Tim, getting as much geniality into it as he could. It was not easy. There was something formidable about the man and something chilling.

"I'm sorry to bother you. I didn't really intend to burst in on you like this. But a friend of mine told me that you could put me on to something quite special in the way of whisky."

"A friend of yours? He knows me?"

"Toby Carshalton," said Tim readily. "16th Hussars."

"Carshalton?" said the Captain impassively. "I don't remember the name. But I have many friends in the Army. Tell me, Mr.—?"

"Artside."

"Mr. Artside. When he recommended my whisky did he particularly mention Scotch or Irish?"

It was as clear to Tim as anything could be that this was some sort of pay-off line. If he got the answer to this one he was in for a dividend. The trouble was that he lacked any sort of inspiration. Silently he cursed MacMorris for giving him only half the story.

Before the silence could become awkward he said, "I don't know that he mentioned that especially. If you know Toby you'll know what a vague sort of chap he is at times."

At this moment he happened to look up and his blood chilled.

He was looking into the eyes of a wolf.

Just a flash. Then it was the dear old Captain again. But he could no more mistake it than the Styrian peasant could have mistaken it when, at dusk, in the lonely depths of the forest, he looked more closely at the friendly old man who was guiding him and saw the sprouting hair, the lengthening white teeth, the yellow fire in the shallow eyes.

Tim had no more to say and his mouth was dry. The Captain continued to look at him, thoughtfully now. It was an awkward silence to break.

At that moment the door opened and a man came in without knocking.

Tim found it difficult, afterwards, to remember what he looked like. He was a youngish man, with a suggestion of the Latin in his hard, brown face and black hair. He was well-dressed, and carried himself with the confidence of a man who expects to be deferred to wherever he goes. Tim got the impression that he, and not the Captain, was the real owner of the room.

He glanced at Tim for a moment, and then walked over

to the fireplace and helped himself to a cigarette out of the box on the mantelpiece.

"I did think," said the Captain, in a voice which conveyed a warning, "that we might have a customer here. I was led to think it."

"Oh, yes."

"A customer for our whisky?"

"Yes?"

"But it didn't work out that way."

"A pity," said the newcomer, with an insincere smile. "In that case—"

Tim accepted his dismissal. He rose to his feet and said, "Well, if there's nothing doing I'll be getting along. Sorry to have bothered you."

Neither man said anything to that. He was conscious of two pairs of eyes watching him as he closed the door.

When he reached his table he was surprised to find that his coffee was still hot. He felt that he had been away a lot longer.

He drank it slowly, in time with his slow thoughts. When you are clearing out the sty, he thought, there is no mistaking the moment when the prongs of your pitchfork, driving through the piled trash and straw and rubbish, touch on the concrete of the floor itself. He had run up against the hard competence of professional crime and his arms were still tingling with the shock.

Yet it seemed to have nothing, less than nothing, to do with the amateur goings-on at Brimberley. They were different equations without a common factor.

He signalled for his bill and two men began to move. Both were big men and neither of them had been serving him before.

He realised that he had made a mistake.

He should have paid his bill and got out while the going was good.

It was all done very smoothly.

One of the men stationed himself in the alley-way in the line between Tim's table and the door. The other came straight for him. He had the bill on a salver in his big right hand. He looked like an army gym instructor, one of those menacing men who used to tie you in knots and bounce you genially on the mat.

Only this time he was going to be bounced on the pavement, face downwards and not genially. To teach him to keep his silly little nose out of things that did not concern him.

As the man approached, Tim got to his feet and got clear of the table. The man came on,

until he was right up to him, leaned forward courteously, and stamped on Tim's toe.

As Tim's head jerked forward, he raised the salver so that the edge of it caught Tim on the bridge of the nose.

A scene, thought Tim, through the sharp pain. A scene. That's all they want. They'll say I started it. Then they're covered.

"Your bill, sir," said the gymnast. "And I hope you won't forget to add a nice big tip."

Tim kicked him, as hard as he could in the small space available, on the shin. He might have been kicking a wall.

The man put down the salver without hurry and his big hands came up and felt for the lapels of Tim's coat.

It was at this moment that the untidy young man, two tables away, knocked over one of the lighted methylated spirit stoves. It rolled on to the floor and burst with a little pop.

A woman screamed.

The untidy young man looked unspeakably horrified at what he had done. He then picked up an open bottle of brandy and poured it helpfully over the wavering nest of fire on the carpet.

A sheet of flame rose from the floor and for an instant everything stood still.

Then, as Tim tore himself out of the hands of his startled opponent, pandemonium broke loose.

There was one chance. The front door was blocked by the second man. He dived for the service door.

The gymnast came after him, fast. The service door was a swing door, but even so Tim doubted if he could negotiate it in time. Then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw the gymnast go into an involuntary dive. The untidy young man had completed a remarkable evening's work by sticking his leg out and tripping him as he went past.

With the crash of that fall still ringing in his ears Tim burst through the service door.

That a waiter should have been coming through it in the other direction carrying a tray of Madras curry was bad luck, on the waiter. The incident hardly checked Tim, who, as opponents on the rugby field had discovered, was slow off the mark but devilish difficult to stop once he got fairly under way.

Tim hurdled the body of the waiter, skidded through the first wave of curry, took the short passage in five steps and erupted, through a second swing door, into the kitchen. Three men in white caps and aprons jerked their heads up together, as if they had been strung on the same wire.

"Fire," shouted Tim. "Police. Fire."

The men continued to stare. Through the doors they could hear a growing hubbub.

"Way out?" shouted Tim. One of the men gestured feebly.

Tim wrenched the door open and found himself in an alley. At the end of it was an archway, with an iron gate across it. The gate solidly and completely filled the archway, and it was padlocked.

There was a row of dustbins against the wall.

Tim got up to one, felt for the top of the wall, and scrambled up.

The top was dirty, and slippery with rain. Tim balanced for a moment. Ahead of him was a pit of darkness.

At that moment angry voices broke out from the room he had just left.

He turned on to his stomach, lowered himself to the full length of his arms, and hung for a moment. He hoped there was nothing spiky below. Then he dropped.

His landing place proved soft and yielding. As he got to

To page 58

Jane Russell

★ Reversing her role of loser to Marilyn Monroe in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," tall and shapely Jane Russell comes into her own as the girl men marry in the new CinemaScope Technicolor musical, "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." It, too, is taken from a book by that famed expert on young ladies and their admirers, Anita Loos.

Jane, who was 35 this month, has been happily married to film executive and former professional football player Robert Waterfield for the past 12 years. They have an adopted son, Tommy, and an adopted daughter whom they call Tracy.



Give Grannie a birthday flashlight
by **EVEREADY**



Grannie, or anyone who is a light sleeper, needs an "Eveready" brand flashlight for those noises in the night; seeing the time; getting a drink.



Got a new car? Give it its very own flashlight for reading street numbers or signposts at night. For night tyre-changing or looking at the engine.

20% more power
Brighter light... longer
life... when you use
"Eveready" brand Batteries
in your Eveready
Flashlight!

Type
No. 3755

The Battery
with "Nine Lives"

EVEREADY
BRAND

"Eveready", "Masterlite", "Nine Lives" and the Cat symbol are registered trademarks of Eveready (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W.

WHY
WORRY!

3
MONTHS
WEAR

OR A FREE PAIR

CANT-TEAR-EM
WORK SHIRTS & TROUSERS

CT21-6

The "TRUE BOOK" Series

Books for the young—and many of them for the not-so-young—bright non-fiction written by experts on their varied subjects. Price 7/6 and 8/3 From all Booksellers

G. MARISH PTY. LTD.
245-247 Pitt St., Sydney.
Phone No. MA4519.

Huberdashery Wholesalers
We supply all MACHINES, DIES, & ACCESSORIES, for BUTTON & BUCKLE covering, as well as all materials for LADIES' BELT making. Ask for Price Lists.

Studio news and gossip

From HOLLYWOOD and LONDON

PETITE Gloria Swanson is one actress who doesn't mind telling her age. Fabulous Gloria swept through London a short while ago with a new look—iron-grey hair snipped by a man's barber, no pancake make-up, plain summer dress, cyclamen lipstick, and, just to identify her, a huge letter G dangling from a bangle.

Said Gloria happily: "Okay—so I'm 55 and I'm telling the world. For every year that I get older I know that everybody else is getting a year older, too."

Undaunted by the fact that she's had five husbands, Gloria was talking calmly about the possibility of number six. "You never know," she said. "I still believe in romance."

AFTER the fight is over... Hollywood insiders are betting that Marilyn Monroe's fight with her studio has ended and that Marilyn will go back to work soon, probably in September. At present she is in New York attending a school at Actors' Studio.

Although Fox insists that there is still no official word and that no actual agreement has been reached, they do say that it appears an agreement will be reached soon. Monroe will get a higher salary than the £700-odd per week the studio has paid her in the past, but not as much as she wanted agreed upon before resuming work.

A SPARKLING Joan Crawford recently breezed into Paris on the arm of her new husband, Al Steele, a Pepsi-Cola bigshot, to find herself guest of honor at a number of parties. Joan also gave a few parties off her own bat while in the French capital.

THE story of Jayne Mansfield continues to be one of surprises and defeats turned into victories. Buxom, blond Jayne is the lass who went to Florida for the premiere of "Underwater," and out-Russelled Jane, gathering all the male eyes around with her 40-21-35 measurements.

There followed a contract and parts in three movies in which Jayne played roles as cigarette girls and such. Then she was dropped by the studio.

But Jayne wasn't out of work for very long; the very next day she was signed by Dan Duryea to play the main feminine role opposite him in an independent movie. Jayne will play a gun-moll this time.

OF all the party-givers in Paris, Maurice Chevalier seems to be the most delightful host, proving perhaps that stories suggesting that he is a tightwad are untrue. Chevalier, who recently left home for a personal-appearance tour of South Africa, hopes to leave for the United States later in the year. There he plans to appear in several television shows, and to tour the country with his one-man show. Ultimately he should land in Hollywood to do that Chevalier movie—a sort of nostalgic cavalcade re-creating his past successes in Hollywood and France.



STAGE and screen star Bette Davis and her real-life husband, Gary Merrill, are in a happy mood on the set of Bette's new film, "The Virgin Queen," in which she enacts the role of the first Queen Elizabeth of England.

Hold your
wedding reception
at the
Australia Hotel
45 CASTLEREAGH ST.
SYDNEY

Every detail will be perfection when you hold your Reception in the wonderful new Starlight Room. The Australia's Starlight Wedding Service will organise the catering, order and address your invitations, book hire cars, soloists and photographer and arrange for a most exquisite bouquet and cake.

A SPECIAL BRIDAL SUITE
is placed at the disposal of the Bridal Couple, who stay overnight as guests of the Management, quite free-of-charge. Make your enquiries now.

**RING THE
STARLIGHT
WEDDING
ADVISER
8 0388
Ext. 322**

Make perfect Coffee with the SAVOY PERCOLATOR

Beautifully made in polished aluminium and Swan-Cromalin finish—with black moulded plastic handle and Pyrex glass top. 2½ pt. capacity. From leading Stores and Ironmongers.



In the home for a LIFETIME

Bulpitt & Sons Ltd., Birmingham 18, England

WHY
WORRY!

£1,000
ACCIDENT
INSURANCE

when you buy—and wear...

CANT-TEAR-EM
WORK SHIRTS & TROUSERS

CT22-6

CHANCES DIRT!

You can get
it off with
Old DUTCH
CLEANSER

D.82 4R

FOR TOILETS, WOODWORK, WINDOWS, LINO.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 3, 1955

NEW CADBURY RECIPE BOOK

Special offer
to users of
Bournville Cocoa



36 pages of practical
kitchen-tested Chocolate
recipes for 1/-

Here's an exciting new offer from Cadbury's. Our latest Recipe Book—just off the press and produced to sell at 2/-—for only 1/- to users of Bournville Cocoa! Think of it! 36 pages packed with valuable cooking information... 68 recipes in 8 different sections. Recipes for all your old chocolate favourites and many new ones. Cakes for every day as well as those for special occasions. Biscuits, hot puddings with heavenly sauces, fluffy frostings and fillings for cakes and some brand new party desserts. Teenagers will delight in their special section as well as suggestions for home-made sweets. All the recipes have been tried, tested and recommended by one of Australia's leading women cooking authorities. Win the applause of your friends and family with the wonderful help of "Let's Cook with Chocolate".

Limited quantities—
First to send is
sure of a copy!

A new series of Cadbury recipes
using Bournville Cocoa

PRICE
2/-



For drinking, too

The economy drink
from CADBURY'S—
120 cups to the pound

Send
this
coupon
NOW!

"LET'S COOK WITH CHOCOLATE"

To Dept. D: Cadbury-Fry-Pascall Pty. Ltd. Claremont, Tasmania.
I enclose 1/- Postal Note or stamps for my copy of "Let's Cook
with Chocolate". Postage and packing free.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT) _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

This coupon will be the actual label used to send your book,
so please write clearly.

How Marlene stays ever young

From BILL STRUTTON,
in London

● Marlene Dietrich is again ruling cafe society in London. Every night she flows down the curved staircase of the Cafe de Paris to step on to the floor and enchant — through a blue haze of smoke — the most exotic and critical audience in the West End.

WITH Marlene's return, the old question revives. It's a question that becomes slightly more querulous as the years pass.

The question is: How does she do it? In vain one searches for signs of Time — a wrinkle here or there, a thickening of that girlish waist, a subtle change in the conformation of those splendid legs. There are no changes, to the naked, bulging eye.

Dietrich is still perennial youth, and getting more and more bored with the public's guessing about her age. It is somewhere between 50 and 55. But this is a mere statistic.

Marlene herself supplies the answer to the riddle, and it's a very simple, truthful one. To me — and I have seen her often — it is a completely satisfying one.

She says, "I grow with the time. It's not sleep that keeps the wrinkles away, or cosmetics. Rather, it's a frame of mind — a psychological outlook, a determination to enjoy life and to remain young by changing to suit changing ideas."

Surely, she must diet, they say. Marlene laughs.

She dives out through a forest of orchids in the Oliver Messel suite of the Dorchester Hotel and returns to the lounge with a wooden box, very expensive-looking.

"Chocolates," she announces. "I've already eaten half the box since this morning."

She breaks almost every other rule except the one about keeping mentally young. And the young break all the rules, anyhow.

Dietrich, the glamorous grandmother, eats irregularly. She orders exactly what she feels like.

"I eat a lot of bread and potatoes, and all the wrong things," she says.

"Women only get fat through eating when they THINK they'll get fat."

She smokes interminably — another rule broken.

She explains: "I am writing a book called 'The Illusion of Beauty.' And I can't set down a word without a cigarette."

"I know nothing about synthetic beauty. This is a historical and philosophical work. I've had to do a lot of research and read a lot of reference books."

"But beauty is an illusion which changes with the times. If you could see me today as you saw me in my first Hollywood pictures, you'd consider me tawdry, cheap, vulgar — not a beauty. I was made to appear beautiful at that time, and if people who considered me so still find me beautiful, it's because I've changed with changing ideas."

"The only talent I have is being able to fit into the demands of the times. I'm very good at doing what is wanted. To do that, you must keep an open mind."

I can remember Dietrich rehearsing a racy number called "Land, Sea, and Air" with Noel Coward for one of Lon-



REVEALING GOWN, worn by glamor veteran Marlene Dietrich for a nightclub appearance, was designed by Jean Louis, and is reported to have cost £2500.



FIRST-NIGHT GLAMOR. Marlene Dietrich, looking younger and more beautiful than ever, arrives at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, for the premiere of the play "Moby Dick," in which Orson Welles starred.



AT A GARDEN PARTY in London, Marlene plays an old barrel organ, watched by the Pearly King and Queen of Hampstead, Bert and Beck Matthews. Marlene officially opened the party, which aided charity.

don's great charity midnight matinees, "The Night of a Hundred Stars."

A flock of photographers were scrambling over the empty stalls seats as she hopped nimbly up on to the stage, tripped to the microphone, and took her stance there, feet planted apart, arms folded, looking down on the assembled snapshotting photographers with benign amusement.

Enjoys attention

SHE was superbly tailored in a beige linen suit, a little hat, and shoes to match. She had been escorted in by an entourage of Press agents and hangers-on, carefully piloted by a dapper little man in a grey Homburg and buttonhole carnation who looked like a well-preserved French count.

Frankly, she was enjoying the stir she created. She was enjoying the song she was about to sing. She skipped around the microphone and then threw back her head and sang. The photographers kept shooting.

Half-way through, in a pause, Marlene eyed the pic-

ture-takers and said gently out of the corner of her mouth, "Shove along, boys."

That was no grandma talking. She behaves about half her age, and believes it.

She thinks the English are ungallant about age.

"It's only in this country," Marlene complains, "that I am asked questions which premise that I am already old. They remember that it's 25 years ago that I made 'The Blue Angel.' They might easily have forgotten if I hadn't had such a wicked part."

Then she smiles slyly, "What they've forgotten is that I was a very young girl when I made it."

"I've survived, I think, because even the things I do out on the stage — the way I dress, the songs I sing, the orchestrations for them — they're all of today."

She calls beauty an illusion because its standards change with time and taste. "And you must change to progress, even though the changes are not always good ones."

"That's the road to success — and believe me, I know!"



1 STRANDED with Carol (Kay Kendall), a pretty ex-girl-friend, Peter (Brian Reece) recalls that his wife, Barbara, is aboard the departing holiday train. The couple follow by car.



2 BRAVING a hostile landlady the travellers have to register at an inn as husband and wife to get a room for Carol after a breakdown. Peter roams the inn looking for a place to sleep.



3 BACK HOME, Barbara (June Thorburn) assures her suspicious mother, Mrs. Crabb, that she has faith in Peter. The Crabbs set out for the inn.

MOVIE FARCE

★ Missing a holiday train can lead to such complications, particularly when playwright Ben Travers puts his pen to paper to record the farcical twists and turns that can result.

In "Cuckoo in the Nest" (J. A. Rank), filmgoers see what happens to a bewildered young husband who finds himself—in all innocence—involved in a matrimonial tangle.

Brian Reece, Stanley Holloway, and Kay Kendall are the stars.



4 NERVOUSLY, Peter, who sheds his rain-drenched clothes, confronts his parents-in-law. Carol is merely amused.



5 MR. CRABB (Stanley Holloway) is not at all shocked, gives Carol a roguish smile. He's a man who likes a drink and has a wink for the girls when his wife's back is turned.



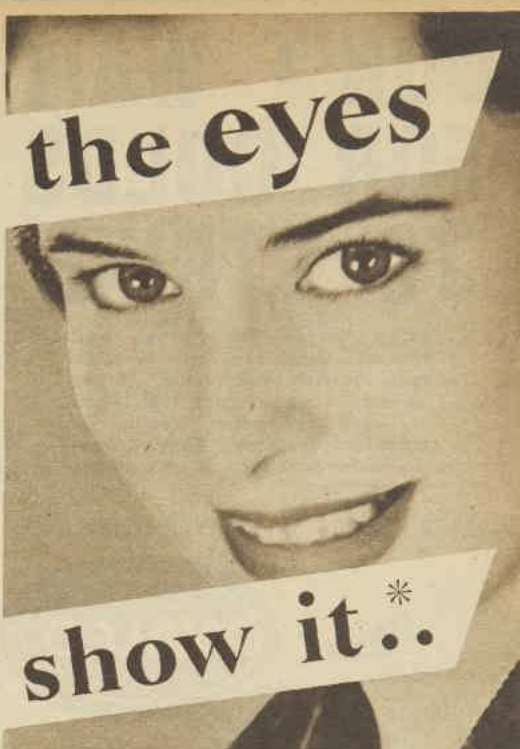
6 DOWNSTAIRS the landlady points out the incriminating signature in the visitors' book. Carol couldn't care less, but Peter is tired and worried about what will happen when Barbara arrives there.



7 BAR break performed by Mr. Crabb provides some refreshments at the landlady's expense. Crabb tells Peter how to handle Barbara, and says everything will be all right.



8 CHASE follows Barbara's refusal to believe Peter next morning, but when he catches her, all is forgiven. Carol is lucky, for her husband accepts her explanations and they leave the inn happily together.



YOUR EYES are an outward sign of inner health. Bright eyes mean a pure bloodstream, a regular system. When you are out-of-sorts your eyes show it. Then is the time to take Beecham's Pills. They remove those impurities from your system which may be the cause of biliousness, stomach upsets and sick headaches. Take Beecham's Pills at night. Next day, look at your eyes—bright and sparkling—just how you feel.

*.. the HEALTH that comes with BEECHAM'S PILLS

In Boxes, 40—2/—, 100—4/6



DON'T WAIT FOR COLDS TO STRIKE

Take Walco Eucalyptus and Menthol Gums regularly to minimise the risk of infection. If you already have a cold, take them to ease congestion, coughs or catarrhal deafness. They're wonderful for sore throats or smoker's cough, too.

CHASE COLDS WHEREVER THEY GO!



Your silver will gleam beautifully

when you use quicker-polishing liquid Silvo which costs less and is the safest polish for all silver



SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

his feet he decided that it was a bale of partly scraped sheepskins. The smell was powerful and unmistakable. There was a heap of these bales. He slithered off them and felt his way forward.

He had time to notice that it was still raining.

It was an open yard, at the back of some sort of factory or workshop. The building was barred and inaccessible, but he could see a wooden gate and the street lamps beyond.

The gate was high, but there might be room to squeeze over the top. He went back to the wall and fetched, one after the other, a dozen bales of skins, which he piled, two deep, into a sloping ramp behind the gate.

From the top he saw that he could manage it. Apart from the steady drip of the rain all seemed quiet.

He hoisted himself over the door with a squeeze. There was one hitch, followed by a sharp tearing sound, and then he was dropping down into the street.

Before he had time even to get to his feet, two unwinking lights had him captive.

A long car slid up and a voice said, "Can we be of any assistance?"

There was no alternative. The rear door opened and Tim climbed in. Someone flicked on an interior light, and he saw that it was the untidy young man. There was another man with him in the back and another in the front beside the driver. They were none of them in uniform, but Tim had no difficulty in guessing who they were.

"Been killing someone?" asked the untidy young man. Tim looked down at his hands.

What with the soot and the sheep they were impressive. "Isn't it Artside?" said the other man suddenly.

Tim looked at him. "Wait a minute," he said. "Beasley. No, Bazeley. Jaffa 1947. Right?"

"That's right," said Detective-Inspector Bazeley. "But I'm not going to shake hands until you've had a wash."

An hour later Tim was feeling a lot better. He had had a bath and his clothes had been dried and brushed.

"Now perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me what it's all about," he said.

"You take the words out of our mouths," said Inspector Bazeley, and the young man, whose name turned out to be Detective-Constable Pontifex, nodded gravely.

Tim considered. "From my end," he said, "there isn't a great deal to tell. I got a tip from a man—a Major MacMorris—"

It was evident that the name meant nothing to them.

"He suggested that if I approached a character at Brasseys, called the Captain, and started to talk about whisky, then things would happen. I did. They did."

"They certainly did," said Detective Pontifex.

"Now," said Tim, "your turn. What's it all about?"

Inspector Bazeley said, "Not for publication, mind. But it's big-time fencing."

"I see. Any particular line of goods?"

"There's no tie-up with any one crowd. They'll take anything, provided they can handle it. And provided the profit margin's big."

"I've never known a receiver who didn't feel himself cheated unless he makes 800 per cent. on the deal," agreed Tim.

"It's diamonds mostly. Country-house stuff. If you'd said 'Old Scotch' that would have been diamonds in an old-fashioned setting. Vat 17—that you wanted £1700 for them—"

"Yes," said Tim. "I see. I never got farther than the opening gambit. I wonder what they thought I was up to?"

Continuing . . . Sky High

from page 52

"I know what I hope they thought," said Bazeley. "I hope they thought you were some amateur who didn't quite know the ropes. If they did think that, then in spite of Pontifex's impulsive actions—the young man blushed—they may carry on. We don't want them to close down. They're such a useful little honey-pot."

"And I suppose you've had them under observation for some time?"

"Just over a year," said Bazeley calmly.

"And you've got a list of everyone who went in and out?"

"Not everyone. It's a pretty busy place. Anyone who turned up at all regularly or seemed to be too pally with the Captain."

"I suppose I couldn't look—"

"Well," said Bazeley. "No. I'd need higher authority before I did that."

"All right," said Tim. "Let me put it this way. If I gave you a name, would you be prepared to tell me if that name was or wasn't on your list?"

"I expect I could do that."

"Splendid!"

Quite suddenly Tim felt des-

A highbrow is a person educated beyond his intelligence.

—Brander Matthews

perately tired. He looked at his watch. It was just past midnight.

"We can give you a shake-down, here," said Bazeley.

"I'll tell them to get your bed ready," said Detective Pontifex. "We'll put you in the D.T. cell. I'm told it's very comfortable."

"I'd better do some telephoning first," said Tim.

If his mother had gone to bed, which he doubted, the telephone would have been switched through to her bedroom.

He got the number and heard the bell ringing. It went on for a long time.

Worried, he tried the General's house. The result was the same.

This was inconceivable. On occasions of emergency, when he had had to get hold of him, the General, who was the lightest of sleepers, had answered in a matter of seconds.

He tried both numbers again, feeling the sweat prickling cold on his body with a premonition of disaster.

In the end he gave it up, and after a little thought and research he asked for Bob Cleve's number.

The receiver came off the hook so quickly at the other end that someone must have been waiting with a hand stretched.

"Tim," said his mother's voice, "am I glad to hear you! No, it's all right. We're all of us all right. Yes, all of us. We're out at Bob's place. There's nothing you can do. No, nothing. But come down as quickly as you can in the morning. Something not very nice!"

On the morning of that Friday, as the General and Sue were finishing breakfast, Bob Cleve's large, maroon-colored car poked its nose into their front drive.

Sue opened the front door, ducked a fatherly kiss from Bob, and showed him into the breakfast-room, where the General was unfolding the "Times," which it was his habit to read, pretty carefully, from cover to cover each day.

"I've got a chairman's conference at Westminster," Bob explained. "Juvenile delinquency again. Thank you very much, Sue. I wouldn't say no

to a cup of your coffee. You're looking particularly ravishing this morning. Must be because you've got such a clear conscience. The Press are going to be admitted and I don't mind betting that it'll be a regular jamboree. There's something about juvenile delinquency that stirs the heart and soul of our newspaper-reading public."

"Well, it's uncommonly kind of you," said the General. "If you really are going up I'd be pleased to come with you. I take it you'll be going through Staines."

"Can't avoid it."

"Splendid. And how very kind of you to look in on the off-chance."

"I didn't come to see you," said Bob. "I came to look at Sue. And, by Jove, she's getting more worth looking at every day."

She snorted and went on with her breakfast.

As the big car scudded along the pleasant stretch between Bramshott and Wentworth the General, feeling that silence would have been a sort of discourtesy, explained to Cleve, in outline, what he was doing.

"It's worth a try," said Cleve. "But I think you'll be lucky if you find anything. You know what Courts of Inquiry were like. By the time the talking was over you felt so fed up that you shoved down the shortest account you could, consistent with not getting a rocket from the convening authority. 'Court of Inquiry assembled this blank day of blank to inquire into the loss of Gunner Bloggins' boots. Gunner Bloggins in evidence said, I am Gunner 99999 Bloggins—'"

"Yes, yes," said the General. "I've done plenty of them. All the same, this wasn't Gunner Bloggins' boots. Someone had blown up the Commanding General. That may have made them a little more long-winded."

"I hope you're right," said Bob.

The car swooped down Egham Hill, by-passed Egham on the left, and entered the ugly mile of gasometers and cafes that leads to Staines Bridge.

"We shall have to pack our conference up at four o'clock," said Bob. "Whether we've finished or not, but I can't guarantee to be here before five. Will that do?"

"It's extremely kind of you," said the General. "I think the place is somewhere behind here, on the right. Put me down at the bridge and I'll find it."

It had once been, and still looked like, a motor-car factory. The wiremesh entrance gates were shut and the commissionaire's hut stood empty.

The General found a bell and rang it.

After a pause a door in the building opened and a man came out and crossed the yard. He was in neat battledress, with shoes instead of boots and gaiters, and he wore the crown of a warrant-officer on his forehead.

From the name and the rank the General had inferred someone with a red face, a lot of body and a hearty manner. Sergeant-Major Bottler was therefore a surprise.

He was small and grey-haired and he wore steel-rimmed glasses. Only a certain self-sufficient neatness in his carriage and movement suggested the old soldier.

He said, "General Palling?" and saluted.

The General raised his bowler hat punctiliously, and the Sergeant-Major unlocked the gate.

"I gathered from the War Office something of what you

wanted, sir. It's going to be a bit of a job to find it. Mind your head."

They ducked under the open porte-cochere, cut in a large steel door which had evidently not been fully opened since the day when the last car had rolled off the production line. They were in a roomy building, something between a barn and a hangar. A little light filtered through overhead windows. It was quite warm.

"We have to keep the heating going," explained the Sergeant-Major. "Otherwise the damp would get at the papers. It comes up off the river. Damp and rats. They're the two things we have to worry about most. You wouldn't think rats could live on paper. But I believe they do—the little beggars. Only last week I found a nest of them, right in the middle of a bunch of A.B.104s. Hold hard, sir. We'll have some light on the scene."

He clicked down two switches and a row of big, overhead lamps opened up.

The whole floor space, as the General now saw, was honey-combed with wooden shelves. Not proper bookshelves, but slats resting on upright boards. On the lower shelves were different sizes of black tin boxes with drop-front. On the upper the papers stood piled in folders. The shelves ran up to a height of about eight feet. Above them, grey over the swinging electric globes, loomed the vast obscurity of the factory roof.

"There's bats up there," said the Sergeant-Major. "If you shine a torch up you can see them. Would you care to step into my office, and I'll just show you how we're arranged."

The Sergeant-Major's office was a cheerful little room; a kettle humming on the stove, a cat sleeping in the corner; a snug cabin in a grey wilderness. The Sergeant-Major unrolled a plan which showed the layout and opened filing cabinet after filing cabinet as he demonstrated the arrangement of his huge charge.

It was difficult to imagine anyone having an affection for a thousand tons of paper, but when a man is in love with his job it shines in his eyes and speaks through his speech.

The General found himself warming to the Sergeant-Major.

"It'll be in the north-east block, that's certain, sir. All the disciplinary proceedings are there, except sex. We keep sex in separate boxes against the north wall."

"How satisfactory," said the General. "I mean—I don't think sex comes into this one."

"The next point is, when were the papers lodged? We can't file them according to the year they relate to, you see, because that would mean opening every blessed paper and reading it, and that I can't do. So we file them in years of lodgment."

"I can't tell you that," said the General. "Not exactly. It can't be before 1920—probably later. But not likely to be much after 1924. They broke up those wartime formations pretty quickly."

"Then we're cross indexed under countries. India, Egypt, Far East, and so on. This would be Germany, I take it." The Sergeant-Major rattled his thumbnail through a dozen cards. "Occupation Forces, we called it then. It's all B.A.O.R. now. Anyway, that'll be enough to get us into the right section."

"I think it's extremely helpful," said the General. "I'd no idea it was all arranged in such a businesslike way."

"We try to be businesslike," said the Sergeant-Major, much gratified. "Would you come this way. That's right. We'd better bring dusters. I get round the whole lot once

To page 59

a month, but it soon settles again."

"Now see here," said the General. "Don't you bother to do the actual searching. I'm sure you've plenty to do. And I've got all the time in the world. I'll soon get the hang of it."

All in all, the General could not remember when he had passed such a satisfactory morning.

Almost at first dip he picked out the papers of that extraordinary business in which Tricky Fellow had almost lost his commission. Indeed, would have lost his commission had not justice been tempered with a good deal of imagination; a piece of long-sighted clemency which paid off when Fellow did so well in the South African War.

Thinking of Fellow somehow put him in mind of Masters, and a disastrous piece of horse-coping, a matter which he had been called on himself to give evidence. It gave him quite a shock to find his own name.

"Colonel Palling stated that, in his opinion, the fact that the horse had thrown General Pargeter during a ceremonial parade did not, in itself, prove that the horse was vicious."

How important it had all seemed at the time. How little it all mattered now. General Pargeter must have been dead half a century. Masters? Masters had died on the Somme, like a lot of other good fellows.

At this point the General was diverted from a train of melancholy by the happy discovery of the papers relating to the Covent Garden Ball rumpus.

When he had finished with these he looked guiltily at his watch and found that it was nearly two o'clock. So he went out to see if he could find some lunch, which he did, eventually, at a cafe which had been designed to deal with the summer boating trade but was now some weeks past its normal time for hibernation and inclined to be resentful about it.

During the afternoon he addressed himself more seriously and methodically to his task and by four o'clock he was get-

ting warm. At one moment he thought he had it. He had untied a bursting buff folder labelled (promisingly enough) "Occupation Forces, Cologne. Headquarters Records." They were in no sort of order, but that he was on the right track was proved by the fact that Lieutenant-General Artside's name appeared with increasing frequency.

He was hampered by the fact that he could not remember the exact date on which the explosion had occurred. He seemed to remember that it was some time in October of 1920. He searched again through the file and discovered an odd thing. There were papers connected with every other month of the year, but nothing at all for October.

He went through it once again, to make certain. Then he looked at the backs of the other folders in that box. None of them seemed even remotely promising.

The General put the Cologne folder away, in the front of the box, and went to find Bottler.

"I suppose you get a lot of visitors," he said.

"One or two a day, most days," agreed the Sergeant-Major. "Mostly from War Office and Records. They come down to borrow papers."

"Borrow?" said the General sharply. "But you'd keep a record of any papers they took away."

"Certainly, sir. Any particular file you had in mind?"

"It's box M.B.—I've jotted the number down somewhere—here it is—56."

"M.B.56." The Sergeant-Major consulted his filing system. "No, there's nothing out from that—except that—wait a moment. Well, now, that's an odd coincidence. It really is!"

The General waited patiently. "There's nothing booked out from that file, but I do remember it was looked at. Normally I wouldn't remember a thing like that, but—M.B.56—you see, sir, that's my wife's initials, Madge Bottler, and it was her exact age. The day it was looked at was her birthday."

The General thought hard.

Continuing . . . Sky High

from page 58

"How old is Mrs. Bottler now?"

"Fifty-seven last April. April 10th."

"I see. Then it was on April 10th of the year before that someone went to that file. I expect you keep a visitors' book."

"Certainly." The Sergeant-Major opened a ledger.

The General noticed that his own name and rank had already been neatly entered.

A rich-sounding motor horn spoke from the street.

"I'll have to knock off now," said the General. "That sounds like my lift home."

The Sergeant-Major followed him out. It was Cleeve, all right. He was hunched up over the wheel, and what little could be seen of him looked de-



Against April 10 of the previous year there was only one name. Major Robinson.

"I'm afraid I don't really remember anything about him," said the Sergeant-Major apologetically. "It was just the coincidence, you see, of the file and the number, and on that particular day."

"Hmp. The rank's not very helpful, either. There were a lot of very old majors left over from the first war, and a lot of very young ones out of the second. Never mind. As you say, it was an outside chance that you remembered it at all."

pressed. The juveniles must have been more than normally troublesome.

The Sergeant-Major walked round and held the door open for the General. He shut it after him, and saluted. The General turned down the window, put his arm and shoulder out, and shook hands warmly.

"You've been most helpful and considerate," he said, "and it's been a real pleasure meeting you."

The Sergeant-Major looked startled but pleased. He stood for some time staring after the

long car as it gathered speed up the road.

"I don't know about you," said Cleeve at last, "but I haven't yet found time for any tea. There's rather a nice little place in Egham—that's it—with the bottle glass windows. They make good toast, and plenty of it."

He still seemed worried. Evidently there was more than juvenile delinquency on his mind. When he said, as soon as they were alone with their tea, "I saw Tom Pearce last night. He's not at all happy about things," the General had no need to ask him what business he was talking about.

"He's not the only one," he said. "I can't remember seeing Liz in quite such a state before."

"Liz is a remarkably level-headed woman," agreed Cleeve. "But in this particular instance I think she and the police are worrying about different things. She's worried that they aren't taking her discoveries seriously. That's where she's wrong. They are. It's what happens next that worries them."

"Yes," said the General. He was cutting the crusts carefully off a round of toast.

"MacMorris was blackmailing someone. We might as well say it. We've all been thinking it. So someone decided to get rid of him. Very understandable reaction. It's just the way he carried it out makes it so frightening. It's not the sort of way I'd choose myself—too complicated and chancy. But you can't deny that it was effective. It not only destroyed MacMorris; it destroyed all the clues, too. You saw the house—"

"Yes," said the General. "All the same, there was the suggestion of an unbalanced mind in it."

Cleeve looked up sharply.

"A madman," he said.

"Yes. Or a mad woman. You haven't really got much line on the sex of the murderer, have you? Single blond hairs on the sofa, and so on. If there were any they went sky high with the fingerprints and everything else."

He added, "Don't mean a raving lunatic. Someone with

an element of unbalance in their make-up. The idea of wiping out a single threat with a great big explosion. There's something elemental about that."

The two men sat on in silence for a few minutes. The toast was, really, very good.

In the end the General broke the silence.

"It's a point of difference," he said, "between dangerous animals and dangerous people. Animals just go on quietly being killers. They don't let circumstances worry them. Humans are different. However sound their nerve may be, if they feel themselves pressed, they do stupid things. That makes them more dangerous in a way. But it makes them easier to catch."

"I hope you're right," said Cleeve soberly. "It's getting dark already. We're in for some rain."

In fact, rain was falling as they went out to the car.

Earlier that afternoon Liz walked up to the far end of Brimberley to call on Jim Hedges.

The garage and motor repair shop lay beyond the bridge over Brimber Brook, which circled the churchyard at that point.

Liz had never before penetrated beyond the penthouse in front, where she paid for the oil and petrol and bought an occasional spare part for her motor-cycle. She had not realised the full depth of the interior building.

A car, stripped to its chassis and tilted at an uncomfortable angle on props and jacks, waited patiently for the hand of the surgeon. Jim was beyond the car, busy at a bench. He was using a bright pair of long-nosed pliers to tiddle a copper wire along a steel channel. His huge, oil-black hands worked with curious delicacy and precision.

It has taken three generations to do it, thought Liz, but we've bred him at last, the natural mechanical countryman. Spanners, now, not scythes; horse-power instead of

To page 60

Are you in the know?



When to tell him your curfew?

- ☐ When starting out ☐ Play the waiting game

He planned to top the evening off with a really special cat-treat. But you're due home—now. Why wait till your deadline? Break the curfew news when you're starting out. Likewise—with sanitary needs, don't be caught unprepared. Buy Kotex in the new Double Pack—24 napkins all wrapped together for 5/5. Easy on the memory—and you'll always have some left over for "next time". You'll save money, too, and you'll find the new package is surprisingly unbulky to carry. Remember—Kotex Double Pack.



Does writing letters help to improve . . .

- ☐ Knock knees ☐ Your romance ☐ Your chatter

This is a trick question. To whittle fat from the inner knee: lie on your back with your leg straight up . . . "write" letters of the alphabet with your big toe. Repeat with other leg. Real letter writing can solve other problems—especially if there's a small girl around getting curious about menstruation. Just drop a note to Australian Cellucotton, Mars Road, Lane Cove, and we'll send you "You're a Young Lady Now"—the booklet that explains everything simply and in a pleasant, and straightforward style.

More women throughout the world choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins.

ONE DOZEN PACK



2/9

everywhere

Do it now

Choose a new Kotex belt next time you buy Kotex. Five types to choose from, at three prices . . . 1/9, 3/2, 3/6.



When leaving a vehicle which is correct?

- ☐ Ladies first ☐ Ladies last ☐ Look before you leap

When you leave a bus, tram, taxi or car ladies last is the rule. That's so your squire can assist you to a safe landing . . . There's a right and a wrong answer to most questions but when you're dealing with Kotex you don't have to worry. Wear Kotex either side and you get complete protection. The moisture resistant safety centre is right in the middle, giving you longer, safer protection than you've ever dreamed possible. Extra absorbency, too, helps to give you that feeling of confidence, so important at that time!

So many ways a **COLD** can get started!



At the First Sign of a **COLD OR SORE THROAT** Gargle **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**—Quick and Often!

Any of the conditions shown at the top of the page may weaken body resistance so that threatening germs, called "secondary invaders," can stage a mass invasion of throat tissue and stir up trouble.

But, if you gargle Listerine Antiseptic promptly and systematically, you can often halt such mass invasions . . . help head off colds, and sore throats that accompany them, or lessen their severity.

Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces!

That's because Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat tissues to kill germs, including the "secondary

invaders," by millions. Tests showed that germs on mouth and throat surfaces are reduced by as much as 96.7% 15 minutes after gargling . . . as much as 80% even an hour after.

Obviously, when you feel a cold coming on, it's wise to gargle Listerine Antiseptic early and often . . . to attack the trouble before it attacks you.

Tests made over a 12-year period showed



that regular, twice-a-day Listerine users had fewer and milder colds and fewer sore throats than non-users.

Kills germs like these way back on throat surfaces



- (1) *Pneumococcus* Type III, (2) *Hemophilus influenzae*, (3) *Streptococcus pyogenes*, (4) *Pneumococcus* Type II, (5) *Streptococcus salivarius*.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

Continuing . . . **Sky High** from page 59

horses. But just as patient and just as instinctively clever with the new toys as he had been with the old.

"Sorry to disturb you, Jim," she said.

The noise of the charging-plant must have killed the noise of her approach, but when she spoke the 'big hand' did not jump a fraction of an inch.

"Well now, Mrs. Artside," said Jim, "motor-cycle trouble or choir trouble?"

"Choir trouble," said Liz.

"Treble trouble."

"That makes it five to one it's something to do with my lot."

"That's it. It's one of yours. Has anyone said anything to you?"

Jim put down the pliers and wiped his hand on a piece of rag. He looked worried.

"I heard something," he said. "You know how it is in a village."

"I know how it is in a village," agreed Liz. "And that's why I came round. What's the strength of it, Jim?"

"I haven't spoken to Morry yet," said Jim. "He's at school, see. I was going to talk to him this evening. What do you think, Mrs. Artside?"

"I don't think he took it."

"It didn't sound like our Morry," agreed Liz. "Nor I couldn't quite see how he was supposed to have done it. He's not what you'd call a pick-lock. Not like his old man."

"Can you pick locks, Jim?"

"Most of 'em," said Jim, suddenly grinning. "But it's not a thing I've taught the kids yet. You never know with a parlor trick like that. What I did wonder—Jim looked serious again—"if it's right he had a ten shilling note, he can't have come by it honest. Sixpence a week and their lunch money. That's all they get, unless it's a birthday or Christmas. But I did wonder if he might have got hold of it here. Those kids are all in and out, and I don't lock the money up, which I ought to, I know—"

"It sounds a much more likely explanation," said Liz. "I always found Maurice truthful myself. When I asked him straight out, had he taken it, he said, 'I never took any money from the box in the church'. Straight out. Just like that. It did occur to me to wonder, afterwards, if he wasn't being a little too truthful—if you see. Just telling the literal truth and hiding behind that."

"I'll talk to him this evening when he gets home," said Jim. "I'd rather it turned out to be my money he took. Keeps it in the family. Not that it'll save him from a wallop he'll remember if so he did do it."

When Liz got outside she stood for a moment wondering what she wanted to do next.

The afternoon had been growing steadily darker. There was rain, and plenty of it, piled up in the dirty, over-blown clouds to windward.

On Fridays she usually spent the evening with the General. And if Tim had anything to keep him in London he would arrange it for that evening. Today, however, the General had gone up to Staines to look at some papers. To rustle about among matters long dead.

Long dying, but now dead.

The rising wind was whipping the trees, stripping off their last leaves, baring their branches for the stark severity of winter.

"Stop brooding," said Liz to herself. "Life isn't really like

To page 61

ing at all. It's the weather, and the uncertainty. You want a cup of tea and a good gossip."

She set out briskly, back over the bridge, across the churchyard, down the small strip of High Street, keeping along it until she was past the speed-limit signs, and saw the poplars that marked the turning into Melliker Lane.

Sue was at home. Liz heard her start downstairs as soon as she rang. Then, rather to her surprise, the click of the key being turned back. The Palling's front door usually stood on the latch.

"Am I glad to see you," said Sue. "I've been sitting here having the willies."

"Me, too," said Liz. "It's something to do with the weather. Can I help you get tea? I pine for tea. Tea and toast."

"For goodness sake, yes," said Sue.

They went along to the kitchen. Liz put the kettle on and Sue cut some bread.

"If I'd known what it was going to be like this afternoon," she said, "I'd never have allowed grandfather to go. It started getting dim soon after lunch. If I'd had any sense I'd have cleared right out, and taken a bus over to Bramshott and gone to the cinema or something. But instead I sat in my room and tried to catch up with jobs. I thought I would sustain myself with virtue."

"Fatal," said Liz. "When you feel the blues coming on you've got to go out and do something violent and silly."

"It wasn't too bad until I heard the ticking."

"You heard what?"

"Ticking. When I sat quite still I could hear it distinctly."

"But—"

"It's all right. I ran it to earth. It was the gas meter under the stairs. After that I started hearing little men. Sometimes they were upstairs, sometimes down."

"They get about," agreed Liz. "Was that when you locked the front door?"

"That's right. Let's take it upstairs. I've got a good fire."

They went to Sue's room. She had, for her own, the big

front room on the first floor, with the bow windows. It was a nice room, with just that shade of uncertainty in the decorative arrangements that reminded Liz of her own youth.

Over a cup of tea Sue looked levelly at Liz and said, "And just what's wrong with Tim these days?"

Liz tried to consider the matter dispassionately, while half of her mind was weighing up the form of the question, to see if she ought to read something into the fact that it had been asked at all.

"He was always a difficult boy," she said. "Nice, but difficult. I don't think it was only because he never had a father. Something to do with it, but not much. Then, the 'thirties were a bad time for a boy to grow up in. I don't imagine, when we're far enough away to look back at them, that we're going to be awfully proud of the 'thirties. Then again he was too good at games. And that made everything a bit too easy for him at school."

She went on thoughtfully, "You see, Tim didn't have to work his way to the top. He got there by divine right, because of some knack of co-ordinating wrist and eye, which meant that he could score runs at cricket or points at racquets, or whatever it was the school needed at that moment to make them happy. He must have got all that from his father. I never had any eye for that sort of thing. I was a promising boxer, though, at the age of ten."

"Have some more tea," said Sue. "I suppose the war didn't help."

"Yes and no. He got straight into Special Service—almost as soon as they invented it. Games again. He'd played football with someone who was starting a special unit."

"I know," said Sue. "Awfully good chap, Artside. Played scrum-half for the 'Quins. We must have him."

Both women suddenly giggled.

"Anyway," said Liz, "it saved him from life in a war-time officers' mess. And I think it democratised him. I don't believe that what he did was any more dangerous or uncom-

Continuing . . . Sky High

[from page 60]

fortable than a front-line soldier's job, but the point of it was that it was mostly solo stuff—at the most he might have a sergeant or a couple of men with him. One of the men he worked with most was a private in the Middlesex Regiment."

"Does he still keep in touch?"

"I'm afraid he's too grand," said Liz sadly. "He owns a whole chain of second-hand car shops. He still sends Tim a box of cigars at Christmas."

There was silence for a bit.

you won't make you much wiser. After he came back from Palestine—and was I glad to see him get clear of that!—worse than the war—and so unnecessary—as I say when he got back he had a shot at a lot of things. Forestry estate management. I'm not sure he didn't even try bee-keeping. But they all seemed to want capital or experience, which were the two things he was short of. Then, quite suddenly, one day he announced that he'd got a job.



The rain was thickening now, coming down in a solid, heavy curtain.

"He's a bit wrapped up in himself," said Sue at last, as if she was answering some thought of her own.

"Before the war," said Liz, "I thought I understood him as well as any woman of my age could understand a boy. Now I hardly know a thing about him. He might do anything in the wide world."

"Just what does he do?" said Sue. "I suppose I oughtn't to ask really."

"There's no harm in asking," said Liz, "because all I can tell

That was that. Every day he puts on a dark suit and a clean collar and trots off to this job, whatever it may be. It brings in money every week. Not much, I think, but enough. He doesn't seem to have to be at the office terribly early, and he usually gets home in good time. I don't suppose he stays away for the night more than two or three times in a year. And that's really all I know about it."

"Does his job take him into Essex, by any chance?"

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. Some-

thing he said. Listen, isn't that Bob's car?"

Both women went over to the window. Sue's hearing must have been extraordinarily acute. The car had only just turned into Melliker Lane. Its headlights cut out a path through the dancing rain.

As they watched, the car swung out to make the turn into the drive.

Liz felt Sue gripping her arm.

Then she saw it, too.

She wrenched at the window and started to shout abruptly.

Out of the very corner of his eye Bob Cleeve noticed the window swing open and, with the reflex of a good driver who sees something he cannot at once account for, he braked lightly. The noise of the engine drowned any shout.

Too late, he saw it too and stood on everything.

There was a twang like a bowstring as the taut rope across the gate hit the car. A crack as the windscreen buckled. A sharper crack as one of the gateposts heeled and snapped, and the car, skidding wildly, thrashed the gravel and turned broadside on across the width of the drive.

Then, for a long moment, no sound but the drumming of the rain.

"Easy does it now," said Cleeve. He was bleeding freely from the face, but seemed otherwise intact. "Easy again. I'll shift the seat."

There was a bruise, already puffy, on the General's forehead, a bruise from which blood was beginning to ooze dark and slow. His eyes were shut.

Sue's face was as white as her grandfather's.

"Ring the doctor," said Liz. "Bob and I can manage now. And stop looking like a frightened duck. He's survived worse bumps than that."

Cleeve got one arm under the General and, Liz helping, they lifted him, curiously light, she thought, as though under the outer husk of his clothes, age had been stealthily eating up her friend.

During the slow passage from the car to the front door the fresh air and rain must

have achieved something, for the General opened his eyes shook his head, winced, and shut them again.

They propped him on a chair in the hall.

"The fire's upstairs in my room," said Sue over her shoulder. "Oh, is that you, Doctor? Sue Palling here. Yes. Could you come across right away. Only be careful when you get to the gate. It's blocked. A sort of car smash. Yes, it's the General. Right away, if you would."

"We'd better carry him up," said Liz. "Warnth's the thing."

"If you say so," said Cleeve. "Disturb as little as possible would be my diagnosis."

"Walk," said the General, faintly but firmly.

And walk he did, helped on either side.

They put him on the sofa, in front of the fire, with a rug over him.

"Hot sweet tea," suggested Liz.

"Nonsense," said the General. "That's the treatment for shock. This is concussion."

They were still arguing when the doctor arrived. He was young and brisk and confident.

"Slight concussion," he announced, when he had finished cleaning up. "You'd be better in bed. I'll put you up a sedative."

"I've had concussion more times than you've had birthdays," said the General. "Never been to bed for it yet. Always found a glass of red wine useful."

"The great thing is not to worry," said the doctor. The General eyed him malevolently out of his bloodshot right eye. His left one was so puffed as to be temporarily useless. "And you'd all be better for dry clothes. We don't want three more patients."

He clattered off down the stairs. Sue went down to let him out, and came back again.

"He's absolutely right," said Liz. "I'm soaking. That was real rain. Is your car still functioning?"

"What? Yes, I think so," said Cleeve absently. "Just the

To page 62

THOUSANDS CLAIM . . .

De Witt's Pills give amazing relief from Rheumatism, Backache and joint pains when all other treatments have failed . . .

Countless thousands whose lives were plagued by backache, sciatica, lumbago and rheumatism have reported wonderful recovery after taking the world-famous De Witt's Pills. You see, De Witt's Pills are the one treatment that attacks the CAUSE of most muscular and joint pains—faulty kidneys. De Witt's Pills act directly on tired, sluggish

kidneys, cleansing and stimulating them to normal, healthy action—and you have visual evidence of this within 24 hours of taking the first dose. Once these vital organs begin to expel the trouble-causing toxins from your system, you can expect real, lasting relief; nagging pains and stiffness become things of the past. Get De Witt's Pills today from your chemist or storekeeper and get on the road to normal health.

"All they are claimed" says J.D.F., Ryde, N.S.W.

"Some six years ago I suffered very badly from kidney trouble, and rheumatism. My late wife gave me a bottle of your pills and ever since then I have been a very great deal better and whereas I could hardly walk I can get about very well at 66 years of age. I do not know where I would have been without them. I take them regularly and they are all they are claimed to be . . . a real help and friend."

"Pain gone in the morning" says E.E., Alexandria, N.S.W.

"Two weeks ago today I had to leave my work owing to a bad back. A friend suggested De Witt's Pills. I took two before meals and two on retiring and the following morning the pain was gone and I was back to work. I have felt no pain since. I cannot find words good enough to express De Witt's Pills."

The originals of these letters can be seen at our Melbourne office.



DeWitt's Pills

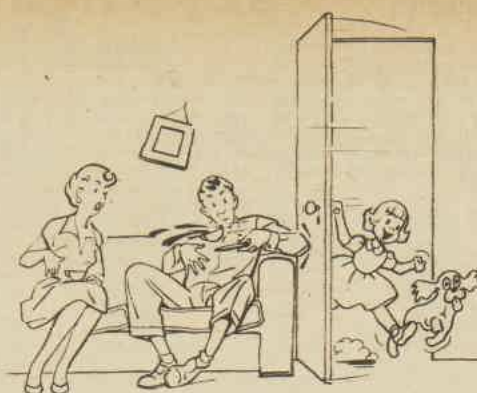
For Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and all Rheumatic pains.

Save 3/- on the economy size pack—100 pills . . . 7/-
Regular size—40 pills . . . 4/-

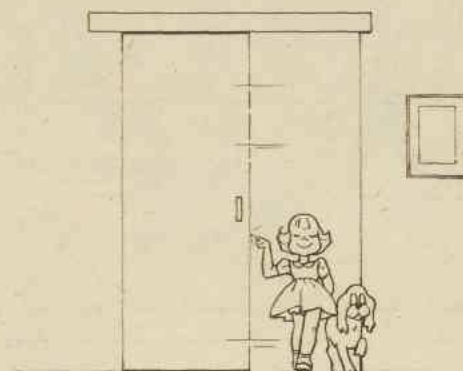
Give yourself more space for living with sliding doors on Bangor!



HAVE A WIDER VIEW INSTEAD OF SMALL CUT-UP DOORS ON THE TERRACE



KEEP YOUR DOORS OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT—OUT OF THE WAY



SLIDE THEM ASIDE . . . SMOOTHLY . . . UNOBTUSIVELY



HAVE AN EXTRA CUPBOARD INSTEAD OF A SWINGING DOOR IN THE KITCHEN

Have more space in any home —

old or new — brick, timber or fibro

No matter whether you're building a new house or remodelling your existing one, you can have at least 9 square feet more living space with every door you slide on Bangor Track. If you are remodelling, you can even use your existing doors, no need to buy new ones — slide the old ones on the face of the wall.

Just tell your builder or architect — or your hardware store if you're doing the job yourself — that it's Bangor Track you want. Then you'll be sure that no matter what style or size of door you want to slide, there'll be a track to carry it. Only Bangor gives you a complete range of overhead door tracks that give you a doorway

that is clear from side to side, with nothing on the floor to catch dust or stop you from using wall-to-wall floor coverings.

Bangor Track is smooth-running, quiet, and very easy to install. There are cavity wall types, and others for fixing on the face of the wall.

You can slide any size or style of door on

BANGOR

SLIDING DOOR TRACK

AVAILABLE FROM ALL HARDWARE STORES

A product of the Metalbilt Division of Wormald Brothers Industries



Continuing . . . Sky High

from page 61

windscreen. It'll be a bit draughty."

"If you could run me back to my house, I'll get changed and arrange for someone."

"I don't like it," said Cleeve suddenly and sharply.

"Sue'll be all right for a bit. We can arrange for a nurse later."

"Of course I shall be all right."

"Nurse," said the General.

"Who for?"

"Curiously enough," said Cleeve, "it's not you or Sue that I'm worrying about at all."

This achieved its object. There was a moment of silence.

"What do you mean?" said Liz.

"Look here. You're all assuming that rope was put there by the same—the same madman who destroyed MacMorris. Aren't you?"

The General started to nod but thought better of it. Liz and Sue said: "Yes."

"All right. But doesn't it strike you as a chancy and inefficient way of knocking us off?"

Liz said, the puzzled look still on her face. "Do you mean that he wasn't to know you'd both gone up to town? Because, if so, it's only fair to say that I mentioned it to half a dozen people in Brimberley alone."

"That's one aspect of it," said Bob. "But it wasn't exactly what I had in mind. Granted that anyone might know that we were due back after dark. Why set about it that way?"

"It seems to have worked reasonably well," said Sue. She sounded cross.

"Slight concussion," said the General defiantly.

"By a series of flukes, he got some results," agreed Bob. "But tell me this, General. If it hadn't been pelting with rain, would you have allowed me to bring you to your front door?"

"Certainly not," said the General. "If anyone's kind enough to give me a lift I invariably jump off at the end of the lane."

"Right," said Cleeve. "And if it hadn't been for the same rain, I don't believe I'd ever have hit the rope at all. I'd have seen it in plenty of time and stopped. Or been going so slowly it wouldn't have mattered. And why a rope? It couldn't have been strong enough to wreck the car. A steel hawser, now—"

"For goodness sake," said Sue. "Perhaps he hadn't got a steel hawser."

"What are you getting at, Bob?" said Liz.

"I'm getting at this," said Bob. "Every Friday, after dark, throughout the winter, Liz comes to this house. On that motor-cycle of hers, which she rides to the public danger. Just imagine her pelting round that corner and getting the rope under her chin."

"That's so," said the General, sitting up.

"And that's why I don't particularly want Liz out of our sight. At least, not until Tim's back, and can keep an eye on her."

"Where is Tim?"

Liz said, "I can usually get hold of him when he stays up on a Friday. There's a number I can ring. It's a friend's flat."

"All right," said Cleeve. "Give it a try. But if you can't get hold of him, I'm going to take you all home with me. I've got plenty of beds—and hot baths," he added as Sue sneezed. "I'm going out now to extract the car."

The friend was in his flat when Liz rang, but knew nothing of Tim's movements. Which was not surprising, as Tim was, at that moment, conversing with Mr. Smith of Holborn.

"All aboard, then," said Cleeve. "Bring your tooth-

brushes and pyjamas. The house can supply the rest. We'll prop the General up in the back seat with cushions and a rug, and Liz to hold his hand. You sit in front with me, Sue. Mind the upholstery. There's glass everywhere. All set? Then Tally Ho."

Three hours later a warm, well-fed, reasonably easy-minded and very sleepy trio were sitting in front of the big open hearth in the drawing-room at Clamboys Hall.

The leaping firelight threw the rest of the big room into shadows. Sue was half sitting, half lying in a box-like brocade sofa so wide and deep that she seemed to be trapped in its folds. Liz squarely filled a chair on one side of the fire, opposite her host on the other. The General was in bed and was thought to be asleep.

"And the deuce of a job I had getting him there," said Sue. "He won't remember that he's no longer a child of sixty."

"As soon as people remember their age they curl up and die," said Liz.

"He's a tough nut," said Cleeve. "Very bad luck, actually. He hit his head on the window stop. If it hadn't been for that he'd have got off quite lightly."

"Have the police made anything out of it?"

"I shouldn't think so. They've shone their torches on the ground and stamped around a bit. They won't be able to do anything useful until it's light."

The door at the far end of the room opened and Rupert came in. He was wearing a dressing-gown and his hair was tousled from his bath. He said goodnight composedly to everybody in turn and withdrew as quietly as he had come.

"Chickens and hens," thought Liz. "How little the young thing looks like the finished product. Five years' time he'll be long and pimply and will have forgotten how to come into a room."

"You'll have to look after him," she said out aloud.

"Do all I can," said Cleeve, startled. "Why?"

"His voice, I mean. He's the only real treble we've got. Without him the Hedges quintet are as sheep without a shepherd. Where's he get it from?"

"Must be on his mother's side. His father never had any voice to speak of. He's a good-looking boy, isn't he?"

"He's a banger," said Liz. "Pity he's got to grow up, really. You ought to be able to preserve him in his status quo. Under a glass case. Like Lenin."

Cleeve affected to consider the matter. "I don't think he'd fancy that," he said. "Very active boy. He's got a war on with cook's cat. I saw the cat go up a tree after a bird the other day, and Rupert going after the cat. I don't know which of 'em climbed better. The bird got away, but the cat didn't."

There was such a warmth of affection in Cleeve's usually impersonal voice that Liz and Sue caught each other's eyes and smiled.

"I sometimes wonder if he isn't lonely here. It's a big house, you know, and only servants to talk to. I'm not here a lot, and even when I am I can't give him all the time I'd like. He had a governess up to this summer. Strong-minded woman, but no real stamina. She had a nervous breakdown in July. He's been running his own trail since then."

"I don't think he minds being on his own," said Liz. "He's the most terrifyingly self-centred child I've ever had."

To page 65

SPRING PLANTING

● August is the time to think about your spring gardening. Everything needs attention, so plan to spend busy days in your flower and vegetable gardens and in the orchard.



PHLOX PANICULATA, the original species from which all present day forms of perennial phlox originate. It is difficult to describe the multitudinous shades and hues in perennial phlox, and whenever possible it is a good idea for the gardening enthusiast to see the different varieties blooming before making a selection. As it is now too late to do this for this year's planting, reliable catalogues are the answer.

WHEN planting now for spring, set your mind on perennial phlox, geraniums, fruit, and potatoes, for August is the time to:

● Prepare for planting perennial phlox.

These glorious perennials deserve a prominent place in all hardy flower borders.

Flower color varies from white to dark crimson-salmon and purple, with many of the varieties having different colored eyes as well.

Phlox like an open situation and well-enriched soil because they are heavy feeders. Prior to planting, therefore, the bed should be well dug and enriched with old animal manure and complete fertiliser.

Space the plants about 3 to 4 feet apart each way. This may seem excessive, but the clumps spread fairly rapidly once they are established and do best if not disturbed until they get too dense for good quality flower development.

Then, when shoots begin to develop in the spring, the clumps should be dug up carefully and divided, the woody centre discarded, and the remainder split into chunks of about 5 sturdy shoots.

Cultivate the bed only when necessary to control weeds because perennial phlox are shallow-rooted plants. In preference to digging, mulch with compost to prevent weed seedlings developing.

Water the plants generously in the summer to ensure plenty of top quality flowers, and give an application of liquid manure as the flower heads begin to develop.

Later in the season, cut off faded flower heads before seeds

begin to ripen, as seed production wastes strength that should go into building up the clump. Moreover, self-sown seedlings are useless, as they generally revert to an ugly magenta shade.

● Choose geranium varieties from this list of favorites.

Black Vesuvius is a true dwarf, with very dark foliage which looks almost black. It has bright red flowers.

Crystal Palace Gem is a tall-growing type with single red flowers and golden leaves.

Distinction has a small leaf with a very serrated edge out-

shape. Flowers are single pink.

● Fertilise the orchard.

If this was not done in winter, there is still time. Quantities vary with size and type of tree, but the following amounts will give a guide.

Small deciduous trees should be given 2lb. to 4lb. of blood and bone or 1½lb. to 3lb. of complete fertiliser mixture, or 20lb. of animal manure.

Large deciduous trees require 15lb. to 20lb. of blood and bone or 10lb. to 20lb. of mixtures, or 100lb. of animal manures. This should be spread evenly over the soil away from the trunk.

Small citrus trees require 2lb. to 2½lb. of a fertiliser mixture rich in nitrogen and potash. For large citrus trees increase to 10lb. to 15lb.

● Plant potatoes.

Choose well-drained, fertile soil which has been well prepared for your potato bed.

The best tubers for seed are about 2oz. in weight with two good live eyes.

Green-sprouted tubers are best to use. These have eyes which have sprouted into strong, stubby green shoots. Spindly pale shoots denote presence of disease or that the tubers have sprouted in the dark. Such tubers are undesirable for seed.

Potatoes should be planted 5 to 6 inches deep, 15in. apart, in rows 2 to 2½ feet apart.

Open up drills about 6in. wide and 7in. to 8in. deep, and along the bottom apply a complete fertiliser mixture, using 2½oz. to 3oz. per linear yard. Cover with about 2in. of soil, and set the tubers in place. Then fill the drill with soil and firm down.

An exciting new taste

Crisp, munchy
malt honeycomb
coated with milk chocolate



2'6
PER
PACKET

Maltesers

rhymes with "pleasers"

NOW MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY

MacRobertson

THE GREAT NAME IN CONFECTIONERY

MM52

KNIT

95 times faster!

Now, in one evening, you can knit yourself a beautiful cardigan.

Imagine! In just a few weeks a whole wardrobe of knitteds—even intricate Fair Isle—for yourself and family.

No effort . . . just a minute or two of simple setting, then it's only a matter of sliding the carriage to and fro.

Swift-Knit

HOME KNITTING MACHINE

NEW

AUTOMATIC FEEDER enables continuous knitting at over 60 rows a minute. It's unnecessary to lay wool across the needles prior to commencing each row, just slide the carriage to and fro without stopping. Up to a full 34 inch width can be knitted in one stroke on SWIFT-KNIT.

NEW

HOLDING POSITION for needles enables an enormous number of special patterns to be knitted without picking over stitches. You can also turn in the middle of a row for neck openings.

NEW

CONSTRUCTION permits knitting practically as fast and on the same principles as the industrial machine. Latch tools are included as a further assistance.

NEW

DOUBLE TENSIONS maintain a perfectly even stitch. As a result you use LESS wool and the finished garment is a better fit, holds its shape and wears longer. There's no limit to the number of tensions you can set on SWIFT-KNIT. Any wool or yarn of 2, 3, 4 or 5 ply can be used with perfect results. Intricate operations like increasing, decreasing, shaping, turning and buttonholes are a simple operation with SWIFT-KNIT.

Read what an expert says

"Comparing SWIFT-KNIT, this machine is definitely my choice of all home machines. It is faster and patterns Stocking Stitch, Fair Isle, etc., are very simple to execute. To my knowledge this is the only home machine adapting combs and weights as do all industrial machines. I need say no more."

L. Bassham, Manager, Mar-Eve Knitting Mills.

Manufacturer's Note: "There isn't a Knitting Mill in the world that doesn't use combs and weights."

NO DEMONSTRATION IS NECESSARY

With your SWIFT-KNIT you get a fully illustrated INSTRUCTION BOOKLET with step by step photos showing a simple procedure for knitting. It also includes various patterns for garments.

GUARANTEED

for 12 months against faulty workmanship. It is most unlikely that you will ever require spare parts. However, they are readily available from the manufacturer.

ONLY

34

GUINEAS

(SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN W.A.)

Buy yours from:

N.S.W.
DAVID JONES LTD.
Elizabeth St. Store,

PRIORS
45 Chalmers St., Sydney.

VICTORIA
Victorian, Tasmanian and N.Z. Agents
JOHN WEBSTER & CO. PTY. LTD.
96-98 Hinders St., MELBOURNE C.T.

PRIORS (Victoria) PTY. LTD.
63 City Road, STH. MELBOURNE.

W.A.
DAVID JONES (Perth) LTD.
PERTH.

S.A.
CHARLES BIRKS & CO. LTD.
Rundle St., ADELAIDE.
JOHN MARTIN & CO. LTD.
Rundle St., ADELAIDE.

If not available locally, write to the sole manufacturer: NOBEL-PRICE LTD., 78 FRANKLIN STREET, ADELAIDE, S.A.

anything to do with. How old is he now?"

"Nine and a bit. I'm afraid it's got to be boarding school. Got a lot of prospectuses here. I'd like you to look at 'em, Liz. They're all the same, though. Staffs of graduates. Young, energetic headmasters assisted by wife and mistresses. Twenty acres of playing fields and own dairy herd. Boys not driven, but brought forward by kindness. It all sounds remarkably unlike any preparatory school I can remember, but perhaps things have changed since I was a boy."

"I think they have changed a bit," said Liz.

"Rupert doesn't need kindness. He needs competition," said Sue sleepily from the depths of the sofa.

"What nonsense," said Liz. "All children want kindness. That's right, isn't it, Bob?"

"I'm not sure," said Bob. "I'm kind to him. But that isn't policy; it's weak-mindedness."

Anyway, what children want and what they need are different kettles of fish. Too much pampering, bring 'em forward quickly, no fruit worth speaking of. Cut 'em back now, good crop later."

"Children aren't Ribstone Pippens," said Liz. "And, what's more, I don't believe you believe a word of it."

"I believe it," said Cleeve. "I don't practise it. Fact is, I always let personalities creep in too much. Whenever I get a problem—and I've had a few—say it's juvenile delinquency. My mind's eye doesn't see the average juvenile delinquent. It sees Rupert. If you see what I mean," he added, for Liz seemed suddenly to have lost herself.

"Yes, I do," she said at last. "It's a national failing."

"Some really frightful case is being discussed. A boy of thirteen, say, who has been living for the past three years

by systematic robbery and violence. And all the time I'm trying to be horrified about it something inside me insists on saying 'Well, he must have a lot of guts, anyway. Better robbery than charity'."

"That's purely Elizabethan," said Liz.

"Do you know, I think I might have been quite happy in the reign of Good Queen Bess," said Cleeve sadly. "I know they hadn't got drains and dentists, but think of the compensations. A man could cut out his own path for himself. If he hurt other people, that was just too bad for them. If he got hurt himself, no squealing. And every single penny that he made he kept."

"No television either," said Sue from the sofa. She was almost asleep.

"It wasn't all fresh air and freedom," said Liz. "What about religious persecution? What price the Star Chamber?"

"Don't pour cold water," said Liz. "I'm not pouring cold water. I think you'd have looked splendid in a ruff. As it is, you've got the next best thing. A lot of this house is Elizabethan, isn't it?"

"All the middle bit. And talk of religious persecution, we've even got a Priest's Hole. Rupert spends hours looking for it. I had to put my foot down, though, when I found him boring holes in the panelling with a brace and bit. Who says bed?"

Liz and Sue said bed. At that moment the telephone buzzer sounded. The extension was on the table beside Liz's chair. She lifted the receiver.

And as she had guessed, it was Tim, at last.

That night, in her comfortable bed, with her feet on a stone hot-water bottle, Liz found herself curiously wake-

Continuing . . . Sky High

from page 62

ful. Clamboys lay about her, five centuries of it, shifting slightly in its sleep, as an old house will.

Thought ran into dream, and dream woke again into thought.

At one moment they were all in the stern-cabin of a high pooped ship-of-war. Bob, florid and magnificent in silks, with a leg to rival King Hal. The General, dressed in black, slight, upright, and severe. Tim, bulky and happy with the sword on his hip. Sue showing all that a girl of eighteen was allowed to show in the reign of

The frown was still on her face when the maid woke her at nine o'clock the next morning. She got up and looked out of the window. The gale had blown the rain clear out of the sky.

She was, had she known it, the last in the house to get up.

At seven o'clock Sue had roused herself, put on an old pair of flannel trousers, and crept quietly downstairs. Clamboys was one of the last

the bouncy grey. As she led the mare, clowning gently towards the open door, Bob Cleeve appeared. Despite the cold of the morning he was in his shirt-sleeves.

"Morning, Sue," he said. "If you'll hold your horse for a minute I'll be with you. I want to knock some of the stuffing out of that brute Bolo."

"All right," said Sue. "But not too far or too fast. I've only got thin flannel trousers on."

"And remarkably shapely you look in 'em," said Cleeve with a grin. He disappeared into the end stall and an outburst of clattering and snorting recorded the protests of the terrible Bolo against early morning exercise.

At about the same time the General's bedroom door opened and the General emerged. He looked cautiously about him and then tiptoed towards the nearest bathroom. He had been threatened with breakfast in bed and was determined to take no chances of such humiliation. Once let women get the upper hand of you and you might as well hem your own shroud.

Although it took him the best part of an hour to do everything that had to be done, when he finally got himself downstairs he found that he was first at the breakfast table, and he had almost finished his meal by the time his host and his granddaughter appeared.

"What are you doing here?" said Sue.

"Finishing breakfast," said the General complacently. "You two been out riding? I very nearly came with you myself."

"You—"

"Remarkably good kedgerree, this. You ought to try a plateful with your ham."

"All right," said Sue. "All right. But just wait till Liz sees you, that's all."

"I'm not afraid of Liz," said

the General. But nevertheless he finished up his breakfast and pattered out into the garden. Dangerous woman. It didn't do to take chances.

But when Liz came down she had other matters on her mind.

As soon as she had finished her breakfast she rang up her house. It was Anna who answered. No, apparently Tim was not back. No sign of him. And no message. Was anything wrong?

"There's nothing wrong," said Liz. "Why?"

"Everything feels wrong," said Anna. "I been hearing things. It's not nice in this house alone. The boards get creaking. And last night, when I was going to bed, a man came to the door. I didn't know whether to open it."

"Did you?"

"Yes. I opened it when he'd rung the bell a bit. It was the Vicar. Something about the choir treat."

"Well, goodness," said Liz. "What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing's wrong with it," said Anna. "But I don't like it."

"All right. There's no reason for you to hang about. Tim's got his own key. You go and spend the rest of the weekend with Mrs. What's-her-name? The one you spend your afternoons off with. She'd be only too pleased to have you."

"Mrs. Antonovich," said Anna, sounding brighter at once. "Yes, I could stay with her. Would that be all right?"

"See you on Monday morning," said Liz and rang off.

Anna was a stolid person, not easily upset. She had never before raised the slightest objection to being left alone in the house. If Anna was beginning to panic, then something had better be done.

With sudden resolve she

To page 66



the first Queen Elizabeth and looking shockingly attractive and desirable. Even Rupert was there, improbably demure, serving the party on bended knee.

Four bells sounded. Or would it have been the stable clock? Liz had a feeling that one important person was missing, and frowned with disappointment when she realised who it was. Look as she would she could not see herself anywhere.

houses that still retained an adequate staff, and people were moving in the kitchen quarters.

The front door was unlatched.

She went out into a lovely cold morning that hit her like a friendly slap on the face. When she reached the stables someone was clanking a bucket and whistling.

She lifted down the light saddle from the peg, picked up the bridle, and saddled Rosie.



At last . . . "wipe-clean" venetian blinds!

It's the biggest wife-saver to hit house-keeping in ages—the amazing new "Luxaflex" plastic tape. It cuts cleaning time from hours to minutes—needs just a stroke of a damp cloth to clean every trace of grease, grime, spots, stains, even jam. No more dirty tapes with "Luxaflex" . . . and wonderful "Luxaflex" snap-back aluminium slats have a mar-proof finish so easy to keep clean—slats that won't chip, peel, crack, or even rust. They have been time-tested in America and used in millions of homes. "Luxaflex" slats and tapes are used in a glorious colour range by leading blind manufacturers throughout Australia and New Zealand.



Plastic tape wipes clean in seconds.



Aluminium slats snap-back to shape.



Ask to see this trade mark.

The answer to window loveliness is fully shown in the Free 16-page brochure "How to choose venetian blinds." Send for it now to Dept. 59, Hunter Douglas Australia Pty. Ltd., 32 Barcoo Street, East Roseville, N.S.W.

Luxaflex
with

wipe-clean plastic tape and
snap-back aluminium slats

HUNTER DOUGLAS AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD., 32 BARCOO STREET, EAST ROSEVILLE, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 3, 1955

Page 65

"With a family of Nine, every penny Counts!"



SAYS MRS. A. FRASER,
OF SOUTH LAUNCESTON,
TASMANIA.

WITH A BIG
WASH TWICE A WEEK,
IT'S RINSO FOR MY
MONEY! THERE'S
NOTHING LIKE THOSE
THICK, RICH SUDS
FOR GETTING MY
CLOTHES A REALLY
GOOD COLOUR

"Good Tasmanians all"
is how Mr. and Mrs.
Fraser describe their healthy
family of nine. The
youngest is three, the
eldest 23 and in between
there are schoolgirl daughters
and two young
workers. Think of the
washing for Mrs. Fraser!
She copes with it all without
a care.

RINSO's THICKER, RICHER SUDS GIVE A BRIGHTER WASH WITHOUT HARD WORK

MY TURN
TO WASH! WITH
RINSO WE'LL HAVE
THE THICK GREASE
OFF THESE DINNER
PLATES IN A JIFFY
AND EVERYTHING
SPARKLING



EVERY Wednesday and Saturday is
washday in the Fraser household. And
what a wash—at least 14 dresses,
overalls, bootmaker's aprons, on top of
a big pile of sheets and towels! Says
Mrs. Fraser, "It's easier than it
sounds, thanks to Rinso. With those
thicker, richer suds the whole wash gets
done in no time."

Big wash or small, 7 out of every 10
Australian housewives prove every week
that Rinso gets the best results—
dazzling whites and coloureds brighter
than brand-new. At little cost, too,
because Rinso is so economical. And
when Rinso does the work your hands
stay soft and smooth.

Rinso is the only product
recommended by the makers of
all leading washing machines.

helped herself to a stick from
the rack and set out for a
long and vigorous walk.

By the time she returned to
Clamboys, she had come to
certain conclusions. They were
not attractive conclusions, but
it was a comfort to have
reached some finality.

After lunch, when they were
finishing their coffee, they
heard a car drive up and
shortly afterwards a maid came
in and said something to
Cleeve. Cleeve looked puzzled,
and shot out of the room.

The Chief Constable was
waiting in the library. He was
looking as serious as he ever
allowed himself to look.

"I thought you ought to
know," he said, "that our
friend has been at it again."
For a moment Cleeve looked
blank.

"A Major and Mrs. Lucas.
The country house in Essex,
at Bolton Park. Made a clean
sweep of the family jewels.
Diamonds and emeralds. All
very nice stuff."

"Kept in an unlocked,
downstairs drawer, I suppose,"
said Cleeve.

"As a matter of fact, no.
They usually keep it all at the
bank. They just happened to
have it out for a big dinner
party and dance tonight."

"Our friend showing his
usual, accurate sense of timing.
Was there anything concrete
to connect it with him?"

"Quite a bit," said Pearce.
"In fact, I should say myself,
that there isn't room for any
doubt at all. Major Lucas had
put the stuff in his own wall-
safe in the study. Quite a nice
little job with one of the new
precision-combination locks.
Well, as you know, that's just
our man's cup of tea."

"That's so. Anything else?"

"He got in at a second-story
window without leaving much
trace. So that probably means
a folding steel ladder. And he
used a motor-cycle for trans-
port. That's him, too."

"Are they sure about that?"

"They've found where he
parked it in some long grass
outside the walls. And he was
seen, at least, it's fairly likely
it was him—shortly after he
got away. The local bobby was
sitting in a hedge waiting
quietly for a chicken-steal to
come off and he saw him go
by."

"What time?"

"Three o'clock, or near it."

"Any sort of description?"

"Thick-set chap. Well
wrapped up. Difficult to say
whether he was young or old.
In fact, just what we got the
only other time he was seen."

The two men looked at each
other. In the sudden silence
Sue's voice could be heard, two
rooms away, and the rumble of
a reply from Liz or the Gen-
eral.

Continuing . . . Sky High

from page 65

Cleeve sounded genuinely up-
set.

"It's not as uncommon as
you'd think," said Pearce.
"And look at the dates here.
The first series starts some
time after the Kaiser's war and
goes on until 1939, when it
stops. The second lot starts a
year or two after Hitler's war."

"Your explanation," said
Cleeve painfully, "being, I take
it, that the younger man was
otherwise engaged during the
recent war. And needed a
year or two to train up after-
wards."

"I think so," said Pearce. As
he got up he added, incom-
quently, "I'm sorry, too, you
know. I'll keep you in the
picture. I think something's
bound to break soon. Don't
bother to show me out."

On his way down the hall
the Chief Constable paused for
a moment. The door of the
little gun-room, on the left of
the front door, was ajar and
someone was watching him
through it.

The door swung open and
Liz appeared.

"Come in here a minute,"
she said. "I'm sorry to lurk, but
there was something I had to
say, and this was the only way
of catching you alone." She
pulled the Chief Constable in-
side and slammed the door.

"An unexpected pleasure,"
said Tom Pearce breathlessly.
"I'd no idea you were in the
neighborhood."

"I won't take a minute," said
Liz, "but I badly need a piece
of information and you're the
only person I can think of who
can get it for me quickly. I
could ask Tony, but he's
abroad."

The Chief Constable was not
absolutely certain, but he had
an idea that Tony was the
Home Secretary. He bowed
cautiously and asked what it
was she wanted to know.

"Have you heard of a man
called Feder?"

"Otherwise Barry?"

"That's the chap. Bob was
talking about him to the Gen-
eral and me the other night.
He was one of the first expert
country-house burglars, wasn't
he?"

"I rather fancy he's dead."

"Oh, that's all right," said
Liz. "I didn't want to be in-
troduced to him. I wanted to
know something about him. I
wanted to know exactly how
he was caught."

"Well, yes. I should think
I could find that out for you.
Is it urgent?"

"If I'm right," said Liz in
her deep voice, "it's just about
the most urgent thing you've
ever done in your life."

To be concluded

Iron-on transfer

HOMEMAKERS will be delighted with these American iron-
on transfers, which are simply ironed on to materials and
are so designed that they give an effect of intricate hand
embroidery.

On transfer No. 1006B there are lovely designs that would
be suitable for aprons, guest towels, and breakfast cloth corners.
Size of the transfer sheet is 5in. x 10in., and the price is 2/-.

The fact that they are washable and color-fast is another
factor that makes them invaluable to busy homemakers.

Patterns may also be ordered for the pretty scalloped-edge
apron which is shown below. Apron pattern price is 2/-.



The complete set of
iron-on transfer and
apron pattern is 4/-,
but either one may be
ordered separately.

A guide sheet is
enclosed with the
transfers, which shows
you how to use them.

All orders should be
sent to our Needle-
work Department. See
address on page 13.



If your skin looks cakey in a heavy make-up . . .

Most women choose a heavy foundation, hoping it will hide little skin imperfections. Unfortunately, the oily-textured bases always seem to catch in the "droop" lines and pores—emphasizing them, never concealing them.

Compare the charming freshness that a powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream gives your face! You smooth on a touch of the sheer greaseless Cream before powder . . . see it disappear. Only a soft, invisible film remains to hold your powder smooth for hours.

Clear off, brighten your skin with this at-home facial!

Now—you can lift off a dull "winter complexion" with a quick 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream! Cover face, except eyes, in a deep Mask of the Cream. Leave on 1 minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves off rough bits of dead skin that choke pore openings. "Tones-up" your complexion! After 60 seconds, tissue off. Now—see the fresh radiance of your skin.



THE COUNTESS

Alain de la Falaise

"Heavy make-ups are so 'obvious' looking. That's why I prefer Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base. It is so sheer."



After Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . Pond's Face Powder, 6 delightful shades. Charming new pink and gold box. Just 3/3.

PV53

They're supreme for varicose vein sufferers

Supreme
NYLON

Fully Fashioned
SURGICAL STOCKINGS

- ★ Fully-fashioned two-way stretch.
- ★ No more broken seams.
- ★ Nylon welt gives positive suspender control.
- ★ They adjust to leg contours with gentle but firm pressure.

Obtainable from all chemists and suppliers of surgical aids.



SUPREME SURGICAL HOSIERY CO.
(Manufacturers of Surgical Hosiery for 25 years)
307 Warrigal Road, Oakleigh, Victoria.

THE FEMALE CITY

By Paul I. Wellman.

A brilliant historical novel which features the beautiful, arrogant Theodora, whose ruthless ambition took her from a slum to a throne, from courtesan to Empress.

Price 18/9
From all Booksellers

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 3, 1955

Continuing . . . The Friendly Divorce

from page 9

law and customs and our church.

"Don't," said Nora. "I'm not going to hide in the broom cupboard," Stan said. "I'm getting out of the house until he's gone."

There was no other exit. He met Jack and the children at the door, exchanged a cool "Good evening" with his wife's former husband, said, "Hi, kids," and got into the elevator.

"What's biting him?" Jack said. "Had a few words?"

"Yes," said Nora shortly. Hitherto she had exhibited a flawless marriage and now she saw a wicked gleam of appreciation in Jack's eye as he could not be kept from seeing the first crack, the first chip.

"Gone out to get drunk?" Jack inquired cheerfully.

"Gone back to work," Nora said. "Some people have very responsible jobs."

"Do they?" Jack said in surprise. "Dull fellows."

And in a terrible moment, Nora laughed. She had been feeling so confused that to share an opinion with someone so familiar was a relief.

She felt a new guilt and a new disloyalty as she said, "Stan's not dull." She almost added, "He just happens to loathe you," but she didn't.

"Why, here's a cocktail shaker, all primed," Jack said. "How thoughtful!"

He laughed and poured Nora and himself drinks. The children returned. A cosy family group sat down to dine, ex-wife, ex-husband, and the children of a vanished marriage.

Jack was particularly gay. He took charge of serving, made the children laugh, and kept up an undercurrent of wicked familiarity with Nora, who was by now so genuinely tired, with such a backache and such pressure inside her head, she could hardly sit up.

She seemed to be wandering along a dark grey beach, littered with the wrecks of the past. This would have been a perfectly good marriage if she had kept it. Her second one was no better, was it? She had divided children from their loving father, and she was having a child by a man who seemed a stranger.

But then she happened to glance at Jack, serving himself a second time from the nice leg of lamb she had bought and cooked and Stan had paid for. It suddenly struck her it was a typical performance.

In emotional life, Jack was the cuckoo bird. He was a good husband in another man's home. The children always saw him at his best. He never had a cold or spoke sharply when they made too much noise. He was the ideal father, full of the spirit of carnival.

Jack was particularly relaxed tonight and she knew why. He recognised the entering wedge: He had been on somewhat formal, friendly terms, in a privileged position, and now he knew that Nora's guilt over tonight would allow him still further privileges.

She had implied she was bored with Stan, when nothing was farther from the truth. In trying to please Jack, and keep the peace, she had been less than loyal to Stan.

It occurred to her, almost violently, that the friendly divorce was a contradiction in terms. By its very nature a divorce was unfriendly in the extreme. It ended a marriage. The custom of sharing the new home and visiting as though nobody had bitter memories was unnatural.

It was true a man had a right to his children even when, as in Jack's case, he had walked out on them. But he had no other rights, as far

as his ex-wife went, and Jack had been too cordially received too often. Stan knew it and now Nora knew it.

She got the dessert, gave Jack coffee, and it almost amused her in her new knowledge to see the impudent assurance of his manner.

She said, "Wait until the children are in bed, will you, Jack? I'd like a few minutes with you."

He gave her a strange smile, though there was nothing unusual about this. Often, while Stan retired to work in another room, she and Jack talked about the children, their finances, their school record.

Jack didn't particularly enjoy the talks about money. He gave, with a lordly gesture, what he felt he could afford for the children, and Nora took it graciously. Stan actually supported the children.

When Nora came back to the living-room she sat down.

"You're looking very well," Jack said.

"Thank you," Nora said. She hesitated, trying to think of a way to say what she must say. Bluntness seemed the method of choice.

"We're going to have to change the arrangements about you and the children," she said very deliberately. "I don't want to see you any more, Jack."

He came over to her, smiling, sure of himself, reeking, Nora felt, of strong charm that no longer pleased her.

"No?" he said.

"No," she said. "I don't. I love my husband very much, and I guess we're both sort of tired of this three-handed marriage. I want a divorce. A real one."

"Your marriage to Stan is legal," Jack said.

Nora ignored this. "I don't want the children confused about who I'm married to. I know you love them and have a right to see them. But you don't have to see me and I don't have to see you, and Stan doesn't have to see us together. From now on, it's going to be an old-style, unfriendly divorce."

"You must have doubts," Jack said. "You worry too much."

"I have terrible doubts," Nora said fiercely. "And I realise that everybody alive is guilty in his heart—he's done some of the wrong he feels he's done. But, wrong or right, our marriage ended a long time ago, and there's nothing to be done about it. There's a lot to be done in the new one—and you're making trouble."

"Tomorrow I'm going down to Aiken's office and we'll draw up a formal agreement about when and where you may see the children. It won't be unreasonable—I know your job makes your appearances uncertain."

"But I don't need, ever again, to open the door and see you there, and feel—the way it makes me feel. If you call for the children here, I'll arrange to be somewhere else. Or I'll have the children taken to where you are."

"It sounds cold outside," Jack said.

"I'm afraid it is," Nora said, because, after all, the climate in which Jack lived was no longer her affair, and he had, for years, subtly suggested it was.

"I won't argue," Jack said, without looking at her. "I'll get in touch with Aiken myself."

For the first time, when the door closed after him, Nora felt what it was to be divorced.

(Copyright)

SAVE COST...
SAVE TIME OF ERECTION OF YOUR...
INTERIOR WALLS AND CEILINGS



Use "Durabestos" the inexpensive fire-resisting building sheet inside your home. Easily handled, quickly fixed direct to studs and joists. Added beauty is achieved when joints are neatly covered with "Anaglypta" strip and pointed to suit your colour scheme.

"ANAGLYPTA" COVER STRIP
A strong paper strip in coils of 100 lin. ft.
SIMPLY PASTE IT OVER JOINTS

FREE

Write to nearest Wunderlich branch for a copy of the SMALL HOMES DESIGN BOOKLET and sample of "Anaglypta."

Sydney, Newcastle, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Hobart, Launceston.

Wunderlich
"DURABESTOS" BUILDING SHEETS

BUILDS MODERN HOMES AT LOWEST COST

MAKE RICH MEATY GRAVY

NEW WIDE-NECKED BOTTLE FOR EASIER SPOONING



BONOX

concentrated goodness of rich prime beef.
A KRAFT Product

Relieves **PAIN** Quickly



with INFRAPHIL'S soothing Infra-red Irradiation

Infra-red rays, unlike ordinary heat, penetrate the skin and bring their healing heat to the deeper lying tissues; blood vessels expand, more blood flows to the affected parts, and injurious substances are carried away; the healing process is accelerated and pain alleviated.

for radiant,

glowing health

PHILIPS RED infraphil

at your chemist or Philips retailer, £7/18/6

Accepted by the Medical Profession the world over.



THICK AND CREAMY with the delicious flavour of real celery. It's new!

**DINNER BUILT AROUND
CONTINENTAL CREAM OF CELERY**

Rissoles, green beans, pumpkin and potatoes.
Lemon meringue pie.



HOT AND TASTY treat for shivery days with five fresh vegetables in tomato stock. (How about filling a vacuum flask with this for Dad to take to work?)

**LUNCH BUILT AROUND
CONTINENTAL TOMATO VEGETABLE SOUP**

Toasted cheese sandwiches. Tea or coffee



CLEAR OR CREAMY*: Either way you'll love Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup. And always the tempting taste of real chicken in a delicately seasoned stock, brimming with enriched egg noodles.

**DINNER BUILT AROUND
CONTINENTAL CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP**

Grilled chops, green peas, grilled tomatoes, mashed potatoes. Fruit salad and ice cream.

From my kitchen to yours . . .

More happy, wholesome meal suggestions built around Continental Soups

BRAND

by Betty King



Home Economist
of World Brands

All families have a way of wanting their favourite dishes served often—and every good mother tries to indulge this fancy.

But you know as well as I that variety makes meals more appetising—and your time in the kitchen more interesting. Ever thought about planning a meal around soup? Luncheon snacks, perhaps? Or a special dinner? There's no more tempting and good-for-them way to start any family meal.

HOME-MADE IN MINUTES

When it comes to soup-making to-day, we have it all over grandmother's generation. For instance, with a soup like Continental brand, you can have steaming bowls of luscious soup on the table in minutes! No more tedious preparation. No more long hours of expensive simmering.

FRESH FLAVOUR AND GOODNESS

There's all the taste and freshness of the best home-made soups in Continental brand. That we guarantee. For, here in the Betty King Kitchen, we

spent months tasting and testing these soups. Of course only the very finest ingredients go into every packet of Continental brand. And remember, you can make four substantial helpings from one little packet.

TWO ARE BETTER THAN ONE

Naturally, you'll most often want to serve Continental brand Soup just as it is. But a hint worth remembering is to use it, too, as a basic ingredient for savouries and stews, or to heighten the flavour of your own stock pot. Keep several packets always handy.

... make sure it's Continental Soup

BRAND

* Cream Style in minutes!

You can make a superb creamy soup from Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup in a matter of minutes.

CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP

Cook 1 packet "Continental" Chicken Noodle Soup as directed, but using only 3 cups water instead of 4 as stated on packet. Stir in 1 cup white sauce (unsalted).

FOR SAUCE: Add 1 level tablespoon flour to ½ oz. melted butter. Cook several minutes without browning then add 1 cup milk. Stir till the sauce boils and thickens.

Main Dishes

HOT AND HEARTY

• Dinner . . . a magic word to workers at the end of a tiring day, and when the weather is cold the thought of a good meal is twice as cheering, so make the main dish hot and hearty.

ROASTS and grills make good main dishes, but for one that really satisfies a cold and hungry family it's hard to beat a casserole.

The following recipes include some old favorites, others that suggest new ways of using familiar ingredients, and recipes for sweets to follow the main dishes.

All spoon measurements are level.

OXTAIL RAGOUT

One oxtail, 3 dessertspoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons fat, 3 onions, 1½ cups water, 1 bay leaf, 3 cloves, 4 peppercorns, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons curry powder, 1 cup baked beans in tomato sauce, parsley.

Cut tail into joints, coat with flour, pepper, and salt. Brown on all sides in hot fat in heavy pan or saucepan. Add onions and brown lightly. Drain off excess fat, add water, bay leaf, cloves, peppercorns, and salt. Cover and simmer until meat starts to leave the bones. Add curry powder and baked beans, heat thoroughly, and serve garnished with parsley.

BEEF KIDNEY CREOLE

Two rashers bacon, 1 ox-kidney, ½ cup flour, 3 sliced

onions (medium size), 1 small green pepper, 2 cups chopped tomatoes, 1½ teaspoons salt, pinch cayenne pepper, chopped parsley.

Remove skin and core from kidney, soak ½ hour in salted water, pat dry with clean cloth, cut into ½ in. slices, coat with flour. Remove rind from bacon, dice, saute in its own fat until crisp. Remove bacon, add floured kidney, and saute until browned, adding a little more fat if necessary. Add sliced onions, saute until tender. Add green pepper, chopped peeled tomatoes, salt, and cayenne pepper. Cover, simmer ½ to 1 hour, or until meat is tender. Serve hot, sprinkling each serving with chopped parsley.

MEXICAN CASSEROLE

Five lamb chump chops, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 onion, 3 dessertspoons flour, ½ teaspoon Parisian essence, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1½ cups water, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon sweet fruit chutney, ½ cup chopped carrot, ½ teaspoon salt.

Brown the chops and the sliced onion in the hot fat. Lift out into a casserole. Add flour to remaining fat, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add Parisian essence, vinegar, water, Wor-

cestershire sauce, and sugar. Stir until boiling. Pour over chops in casserole and add chutney, carrots, and salt. Cover and bake in moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours or until chops are tender.

BAKED COD LYONNAISE

One and a half to 2 lb. cod cutlets (or snapper), melted butter, ½ cup grated cheese, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 3 medium onions, 3 skinned tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste, lemon and parsley to garnish, extra butter or substitute.

Wash and dry fish, rub with cut lemon. Brush both sides with melted butter, place in well-greased oven-dish. Top with a thick layer of breadcrumbs mixed with cheese, dust with salt and pepper, dot generously with butter or substitute. Cover with greased paper and bake in a moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes or until fish is soft and flaky. Saute sliced onions and peeled chopped tomatoes in a little extra butter until onions are soft. Spoon over the fish before serving.

SPICED BEEF CASSEROLE

Two pounds round or top-side steak, 1 cup chopped onion, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds (may be omitted), 4 or 5 crushed pep-

percorns, 1 bay leaf, 1 dessertspoon paprika, 2 cups chopped skinned tomatoes, ½ cup water, ½ small green pepper finely chopped, 5 medium potatoes cut into ½ in. slices.

Trim meat and cut into ½ in. cubes. Brown well in a small quantity of hot fat, remove. Add onion to fat and cook until soft and golden, but not browned. Add salt, cara-

way seeds, peppercorns, bay-leaf, paprika, tomatoes, water, and green pepper. Cover closely and simmer 1½ to 2 hours. Pack potatoes on top of meat, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and continue cooking until potatoes are soft. Serve piping hot.

CURRIED VEAL AND RICE

One cup chopped onion, 2 medium-sized apples, 3 dessertspoons good shortening, 2 to 3 cups diced cold veal (from a baked joint), 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1½ cups of stock or water, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon sweet fruit chutney, cooked rice.

Peel, core, and slice apples, saute with onion in hot shortening until soft and lightly browned. Remove, add veal, and brown lightly. Take meat out, add curry powder and flour to remaining fat, cook 2 minutes, then stir in stock. Continue stirring until boiling. Season to taste with salt and pepper, add lemon juice and chutney. Fold in meat, apple, and onion. Re-heat thoroughly, serve in a ring of fluffy boiled rice.

NOUGAT TART

Six ounces biscuit pastry, 2oz. breadcrumbs or cake-crumbs, 2oz. sugar, 1oz. coconut, 1oz. chopped nuts, 1 egg-white, 1 small lemon, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, ½ teaspoon spice mixed with pinch nut-

OX-TAIL RAGOUT with beans and carrots, followed by honey-lemon chiffon, is an appetising main dinner dish. Baked beans are added to the ragout to make more servings. Recipe on this page.

meg, and 1 dessertspoon brown sugar.

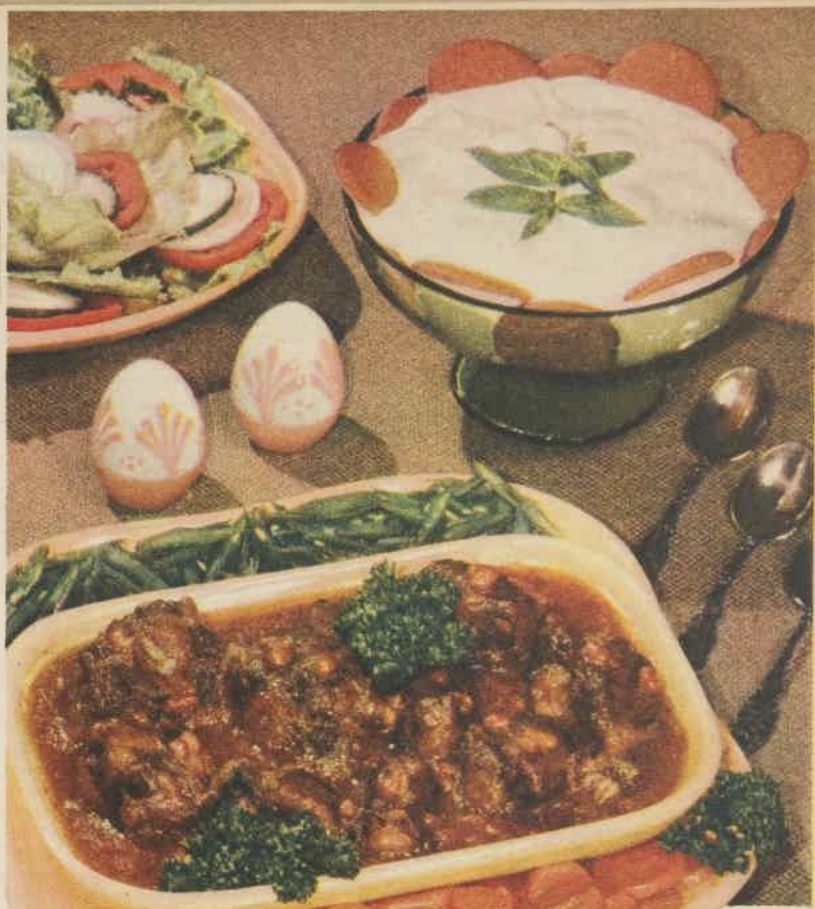
Line tart-plate or sandwich-tin with the pastry, pinch a frill round the edges. Mix crumbs with sugar, coconut, nuts, grated rind and juice of lemon, and jam. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, fill into pastry-lined tart-plate or sandwich-tin. Sprinkle top with spice, nutmeg, and brown sugar mixed together, and bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate and cook a further 10 to 12 minutes. Serve hot with custard, or cold with ice-cream or cream.

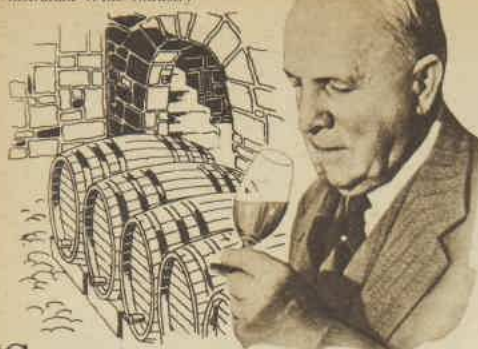
HONEY-LEMON CHIFFON

One packet lemon jelly, ½ pint boiling water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons whipped cream (or use evaporated milk or reduced cream), 1 egg-white, thin honey biscuits (bought or home-made), mint.

Dissolve gelatine in a little of the boiling water, add balance of water to jelly crystals and stir until well dissolved. Mix both together and allow to stand until quite cold and beginning to thicken. Beat until thick, white, and creamy. Fold in cream, and lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Continue beating until very thick, fill into serving-dish lined with thin honey biscuits. Chill until set. Serve topped with a mint sprig.

BEEF KIDNEY CREOLE (left) flavored with green pepper is a piquant dish for dinner, or it may be served as an entree or a luncheon dish. If ox-kidney is not available, pork or veal kidneys may be used. See recipe on this page.





"Serve your dinner guests Rinegolde it enhances every dish"

— says Leo Buring

"Rinegolde is well described as the perfect dinner wine," says Leo Buring, "because it is one wine that agreeably accompanies all foods. It is a light wine, low in alcoholic content, with a unique bouquet and delicate flavour that adds to the appreciation of your special dishes, wins compliments from your guests. And its attractive decanter bottle enhances decorative table settings. Invite Rinegolde to your next dinner

party, and please SERVE COLD. For full information on table wines and service, write for my free booklet, 'The Wine Cellar of Leo Buring.' Please send stamped, addressed envelope.

"58 YEARS' EXPERIENCE goes into every wine I blend... each one matures no less than three years in oak casks... each is the finest wine of its type produced in Australia. Insist on the wines of...



Leo Buring
LEO BURING PTY. LTD.

There is only one
RINEGOLDE,
Australia's National
Table Wine.

255A GEORGE ST., SYDNEY • 57 MARKET ST., MELBOURNE
BOX 144C, BRISBANE • BOX 1497L, ADELAIDE • BOX M967, PERTH

She's got something to sing about



She's so happy she could sing her head off, because every time her nappy's changed mother smooths on a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. It's the best thing out for safeguarding against nappy rash.

Every time you change baby's nappy, get into the habit of smoothing on a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly, then changing nappies becomes a happy, nappy routine.

VASELINE Petroleum
Jelly

"The wonder jelly" is available everywhere.

It's a "First Aid Kit in a jar". For cuts, burns, bruises, scalds, chapped lips, dishpan hands, skin irritations, cradle cap.

"Vaseline" is the registered trade mark of Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Con'd.

THE FEMALE CITY

By Paul I. Wellman.

A brilliant historical novel which features the beautiful, arrogant Theodora, whose ruthless ambition took her from a slum to a throne, from courtesan to Empress.

Price 18/9
From all Booksellers

FISH RECIPE WINS £5

● Recipes for fish with sweet and sour sauce, beef with gherkins, and princess fingers win prizes for competitors in our weekly cooking competition.

FISH with sweet and sour sauce is delicious and simple to make. It is an unusual way to serve fish fillets or small whole fish as a main dinner dish.

Beef with gherkins is economical, as the less expensive cuts of meat may be used to make an appetising and satisfying meal.

If desired, apricot or plum jam may be used instead of raspberry jam for the princess fingers. All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

FISH WITH SWEET AND SOUR SAUCE

Five or six fillets of bream or flathead, flour, 1 egg, breadcrumbs, 4 slices pineapple, 1½ cups water, ½ cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon soya-bean sauce, 2½ dessertspoons cornflour blended with a little water.

Trim fish, wash in cold water, and pat dry. Coat with flour, dip in beaten egg and roll in breadcrumbs. Fry in hot fat 5 to 10 minutes. Drain. Cut pineapple into small dice. Bring water to boil, add vinegar, sugar, soya-bean sauce, and blended cornflour. Simmer until thickened, then add pineapple and bring to boil again. Pour over fish and serve hot garnished with parsley and lemon.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. S. Mitchell, 54 Fourth St., Boolaroo 2N, N.S.W.

BEEF WITH GHERKINS

One and a half pounds tender beef (such as topside corner cut), 1 large onion, gher-

kins, fat bacon rashers, stock, 1 tablespoon flour blended with water.

Cut beef into thin slices. Place a strip of bacon on each slice and half a gherkin on top of bacon. Roll up tightly and secure with cocktail sticks or thick cotton. Brown in hot fat with sliced onion, transfer to large saucepan, season and cover with stock. Bring to boil, cover closely, and simmer 1 hour or until tender. Thicken gravy with blended flour, and remove strings before serving.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Szalla, 6 Stanley St., Pascoe Vale, Melbourne W8, Vic.

PRINCESS FINGERS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 8oz. flour, 1



THOSE WHO LIKE Chinese cooking will enjoy the sweet and sour sauce served with crumbed fish fillets as illustrated above. See this week's prize-winning recipe at left.

teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 2oz. chopped cherries, raspberry jam, 1 cup rice bubbles, ½ cup coconut, grated rind of 1 orange, extra ½ cup sugar.

Cream butter and sugar with vanilla, add egg-yolks. Work in sifted flour and baking powder. Roll out to oblong shape, place on greased tray.

Spread with raspberry jam, sprinkle cherries and walnuts over. Beat egg-whites until stiff, add extra sugar, coconut, orange rind, and rice bubbles. Pile over raspberry jam, bake 1 hour in moderate oven. When cold cut in fingers.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Hillier, Wilmont Rd., Forth, Tas.

FAMILY DISH

INEXPENSIVE cooking of salmon (or tinned fish cutlets) combined with potatoes and parsley-flavored cream sauce make this week's family dish. It costs five shillings

and threepence, and serves four or five.

CREAMED SALMON AND POTATO CASSEROLE

One 12oz. tin cooking salmon or fish cutlets, 2 cups thinly sliced peeled potatoes, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 dessertspoon grated or finely chopped onion, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Remove dark skin and bone from salmon or fish, flake roughly. Cook sliced potatoes in boiling salted water 10 minutes; drain carefully. Melt butter or substitute, add onion, cook 1 to 2 minutes without browning. Add flour, stir until smooth, cook gently 2 minutes. Add milk, stir until boiling. Season with salt and pepper; add parsley and lemon juice. Arrange fish and potatoes in alternate layers in greased ovenware dish. Season each layer lightly with salt and pepper. Pour sauce over top. Cover and bake in moderate oven 45 minutes.

Tony's luxury dish

Pears Flambe Flamingo

"THIS delightful sweet has a fascinating fragrance and the taste is sheer ambrosia!" says Tony of Sydney's Colony Club. "The pears are cooked and served whole, so it is better to choose medium-sized pears so that one pear is sufficient for each serving."

Eight to ten pears, 1 cup almonds, ½ cup brandy, ½ cup benedictine, 3 cups water, 1½ cups sugar.

Bring the water and sugar to a boiling syrup in a deep saucepan. Peel the pears, leaving the stems on, drop them into the boiling syrup one by one as they are ready. The sugar content of the syrup seems high, but it is essential that the pears be sweet. Cook until tender. In the meantime, blanch and skin the

almonds. Cover them with water, bring to the boil, drain, and rinse with cold water, then the skins can easily be pinched off. Quarter them lengthwise, and when pears are done stud each one quite generously with the almond slivers. Let the syrup boil down to about half by letting it cook uncovered. When it is quite thick, pour it over the pears and set aside. Just before serving, re-heat the pears and arrange them on a fireproof dish. Pour the hot syrup over them, leave in the oven about 6 to 8 minutes to make sure that the dish and the contents are thoroughly heated. Heat the combined liqueurs, bring the pears to the table, and pour the liqueurs over and light with a match. Serve with whipped cream or ice-cream.

CHILDREN'S AILMENTS

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE common cold, chills, tonsillitis, ear-infection, bronchitis, and influenza in her children are ailments which worry nearly every mother. The common cold and its neglect in the early stages are often responsible for the others listed.

The best way to shorten a cold—and prevent others in the family from getting it—is to isolate the child.

Give a hot bath (to which a little eucalyptus can be added), put the child into a warm bed, and give plenty of fluid and a light diet.

Hot fruit drinks are very beneficial.

Paper handkerchiefs, which can be destroyed after use, should replace the ordinary handkerchief.

Chills may result from insufficient clothing in changeable weather, wet shoes and socks, and sitting about with cold, damp feet.

As well as causing a cold, a chill may affect the stomach, and vomiting and diarrhoea can result, but as the symptoms of stomach chill can also be due to some infection, medical advice should always be sought.

Sore throats and tonsillitis are infectious, and there is usually fever, vomiting, and loss of appetite. The child should be kept in bed and be seen by a doctor, as scarlet fever and diphtheria begin in the same way.

IS THERE A BABY IN THE HOUSE?

If so, Mummy should read "Baby" Magazine. Full of bright features, helpful advice. "Baby" is Australia's magazine "must" for every mother. August issue now on sale.

BABY MAGAZINE
2¢ All newsagents monthly



The SECRET of
a matchless, miracle
complexion



**Mercolized
Wax Cream**
THE IMPROVEMENT
ON FACE CREAM

Massage each night with Mercolized
Wax instead of ordinary face cream.
By morning, the miracle has begun...
the miracle of a luring, lovable com-
plexion. Use as a make-up base too.

GOING GREY? Tannalite restores
the natural colour to grey hair. Use it regu-
larly. Begin tonight! Most chemists sell
Tannalite, but, if you have any difficulty in
securing it, simply enclose 10/6 and a brief
note to Dearborn Pty. Ltd., C/o Box 3725,
G.P.O., Sydney.



15 hairsets for 3/6
QUICKSET WITH CURLPET
Give YOUR hair new
silky loveliness and
save pounds on your
hair-do's.

Get a tube of con-
centrated **Curlpet**—
squeeze **Curlpet** into
a pint milk bottle of
warm water—shake till
mixed—now you have
a pint of the best,
most fragrant quickset
lotion you've ever used.
Get concentrated
Curlpet for 3/6 from
your chemist or store.

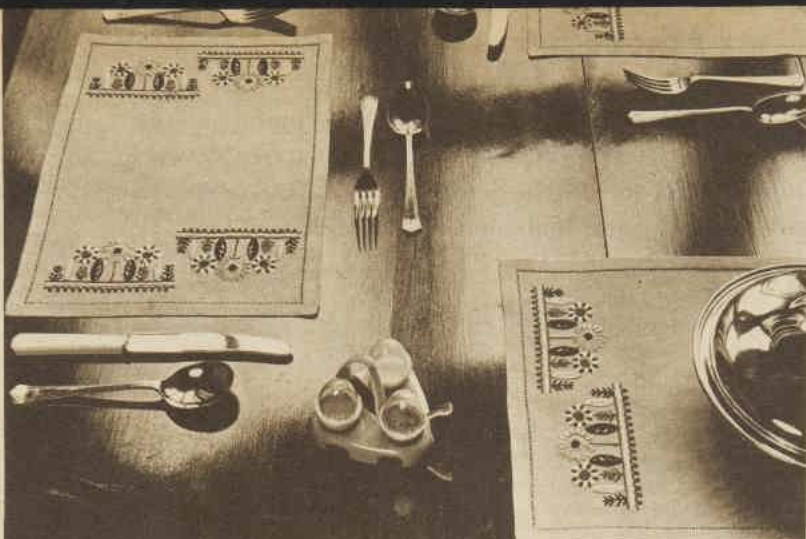
QUICKSET WITH CURLPET
CN.5

**ASTHMA COUGHS
Go First Day**

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks
of Asthma and Bronchitis poison
your system, sap your energy, ruin
your health, and weaken your heart.
Mendaco, a new American scientific
medicine, starts immediately to cir-
cumnavigate through the blood, quickly
dissolving the attacks. The very first
day the thick phlegm is dissolved,
giving free, easy breathing and let-
ting you sleep the night through in
comfort. Get Mendaco from your
chemist or store to-day under pos-
itive guarantee to stop your Asthma
coughing and to give you free, easy
breathing the first day or money
back.

**BACKACHE
swiftly checked**

Are you afraid to bend or
stoop? Do nagging backaches,
aching joints make life a
misery? These pains could be
due to flaccid kidneys not carry-
ing out their vital job of remov-
ing harmful wastes from the
blood. These wastes can cause
backache, rheumatic pains, loss
of energy, disturbed nights, leg
pains, etc. At first sign of kid-
ney upset, follow the lead of
sufferers all over the world—get
Dwan's Backache-Kidney Pills.
Dwan's should bring swift, com-
forting relief and set those lazy
kidneys to work again.



THE UNUSUAL way in which the conventional design is placed on the linen pieces add much to the charm of the hand-embroidered place-mats illustrated above. Directions are given below for making two place-mats, each measuring 16in. by 11½in., and a centre-piece measuring 18in. by 12½in. Although certain colors in embroidery threads and stitches are suggested, you may change colors and stitches to suit yourself. You may prefer a fringed or crocheted edging instead of the hemstitched borders.

Easy to embroider PLACE-MATS

The new idea of repeating the colors of
room or of decorative china in hand-
embroidered linens for table use originated
in France and is becoming quite a craze.

ALL who would like to
try out this color-
matching idea will find the
conventional design used
in the place-mats illu-
strated above, excellent for
the purpose.

Suggested color schemes are
included in the following
directions. Alter these to suit
your own needs.

To make two place-mats
and a centre-piece as illus-
trated, you require:

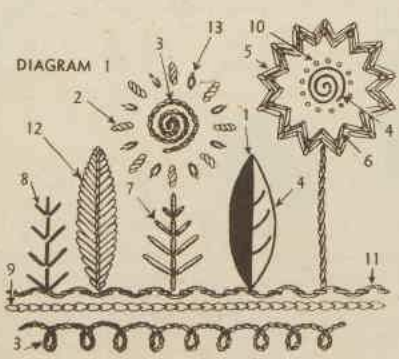
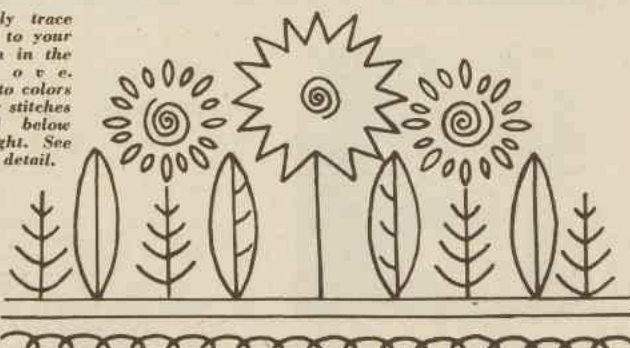
Two skeins each Clark's

Anchor stranded cotton 816
(terra-cotta), 945 (chartreuse),
black, and white, 1 skein 947
(muscat-green) and 1 skein 573
(laurel-green) for hemstitching,
½yd. embroidery linen, 36in.
wide, and No. 6 crewel needle.

Work in 3 strands except for
hemstitching, which should be
in 2 strands.

Cut centre mat 18in. x 12½in.
and two place-mats 16in. x
11½in. Trace design on to both
ends of each mat 1½in. from
edge, then reverse design and

RIGHT: Simply trace
this design on to your
linen as shown in the
picture above. Suggested
key to colors and embroi-
dery stitches are illustrated
below and at lower right. See
directions for detail.

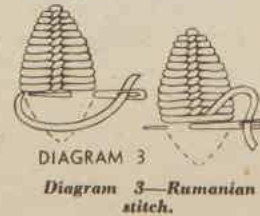
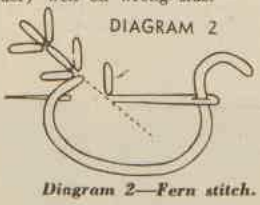


- KEY**
- | | | | |
|----------|------|---------------|------|
| 1. BLACK | } S. | 7. 816 | } A. |
| 2. WHITE | | 8. BLACK | |
| 3. 816 | } U. | 9. WHITE.—C. | } K. |
| 4. BLACK | | 10. WHITE.—K. | |
| 5. 945 | } F. | 11. 816.—L. | } R. |
| 6. 947 | | 12. 945.—R. | |
| | | 13. BLACK.—D. | |

EMBROIDERY CONTEST:
£2000 IN PRIZES
Your skill at needlework can win you substantial awards.
CHAMPION PRIZE, £500
Other prizes: £200, £100, and £75. Men may compete
for special prizes and the championship prize. Send
stamped, addressed envelope to Box 7052, G.P.O.,
Sydney, for full prize list and entry forms, or inquire
at traced needlework counters.

trace on to mats as illustrated, about
4in. from edge of each mat. Follow
diagram and number key for em-
broidery. All parts similar to num-
bered parts are worked in same
color and stitch. The letters on key
indicate the stitches used and are:
S—satin stitch; U—stem stitch; F—fly
stitch; A—fern stitch (see diagram
2); C—chain stitch; K—French
knots; L—laced running stitch; R—
Rumanian stitch (see diagram 3);
D—Daisy stitch.

Withdraw three threads of material
1½in. from edge. Turn up hem to
line of drawn threads, mitre corners,
and hem-stitch. Press finished em-
broidery well on wrong side.



SPARKLING DRINK ends stomach upsets



refreshes you
while it does you good!

Eno is a mild but most efficient antacid—never causes an upset,
but gives quick, positive relief from acid indigestion, flatulence
and heartburn. That's because of Eno's special buffering antacid
action. When someone over-eats—or eats something that doesn't



"agree"—Eno helps to put things right again.
And Eno is so exhilarating and refreshing to
drink! It does you good just to see it sparkle
in the glass! In 3 seconds it makes you feel
better. Not just your stomach, your mouth, too!

ENO SPARKLING ANTACID 'FRUIT SALT'

The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered Trade Marks.

More power in every drop

The MOST
**CONCENTRATED
LIQUID DETERGENT
OF ALL!**

4 shakes
do a
whole
wash-up



Jif
DISHWASHING MAGIC
IN A BOTTLE

STRIPS GREASE
INSTANTLY AND
LEAVES DISHES
SPARKLING

THE CAPTAIN'S SAGA

By Edison Marshall

A romantic story of an earlier
age, in which a gallant Ameri-
can shipmaster travelled
triumphantly through thrilling
adventures, both amorous and
practical, with much excitement
for all concerned.

Price 17/-
From all Booksellers

FIERY ECZEMA QUICKLY CURBED

Don't let ugly, disgusting Pimples,
Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis,
Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peel-
ing, Burning Skin Troubles make life
miserable and spoil your fun. Don't
be embarrassed and feel inferior be-
cause of bad skin. Now every cham-
pion has a new American Hospital
Discovery called Nizaderm that stops
the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and
fungus, and in 34 hours begins to
heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth.
No matter how long you have suf-
fered, get Nizaderm from your chem-
ist to-day under positive guarantee to
heal your skin or money back.



See that
your
children
rise
and
shine
with
KIWI

Good habits are formed in childhood, and daily polishing with Kiwi is a practice which will pay dividends in both a youngster's school and future business life. Kiwi polishes, protects and preserves.



They're well worn, but they've
worn well, thanks to

KIWI

Black • Patent Black • Dark Tan • Mid-tan • Light Tan
Mahogany • Oxblood • Brown • Blue • Red • Green • Neutral
C228

**CHILDREN LOVE
HOT
CHOCOLATE**
so easy to make!

Hot Chocolate is the ideal hot drink for kiddies—and with Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate it's so simple to make that they can prepare it themselves. Two teaspoonfuls in a cup of hot milk (or milk and water) make a delicious, satisfying drink—there's no sugar to add, because Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate is already sweetened. Try a packet to-day—the whole family will enjoy it.



**CADBURY'S
DRINKING CHOCOLATE**
MADE IN AN INSTANT



YOU AND YOUR BABY

By SISTER MARY JACOB

The latest edition of Sister's well-known comprehensive guide to happy, healthy infancy.

Price 12/6 From all Booksellers

PRIZE FOR MOBILE COUNTER

An old washstand converted into a mobile counter that serves as a traymobile and a manoeuvrable working unit in the kitchen wins the £3/3/- cash prize this week in our homemakers' contest.

JOHN REEDER, Glebe Street, Forest Hill, Victoria, sent in this entry:

"I learn woodwork at school, but it was my mother who suggested the idea for the conversion, and this is how it was done:

"The marble top of the washstand was removed and replaced by a sheet of plywood which overlaps the frame. This new top was bordered by $\frac{1}{2}$ in. beading all round, but openings were left at each corner for easy cleaning.

"The drawer was divided into sections to hold cutlery, and the old style handle replaced by one of modern design.

"The towel rail was left on and serves as a handle. Rubber wheels were fitted to the legs.

"My mother finds this a wonderful addition to the kitchen. It saves her many steps in preparing and serving family meals."

Each week a cash prize of £3/3/- is paid to the reader who sends in the most interesting entry for this contest.

Address your entry to The Editor, Homemaker Department.

TRAYMOBILE and kitchen counter made from an old washstand (see sketch above) which wins the £3/3/- cash prize this week in our homemakers' contest. With a new top edged with beading, it can ply as a rolling counter between kitchen and dining-room.



How to re-upholster chairs

• Illustrated here is a comparatively easy way for amateurs to re-upholster chairs, even when the seats are screwed to the frame.



1. Number seats and frames with chalk (above) so you can reinsert the seats correctly. Place a soft padding under the chair to protect finish, then take out corner screws. It's a good idea to keep screws removed from each chair in individual groups.

2. Remove old upholstery (right), lift tacks out carefully so that the material does not tear. Smooth the padding after cover is removed. If badly worn build up the bare spots with teased flock, fibre, or rubberised hair; finish with a layer of wadding or thin foam rubber on top.



3. If possible (right), cover first with cheap calico, otherwise mark and cut new covers. Use the old cover as a pattern guide when cutting the new covers. Mark the outline on material with crayon or chalk, then cut out carefully.



4. Place chair seat (right) face down on wrong side of material. Put one tack in the middle of the straight edge of the seat and put another tack in the opposite side. Tack other two sides of new cover in the same way.



5. Tack cover (left) firmly along all sides, leaving $\frac{1}{2}$ in. free at each corner. The corner material should be neatly folded and then securely tacked. The secret in getting a professional-looking job is to fit the upholstery over the seat as tightly and neatly as you can.



6. Place covered seat (left) back in chair frame, reset screws, and the upholstery is finished. Screws should be about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. longer than the thickness of the corner block in the chair frame, so that they hold the seat firmly without splitting through the upholstery.

Fashion PATTERNS

F3324

F3324. — Oval-necked, one-piece dress designed with a braid and button trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 3yds. braid. Price, 3/9.

F3791. — One-piece dress with moulded bodice and fullness springing from a lowered waistline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9.

F3792. — Beltless spring frock, figure-moulding and pretty. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9.

F3793

F3791

F3792

F3794

F3794. — Plunging neckline and short cuffed sleeves are smart features of this winter-into-spring frock. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4 3-8yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F3340. — Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make separate blouse and skirt twosome. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, and 10yds. rick-rack braid. Price, 2/6.

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F3340

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Needlework notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 940 — CHILD'S FROCK

The frock is obtainable cut out ready to make in novelty Dinorcord. The color choice includes red, yellow, and green, blue and red, and pink and green, all printed on a white ground. Sizes: length 30in. for 4 years, 7½/6, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 22in. for 6 years, 38/9, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 28in. for 8 years, 29/11, postage and registration, 1/9 extra; 34in. for 10 years, 31/6, postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. 990 — LUNCHEON SET

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes: cream and white Irish linen and sheer linen in green, blue, pink, and lemon. Sizes: large mat, 11½in. x 17½in.; plate mat, 11in. x 14in.; serviette, 11in. x 11in. Price: 3-piece set, including 1 large mat and 4 plate mats, 17/9, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 7-piece set, including 1 large mat and 6 plate mats, 21/6, postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Serviettes, 1/11 each, postage, 3d. extra.

No. 951 — DUCHESSE SET

The set, with pretty cutwork corners, is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes cream and white Irish linen. Price, 9/11, postage, 6d. extra.

No. 952 — NIGHTGOWN

A pretty nightgown with a smocked waistline is obtainable cut out ready to make. The smocking transfer is obtainable for 2/- extra. The material and color choice includes Anglo-chene in white, blue, and pink. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 47/6, postage and registration, 1/9 extra; 36in. and 38in. bust, 48/11, postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Note.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.

951

952



Hand
crochet
your
accessories . . .



It's easy and it's fun to crochet your own hats and handbags and gloves. Pick a pretty pattern and simply follow the instructions. Always crochet with Coats Mercer Crochet Cottons—they're the best you can buy—they'll wash and last you a lifetime.

Look for the latest designs in the Paragon Booklets.



COATS

MERCER CROCHET

Available at all stores throughout Australia.

FOR Soothing RELIEF

FROM
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
& SPRAINS . . .



BALMOSA is of great value. Stainless, non-irritating and rapidly absorbed, BALMOSA is widely used for relieving pain, stiffness and congestion. Coughs, colds, sore throats are quickly relieved when BALMOSA is rubbed into chest, neck and back—relieves pain, tones up the muscles.

Ask your Doctor about BALMOSA.

**IODISED
BALMOSA**

In small and large tubes at all chemists.
MUIR & NEIL Pty. Ltd., SYDNEY and AUCKLAND.

Sickness in the house?

Take thorough
precautions,
disinfect
hands, linen,
utensils, floors
with

'DETTOL'
THE EFFICIENT ANTISEPTIC
Obtainable from all chemists



THE VETERANS

By Eric Lambert

A realistic, sincere and powerful story of people and times we all knew—of wartime Sydney with Americans, rackets and the black market, and of Australian troops on leave here before going to New Guinea for a new kind of war.

Price 15/6 from all Booksellers



Keep your hands romantically lovely!

Don't let your hands say Housework

SOFTASILK PREVENTS



Rough red hands



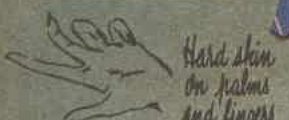
Dryness caused by harsh washing soaps



Wind and weather chapping



Coarse Elbows



Hard skin on palms and fingers

Whether you use Softasilk Cream or Lotion your hands receive the benefit of the rich, protective oils that neutralize the drying effect of harsh soaps and detergents. It defends them, too, from chapping caused by wind and weather.

Use fragrant creamy Softasilk after every household task and see how your hands stay soft as silk!



CHOOSE

Softasilk

Hand Beauty CREAM or the fabulous NEW LOTION

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is clubbed unconscious while he is searching for

PRINCESS NARDA: Who has disappeared into the shadows of a graveyard. Dragged into a tomb by a skeleton hand, Mandrake regains consciousness to find himself bound

and helpless beside Narda in the hideout of a gang of counterfeiters. Now that two people know about the clever hideout, the criminals plan to kill them to keep them quiet. Mandrake gestures hypnotically as they are about to shoot. **NOW READ ON:**



EVERY



BOY &



GIRL

SHOULD READ
CHUCKLERS' WEEKLY

40 fun-packed pages
9⁰
EVERY THURSDAY

**IF BACK ACHES
TRY A KIDNEY
HOUSECLEANING**

Are you embarrassed by too frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as Bladder Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Lumbago, Broken Sleep, Circles Under Eyes, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The first dose of Cystex, the new scientific medicine, goes right to work over-coming troubles in 3 ways. 1. Kills germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates kidneys and bladder. Get Cystex from chemist to-day under guarantee satisfaction or money back.

♥♥♥♥♥
Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet
♥♥♥♥♥

HAS YOUR CHILD
GOT WORMS?

Symptoms: Itchy nose, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, irritability, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms by taking—
COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS

TEENA by Linda Terry

WHAT ARE YOU GIRLS WASTING YOUR TIME WITH ALL THAT JUNK FOR?



WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT IN THE FRESH AIR AND THE SUN—
THAT'S WHAT YOUR COMPLEXION NEEDS!



LET'S NOT GO SWIMMING—I DON'T WANT TO GET MY SUIT WET...



WE'D BETTER RENT AN UMBRELLA SO WE WON'T GET FRECKLES...



MM...THIS SAND MAKES A WONDERFUL PUMICE—MIXED WITH COLD CREAM



YOUR FATHER WAS CERTAINLY RIGHT, TEENA!



Ready to wear
or cut out
ready to make

Fashion FROCKS

NADIA.—One-piece dress, designed with a low-cut, square neckline and graceful skirt fullness. Is obtainable in satin-finish cotton. The color choice includes white with a navy spot, pink with a navy spot, navy with a white spot, black with an orange spot, and pale blue with a dark blue spot.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 91/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 92/11. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

ANDREE.—Smartly tailored blouse obtainable in white and colored lawn. The color choice includes pink, lemon, blue, and green.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 41/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 24/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 27/6. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

MOONYEEN.—Attractively styled skirt finished with twin patch-pockets is obtainable in check denim. The color choice includes American Beauty and white, blue and white, green and white, and brown and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 55/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 41/6. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.

* Fashion Frocks are available for only six weeks from date of publication. Deliveries will be made 14 days from receipt of order.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 73. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



You'll never be solo with
ROLO

Said debonair Tony Anatolo

I owe my successes to ROLO

When ROLO appears

They rush me, the dears!

I'll never stay solo with ROLO!



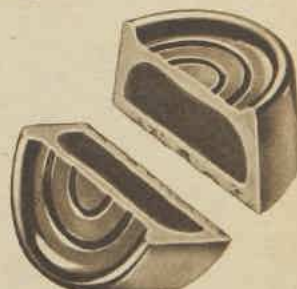
"Such delicious flavour"



"Such creamy goodness"



"So convenient for pocket or purse"



new delicious
milk chocolates with
caramel centres

1⁰
A PACKET

MACKINTOSH OF ENGLAND'S ROLO
MADE UNDER LICENCE BY

MacRobertson

THE GREAT NAME IN CONFECTIONERY

M7.28.VV.

Page 75

SAVE THIS LABEL

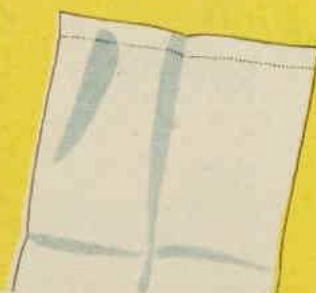


AND GET THESE USEFUL PRESENTS



BONUS PRESENT No. 1
for 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. labels

One (1) finest quality IRISH LINEN striped GLASS TOWEL, size 22" x 32".



BONUS PRESENT No. 2
for 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. labels

One (1) English "DORCAS" PILLOW CASE, size 19" x 30".



BONUS PRESENT No. 3
for 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. labels

One (1) Australian-made coloured SUPER-TEX BATH TOWEL, size 24" x 48" (in assorted coloured stripes).



BONUS PRESENT No. 4
for 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. labels

One (1) English DAMASK coloured border hemmed TABLECLOTH (green, blue or gold border), size 52" x 52".

✱ All the above are of the highest quality and, we feel sure, will please you.
Write for particulars: LAN-CHOO TEA CO., 364-372 Kent Street, Sydney.

LAN-CHOO *is Ceylon's Choicest Tea*